FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
oui
JUNE 1979
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CHAOS IN NICARAGUA
A REPORT FROM THE GUERRILLA FRONT
PUMPING RUBBER
THE LATEST IN INFLATABLE BOATS
NICK NOLTE'S NEW BAG OF TRICKS
ON THE SET OF "HEARTBEAT"
FOREIGN AFFAIRS UPDATE
THE BARE TRUTH ABOUT YVONNE, MÄRTA & MARIE-CLAIRE
THE BEST OF SEX
OUI'S ANNUAL FLESH & FANTASY AWARDS
THE JOY OF SAX
THE RETURN OF THE SENSUAL SAXOPHONE
CAN MEN FAKE ORGASM?
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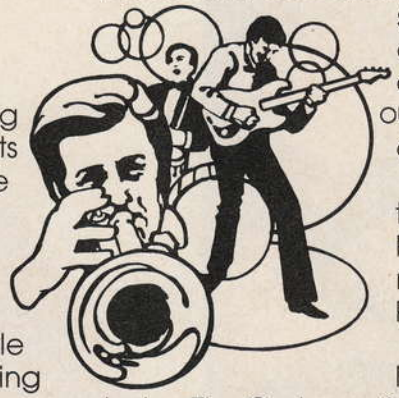

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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 6

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JUNE 1979

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COVER
Young, crazy and shy is the way our Swiss Miss, Heidi Klat, describes herself, and two out of three ain't bad for accuracy. Twenty years old, 5' 7" and 85-60-85, Heidi landed the spot on OUI's cover after we discovered her stepping out of a limo in Lucerne. Her husband's quite wealthy. He doesn't know about us. He will soon enough.

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ST-8077

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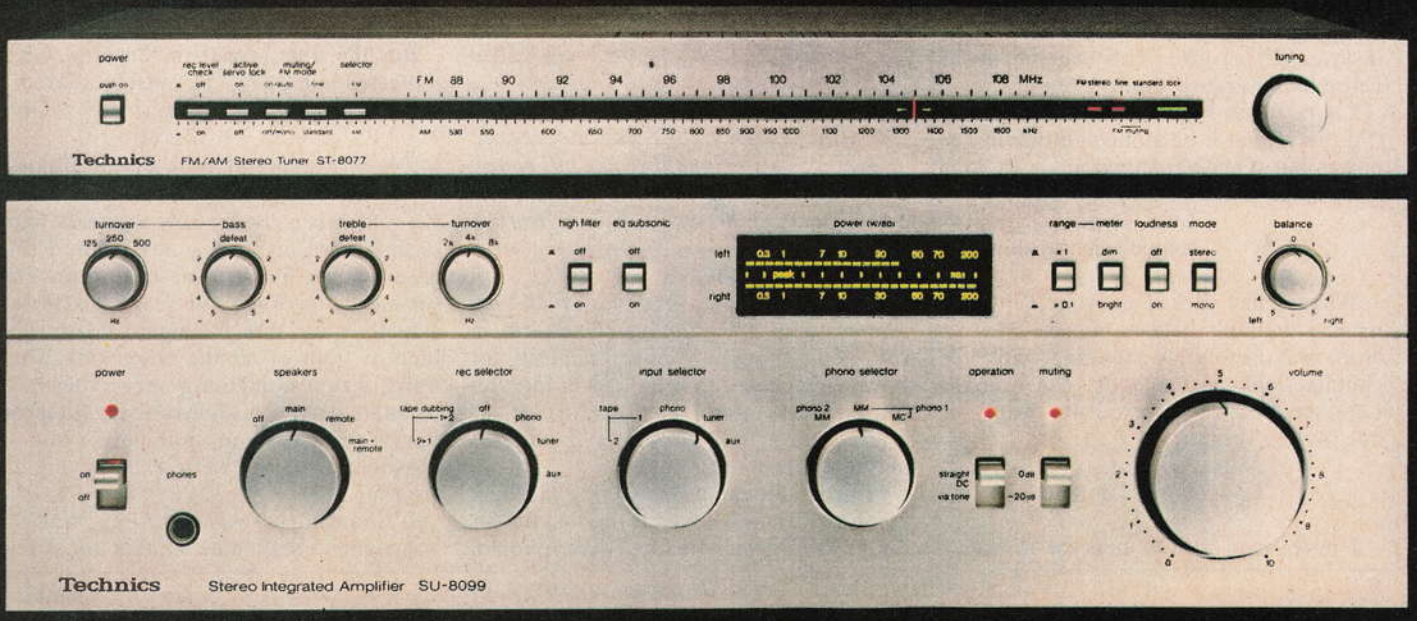

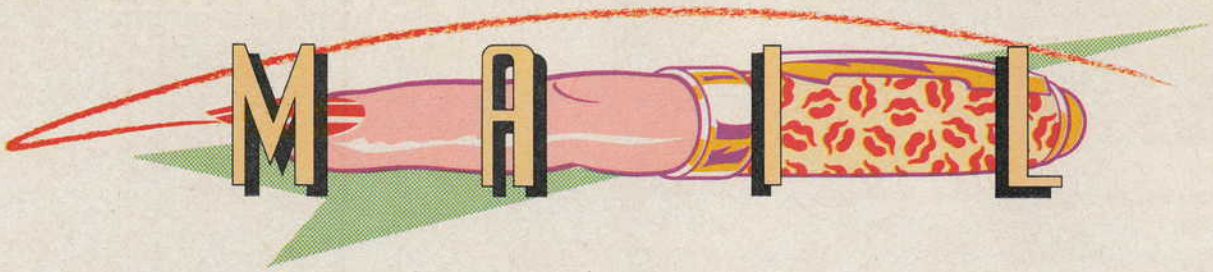

FEAR OF LANDING

By putting such snickering and basically prudish headlines on Susan Squire's article (i.e., *Women Who Write Dirty* and *Little Horny Women*, February) you have proved that OUI Magazine, far from being a proponent of true sexual liberation, is merely an old-fashioned exploiter of female sexuality. Women writers of the Seventies are *not* just looking for "an excuse to talk dirty." They are making a revolution in consciousness, trying to expose the absurdity of the double standard, saying, in effect, that women have bodies as well as minds, and that women writers have as much right to chronicle sexuality in all its guises and disguises as men writers do.

I suspect that you would never run an article called *Little Horny Men* or *Men Who Write Dirty*. By the use of the word *little* before *women*, you have exposed your bedrock sexism. By the use of the word *dirty*, you have exposed your essential Victorianism.

When Susan Squire interviewed me, she seemed an intelligent and perceptive woman trying to write an article on a much misunderstood subject. By the way you have packaged her work, you have greatly added to the misunderstanding.

ERICA JONG
Weston, Connecticut

HORN HONKERS

For the first time in my life, I have fallen in love. Yes, in love, with your beautiful February cover girl, Linda Horn.

I hope to see more of her in the future. (I'd prefer that it be alone with me in my house, but if she's featured again in your great magazine, that'd be second best.)

LUKE PINK
Kennewick, Washington

When I first picked up your February issue, I couldn't believe my eyes. Linda Horn was absolutely stunning with her childlike look on the body of a woman. Let's see more of her exquisite beauty in one of your layouts.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Longmont, Colorado

I never paid much attention to men's magazines before, but yesterday when I went out to get something to eat, my eye was caught by the most beautiful woman I have ever seen on your cover. She was so lovely I subscribed to your magazine. It says she likes short men. I'm fairly short myself, so more power to her.

SGT. BARNEY BABCOCK
Dover, Delaware

I recently picked up your February issue and I ran into a bit of a problem. I couldn't get past the front cover! Linda Horn, in my opinion, is undoubtedly one of the most sensual ladies I've ever seen. I'm not exactly short myself, but for Linda, I'm willing to slouch a lot! How about some more of Linda, guys? I sure would appreciate it.

SCOTT PEACOCK
London, Ontario

Sorry, Scott—slouching doesn't count. But for the rest of the short men of the world, Linda gives you her heart . . . uh, hearts.

RYE OBSERVATIONS

I was surprised to find the article *Ten Minutes with J.D. Salinger* (January) in your magazine. His known propensity for privacy precludes an interview in the tiresome question-and-answer format, as every literary buff knows. So I half expected a faked one.

From his opening lines, Greg Herriges identified himself and the reason for his quest. As he gives you a fine description of the New England setting, you shortly realize that the natives themselves have molded J.D., while at the same time picking up his sense of lifestyle. Finally, upon meeting the great man himself, Greg, with a few dashes of his pen, tells you that J.D. is Holden Caulfield grown a bit older. He documents his case well.

VERNON IRISH
Boca Raton, Florida

I was charmed by Greg Herriges' very evocative article. On a cold, dark winter's day, it was wonderful and warming to be transported to a New Hampshire village in summer. A richly detailed, pleasantly gossipy profile of any artist is always a pleasure. But most of all, Mr. Herriges' enthusiasm for Salinger was mesmerizing.

Thank you, OUI, for introducing me to a talented new writer; and to Mr. Herriges, my thanks for reintroducing me to one of our most exciting contemporary storytellers.

P. CHRISTIAN
Wilmington, Delaware

This is the first time I've written to your magazine. After reading Mr. Herriges' Salinger interview, I felt compelled to sit down and write my comment.

I must say, this Greg Herriges fellow sure can paint a vivid picture. It didn't take long before I felt as though it were I who had this insatiable desire to seek out and interview Salinger.

But the final scene—in the rain, Greg protected in his car, J.D. outside, soaked—was *too much*!

K. PETERS
Cocoa Beach, Florida

I remember vividly how the tears were sliding down my face as my beloved English teacher finished his lecture on *The Catcher in the Rye* some years ago. It was actually quite difficult not to begin sobbing in front of all the other kids. That novel meant something very crucial: It meant that we were allowed to let out those damn tears for our innocence, and it revealed to us *why* we felt like crying all the time.

It's hard to say whether Greg Herriges was right to seek out Salinger for a few

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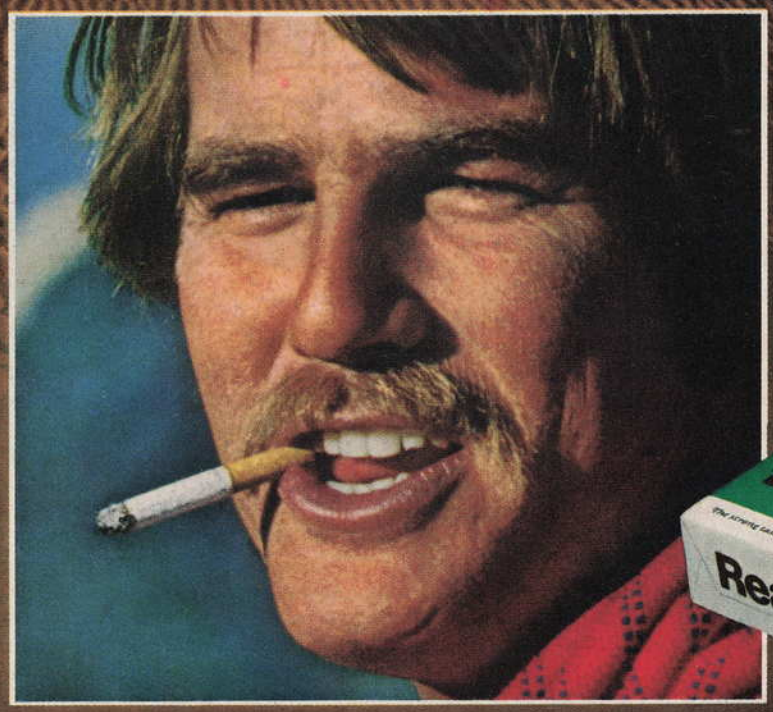

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moments and then publish his "interview" in a national magazine. Will the publicity hinder his work? Will it put him off balance for a few months and delay the completion of his current writing? Will it destroy his respect for English teachers? He'll never say, of course, so we'll probably never know.

All I can offer in Mr. Herriges' defense is that I cried some really giant tears when I reached the end of his article, it moved me so much. Maybe Salinger cried, too—if he read it. Or maybe he took his German shepherds in for assertiveness training.

NANCY RIES
Deerfield, Illinois

GREEK GODDESS

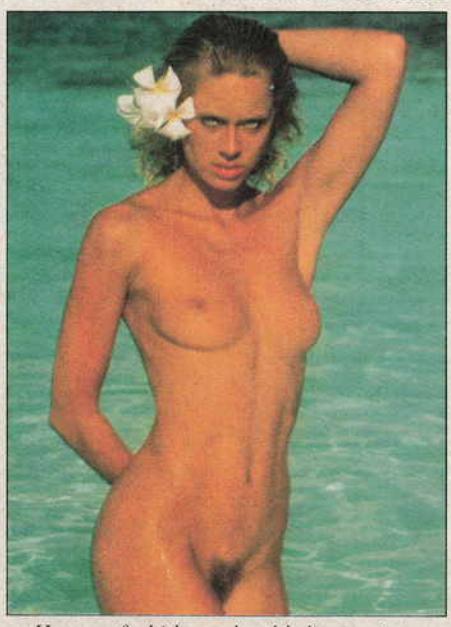
I would just like to say thanks for giving us *Bea* (February), the most beautiful female I've ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes on. And please give a huge gold star to Erich Klemm for photographing Bea in so many sensuous and tempting poses. I'm booking a flight to Greece immediately!

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Sheldon, Iowa

OUI is living dangerously. Your February issue has brought to mortal readers a glimpse of female flesh that is usually reserved for the gods alone. You spoiled your readers incurably with your pictorial of Bea—so how will you keep readers of future issues from disappointment? There is only one Bea.

But there is a solution: Publish more of Bea. Otherwise, you'll have to admit that you have failed your readership and thus endangered the future of your magazine.

ROGER GARDNER
Bradford, Rhode Island



Heaven forbid we should disappoint our readers. Without you, what would we use as our excuse for tracking down beautiful women . . . like Bea?

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Enclosed please find a copy of our album, *Wax Museum*. Fuck you if you don't review this.

HAROLD SHINEBAUM
Manager
End of the Trail Music
San Francisco, California

Well, Harold, we listened to it, and in our opinion, it's a piece of shit.

CRIES OF ECSTASY

Sandra Lee Katzman, in your *Sex* column on copulatory vocalizations ("New Scientific Study Into Ecstasy," February), made the point that women seem to make more noise than men during sex. Well, I'm all for that. But she doesn't tell us men what to say . . . "Tight box you have there"?

Personally, I don't think that there is a "right" thing for men to say. Let me give you some examples. One night I decided to say whatever was really on my mind; so after this lady and I made love and sank into postorgasmic bliss, I turned to her and said, "Thanks." Well, the girl really flipped out: "What do you mean, 'thanks'? It's not like I was doing you a favor, you know." She then proceeded to lecture me for a half-hour on how I was doing as much for her as she was for me.

The next time I tried (different girl), I said, "Wow, you're really a good fuck." That girl freaked out, too, and said, "In comparison to whom?" She said I made her feel cheap.

So finally, when I met another girl, I gave it one last try (I figured this one couldn't miss). I said, "I love you." And you know what she said? "How can you say you love me? You've only just met me."

So now I say nothing. *That* they seem able to deal with.

T. TURNER
Cincinnati, Ohio

LIBERATED LOVER

I want to extend my heartfelt appreciation to you people for publishing Lowell Miller's article, *Learning to Love the Liberated Chick* (February). I couldn't believe what an honest, unpretentious piece it was.

If Miller's perceptions and analysis of the psychosexual games played by men and women at various stages of life are accurate (and I believe they are), then we should have nothing to fear from the new "liberated" relationships, based on genuine interaction between equals. As Miller points out, this alternative is a vast improvement over what went on before. Immature games have always caused people of both sexes more harm than good. Now, if only I could find such a willing liberated partner for myself . . .

KEVIN COLPAERT
Mishawaka, Indiana

BAVARIAN CREAM PIE

When I was reading your February issue, I came to the photo spread on *Brigitta* and fell in love. When you say she belongs in pictures, you're right. But the problem is there just weren't enough of them.

R. BRADSHAW
Joliet, Illinois

Out of all the beautiful women in your February issue, the crowning glory is Brigitta from Salzburg, Austria. I am really homesick for Bavaria (I have come to think of that area as my home)—so keep those Austrian ladies coming.

J. GASPARILLA
Durham, New Hampshire

Believe us, we're trying.

DON'T BUG US

I'd like to make a few corrections to Marke Andrews' "Do It in the Dirt" article (*Openers*, January). The piece was, for the most part, well done, but as a graduate of SUNY's course in pest-control technology and as a professional pest controller, I feel obligated to make some clarifications.

Cockroaches, soldier beetles and crickets mate ass to ass. The female-on-top position is a prerequisite to mating acceptance. Male cockroaches and crickets, after ejaculation, sometimes forget to let go of the female for several hours.

The paragraph on water bugs is correct, provided the insect is a true water bug, such as a pill bug or sow bug. These insects aren't really bugs; they are crustaceans (like crabs) and hermaphroditic (containing both sex organs, so they don't have to mate if they don't want to). The water bug found in most inner cities, however, is

The Head XRC started out as our first entry into the graphite market. Curiously, it didn't finish that way.

For while all they say about graphite is true–it's light, fast, yet devastatingly powerful, there's another side: When you miss-hit with pure graphite, you pay for it with shock tremors up the length of your arm.

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The Head Vilas "wood" racket has a similar history: It didn't leave the drawing board the same way it started.

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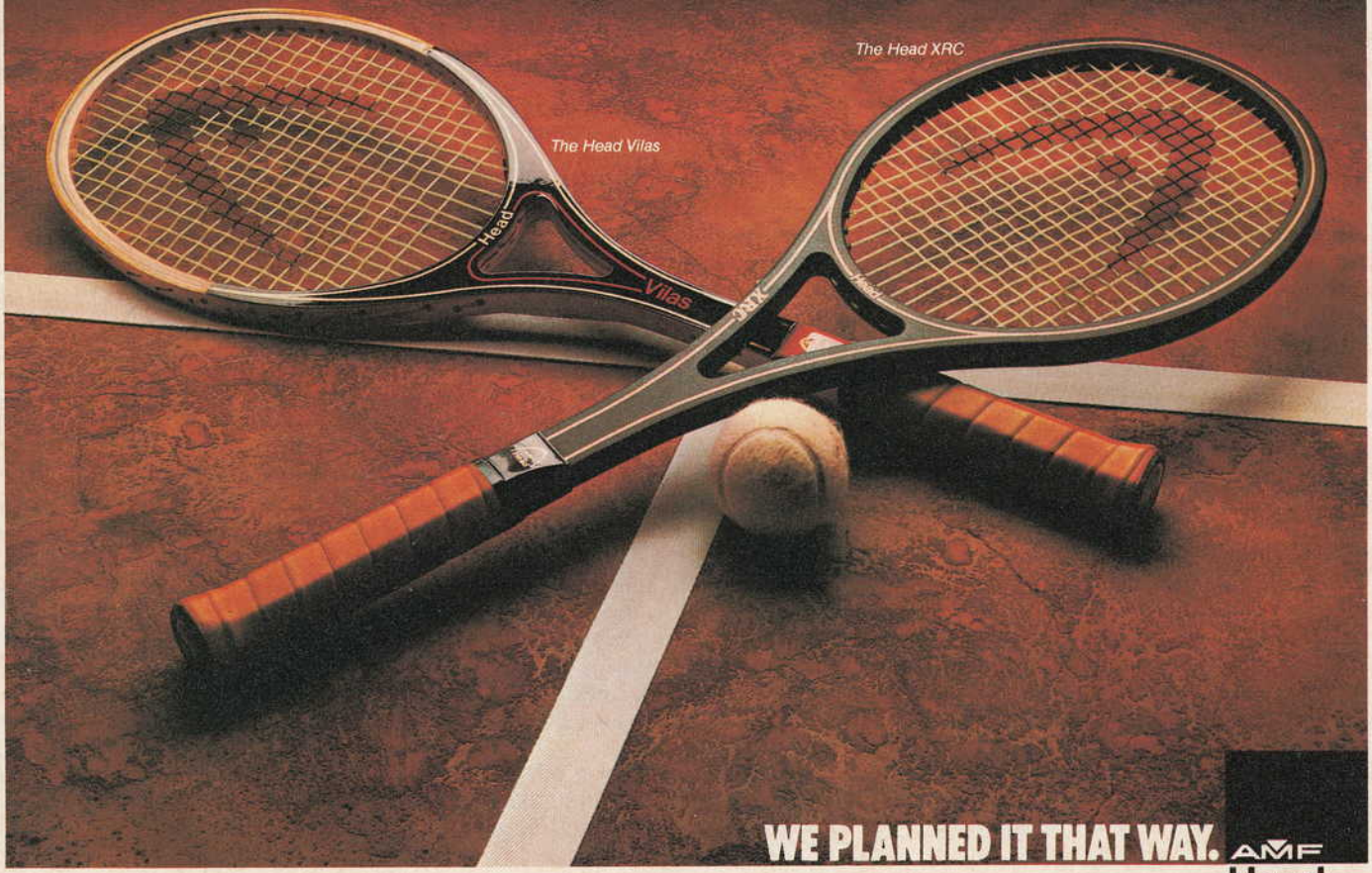
So while the Head Vilas racket has the unique look and "feel" of wood, you, like Guillermo, will find it a more powerful, more offensive weapon.

If you're considering graphite or wood, we feel the XRC and Vilas offer major improvements. But pick up a demonstrator to see for yourself.

Then imagine that racket at ultimate efficiency—with the right Head string, at the tension tailored to your game. When you're playing Head,® every part of the racket works for you.

WE COULD HAVE GIVEN THE GRAPHITE PLAYER GRAPHITE, AND THE WOOD PLAYER WOOD.

WE DIDN'T.



WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY. AMF Head

really an American cockroach, which also mates stern to stern.

By the way, in some species of aphids, the male is extinct.

RICHARD PAYTON
Lindenhurst, New York

THE TOWN DUMP

Just read your February issue and was delighted by Hank Nuwer's article, *Towns Without Pity*. Having been to a couple of the towns he wrote about, I can appreciate his commentary. Not only that, but I think I may just visit a few more of the places that he mentioned.

KEN WELLER
Delton, Michigan

We are constantly being bombarded by cute advertisements for various places, each claiming to provide the tourist with delights that usually fall short in reality. So, it is sometimes more meaningful when someone comes up with a "blacklist."

However, the thing that really caught my attention was the note on Mr. Nuwer's untimely death. Could we have the details, please?

STEVE HENKE
Highland Heights, Kentucky

Actually, Steve, Hank Nuwer's existence has always been an unexplained phenomenon. Somehow he got word that he was scheduled on Tom Snyder's "Tomorrow Show" and mysteriously rose from the dead to make an appearance.

Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Your February issue contained an article by freelancer Hank Nuwer *(Towns Without Pity)* that did irreparable harm to the Indian people of the Pine Ridge Reservation.

Our tribe, the Oglala, has survived five of the hardest years imaginable, since the occupation of Wounded Knee in 1973. We survived the deaths of two FBI agents and an intratribal conflict that almost tore our people apart; but we *did* survive!

Perhaps some of the allegations in your article had substance two years ago; but to assume that they have substance now is saying that times have not changed and that we are as we were then.

We had high hopes of attracting tourism and industry to this reservation, so that our people could attain the living standards that most white Americans *expect*. How can we achieve these goals when we are continually maligned by a supposedly open press that chooses to relegate us to the 18th Century?

Perhaps it is the responsibility of the tribe to combat the national news media in the struggle to get factual coverage that does not seek to sensationalize irresponsible myths and misconceptions; but I believe a large part of this journalistic responsibility lies with the media itself. Because we are a minority among minorities, without the numbers or political clout to force the media to respect our rights, does not mean that we will take this sort of treatment lightly.

The Indian peoples of this nation would not be fighting for their very survival if the national media had devoted even one-tenth of the coverage that it devotes to Iran or Cambodia to our needs and problems.

We are the *first* Americans, and you have taken as much from us as we will give; but you will never take our dignity, our tribalism, our reservations or our self-respect.

TIM GIAGO, JR.
Director, Public Relations
Oglala Sioux Tribe
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Barrow, Alaska

A young Inupiat Eskimo lady and member of our staff has brought me a copy of a brief item on Barrow taken from your February issue (*Towns Without Pity*.) It is crude, condescending and almost totally false.

The overwhelming majority of Eskimos wear handmade parkas right here in Barrow. I have lived in Barrow for a year and have yet to experience anything but courtesy and friendliness from Eskimos of all ages, both in public and in private.

Barrow is a frontier town in many respects, and there are many things to do here. There are several public restaurants, one serving excellent Mexican food. There is a supervised teen center. There are three churches, which sponsor various community events.

Young people party here much as they do in the rest of the country, and older people visit back and forth as well. Jesse Owens is coming to Barrow soon in connection with the Eskimo games, and Gary Snyder, the well-known poet, is coming to meet with several groups.

Every home I have been in has toilet facilities of some sort; and most, like my own, have commodes, with the local government providing regular pickup service.

Alcohol is a problem in Barrow, as it is throughout Alaska. However, we do have our own Alcoholics Anonymous chapter.

ROSS DIXON
President, Inupiat University of the Arctic
Barrow, Alaska

Mr. Nuwer, you have erred! Barrow, Alaska, is *the* toughest, meanest, most prejudiced, most racially dangerous city in the entire United States of America! As an Alaska State Trooper, I lived in Barrow for three years. During this period I was engaged in 28 gun battles and confrontations, was wounded once and came close to being killed or wounded on several other occasions. Once, while I was gone, my home was shot up with both my wife and son inside. They barely escaped death.

I have a great love for the native people of Alaska, but one must realize that the Alaskan natives have been exploited badly. Their future does not look too promising, either. Although I can relate to that, I cannot condone their meanness. Every white *and* black in Barrow lives in fear of their lives, unless they are just plain fucking crazy.

Having been decorated several times for my work as a state trooper, I know of what I speak. And I would *never* return to Barrow.

AL ROWE
Tanana, Alaska

Butte, Montana

I have read your February article, *Towns Without Pity*. I am currently stationed at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, California, so I know that what you said about *that* town is true.

But being from Butte, Montana, I want to say that life in Butte is far from the pits. When you say that the residents of Butte expect to be entombed any day—that is pure bull. I've lived there all my life and never heard that one before. Sure, the air

in Butte might be a bit polluted, but we don't get warned to stay in our homes like the residents of Los Angeles.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
San Diego, California

Harlan, Kentucky

I am sure you have been flooded with hate mail concerning *Towns Without Pity* by Hank Nuwer (February), but I feel that I must get my two cents in on behalf of Harlan, Kentucky.

Mr. Nuwer's assessment was, to say the least, inaccurate. The article would lead a person who has never been to Harlan to believe that Harlan Countians: (a) all work in dusty, choking underground coal mines; (b) are all violent, pistol-packing thugs with U.M.W.A. cards; (c) raise their girls to be some sort of vicious animals; (d) hate all "outsiders"; and (e) lead dismal and depressing lives. In one word, his judgment is a bunch of shit.

If author Nuwer had spent more than a few passing moments in Harlan, and forgot some of our more "colorful" *past* history, he could have left us off his list. You should be ashamed for publishing this holdover from the yellow-journalism era.

The people in Harlan and Harlan County are really no different from those in other similar regions of America, except they are a little tired of certain people who would rather dredge up the past than accept the fact that the place has changed a great deal since the Thirties and Forties. Harlan has had enough bad press to last many lifetimes. Please put our past behind you—we have.

Mad as hell and not going to take it anymore.

ROBERT D. BAXTER
General Manager, WFSR-AM
Harlan, Kentucky

Oceanside, California

I have been an avid reader of OUI since it first hit the racks, so let me say that Hank Nuwer's article, *Towns Without Pity*, won't hinder me from buying your magazine in the future.

Much of what you said about Oceanside, California, was true, but it was just not very accurate. I realize that the article was written in a fun, lampooning kind of way, and I accept it as such. But being an *honorably* discharged ex-Marine, I'd like to clear up a few points.

I must confess that I wouldn't live in Oceanside if I had the choice, but that isn't because of the crime rate. In the two years that I was stationed there, rarely did I venture into Oceanside. Much of the crime is committed by civilians that prey on young jarheads who are ignorant of "city life."

I must also mention that the racial incidents you referred to are rare occurrences. I am not a KKK member, nor do I advocate their activities, but it seemed to me that the aggressors in those racial incidents were the blacks.

In closing, I'd like to refer to the large billboard at the edge of town: OCEANSIDE—CALIFORNIA'S BEST KEPT SECRET.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
San Diego, California

I am in the Marine Corps and went through my infantry training at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, California. While there, I went to Oceanside and a few other California towns, and I always felt as though I didn't belong. The people are so unfriendly; I didn't enjoy being there at all. The only way a Marine could get sociable was to pay $35 for a fuck.

But regarding the crimes involving Marines, you should take a survey as to how many of us get beaten up, robbed or even killed by the local residents of Oceanside.

I admit that some of the things you pointed out in your article are true, but the situation is not nearly as severe as you made it sound.

PFC. BARNHART
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

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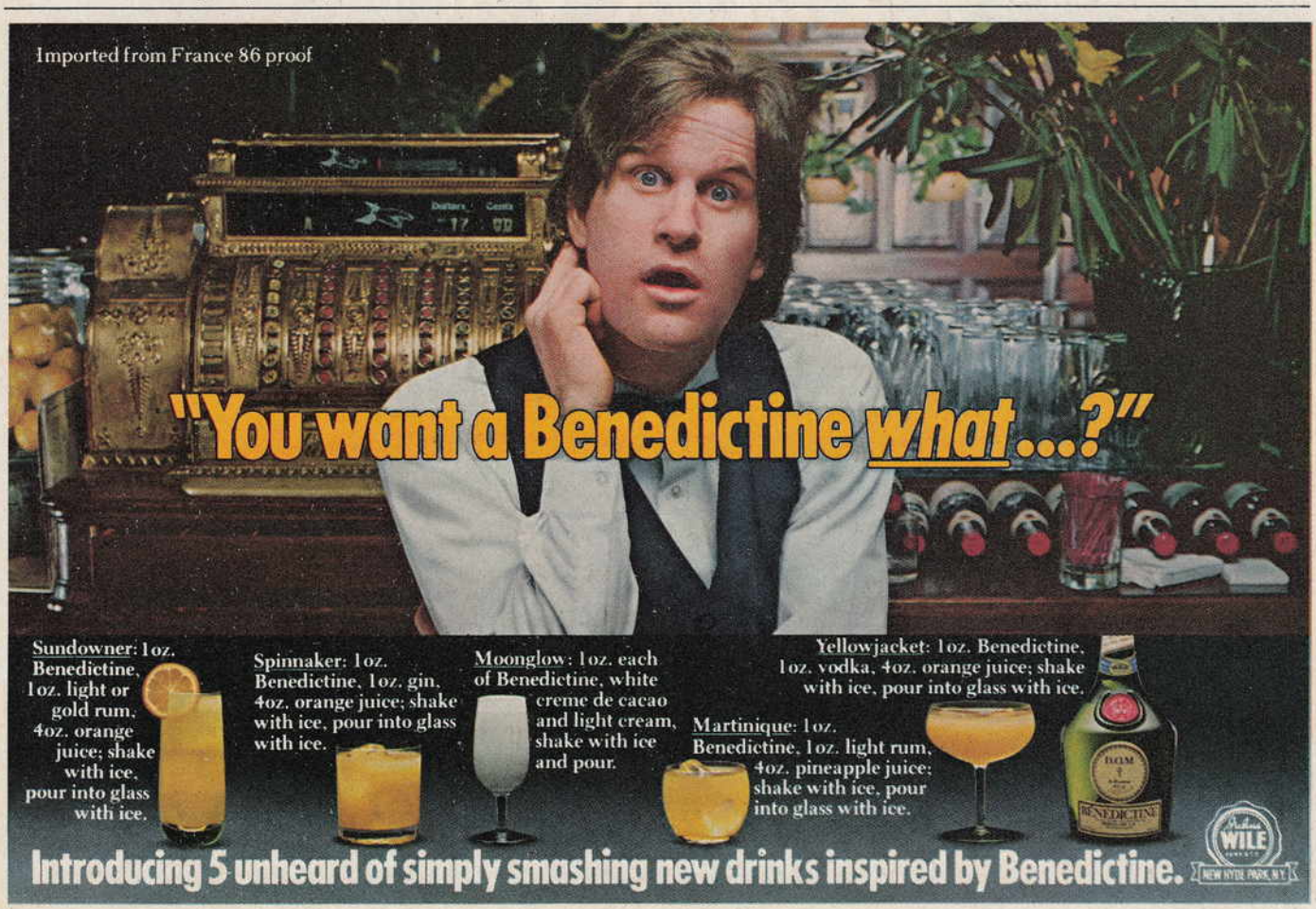
Los Angeles, California 90069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#1. Just how low in tar is it?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

OPENERS

CANADIAN MOUNTING

Moose aren't the only creatures in Canada with a fine set of horns on their heads, according to a survey by the Canadian government's Ministry of Justice. Their figures reveal that the married Canadian woman enjoys—or at least has—sex 1.57 times a week, while the married Canadian male does same only 1.48 times a week. In simple terms, the Canadian woman has .09 more fucks per week than her husband. In order for her to get up into the whole numbers, the only ones that really count with a sexual experience, 11.1 weeks must go by. *Voilà!* Thus we see that the Canadian wife is unfaithful every 11.1 weeks. OUI therefore advises Canadian husbands to be particularly vigilant at these intervals. American businessmen and English rock bands would also be well advised to keep these figures in mind when planning trips to Canada. —TED MANN

THE NAKED AND THE DEDUCTIBLE

Lovers of nudity had a real ball in Missouri recently when 500 couples attended a bash thrown by the Fashion Group of St. Louis to benefit local artists. Those who attended proved eager to give the clothes right off their backs. All for the sake of art, of course.

At evening's end, after guests had dined and danced in bacchanalian splendor, they dropped trou, tux, fur and dress, and then handed them over to the sponsors for auctioning later. A Neiman-Marcus appraiser was on hand to fill out tax-deduction receipts and to hand out garbage bags for guests to cover up with on the way home.

Take heed, all ye church and civic groups. Why knock yourself out collecting *aluminum* cans when you can earn bucks and have the *real* thing? —HANK NUWER

GREEK SALUTE

This bulletin just in from the *Openers* Grecian Affairs desk. Honda Lilly, the part-time hooker of remote Lefkas Island, has completely recovered from the near-fatal motorcycle accident that put three unwanted holes in her skull. What's more, the indefatigable young Lilly reports she's ready to take on this summer's tourist hordes from Corinth and Salonika—once her 500cc Honda is repaired with new parts from Athens.

Lilly's accident, we're told, caused the biggest excitement on sleepy Lefkas since a Turk mistakenly landed there in the 16th Century and was promptly castrated and thrown headfirst off a cliff. Fortunately for our hard-driving 26-year-old whore, a visiting specialist was able to patch the punctures. Even so, Lilly spent three days in a coma, during which time the tiny Lefkas hospital was jammed with her male admirers, who kept a vigil.

"Unlike most Greek women, who are content to peek at the world from behind lace curtains," our correspondent

VIVE LA HALFTIME

In America, cheerleading is very big. But at ultra-chic sun-soaked St.-Tropez, it is small. *Tres* small. This year the fun bunnies at the Club Tahiti held their first annual cheerleaders' tryouts, the only condition being that you wave your pom poms where they are most, uh, cheer-inspiring.

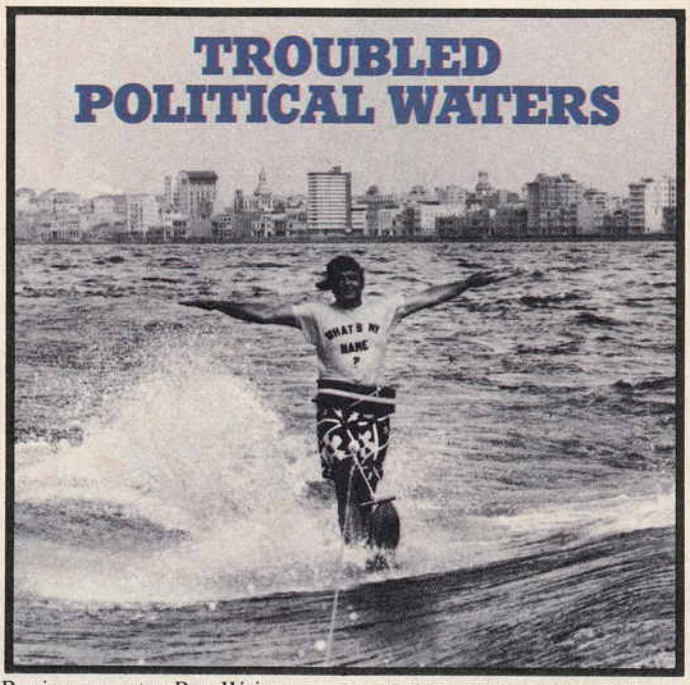
tells us, "Lilly wants to jump on top of life, so to speak, and run her own show. Next to a couple of Ouzos at the Old Navy bar, the only excitement is to catch a glimpse of buxom Lilly roaring down the gravel paths by the seashore, searching for new faces and a couple of extra drachmas. Said one ancient Lefkas fisherman when told Lilly had rallied from her coma, 'Thank God, for around here the men are men and the women are, too. All except for Lilly.' " Now, that's moussaka to our ears.

—JOHN WILCOCK

FLESH POT

Perhaps you're tired of eating out at the same old places? The British, dying empire and all, have come up with a rather voluptuous alternative: Stay home and dine from these "Flesh Pots," which are not likely to turn up at suburban Tupperware parties. The three bountiful casseroles that comprise the set (and a lovely set at that), when placed upon each other, form the nearly life-size, anatomically correct torso of a woman. Flesh Pots also come in the male persuasion, if that is your whim. The makers, the Henley Company of Berkshire, England, assure us that the Flesh Pots are not only a unique serving set but are "freezer-to-oven-to-table quality cookware." And, alas, like anything tasty and well endowed, they carry a price tag—$395 in white, brown or blue.

TROUBLED POLITICAL WATERS



Roving reporter Rex Weiner sends us this conversation with Charles "Sonny" McCoy, the mayor of Key West and the first man to water-ski from the United States to Cuba.

OUI: So, you actually water-skied to Cuba.

McCOY: That's right. I'm the first and only man to water-ski from the United States to Cuba.

OUI: When did you do this?

McCOY: Twice. The first time I had to stop because the tow bar cracked and my hand split open. I would have bled to death if I hadn't stopped. This was about eighteen miles out. I got into the boat and had my hand bandaged with electrical tape; then I got back into the water. I skied into Havana wearing an oven mitt.

OUI: Why did you decide to ski to Cuba?

McCOY: Well, I've done a lot of long-distance water-skiing, and after four martinis this seemed like a good idea. One night up at the La Concha [a bar on the top floor of the tallest hotel in Key West's Old Town] we're sitting around and they start taking bets on whether I could ski all the way to the Dry Tortugas. The next day I wake up. The phone's ringing. "Hey, Sonny, we're down here at the boat waiting for you." So I skied to the Tortugas. That took three hours and thirty-five minutes. The next night up at the La Concha we're sitting around and someone says, "Hey, the Tortugas are eighty miles from Key West. Cuba is ninety-two. I bet Sonny can make it all the way to Havana." They start taking bets on that. The day came and a big storm came up. The seas were pretty rough. "I'm not going out there in this," I said. But everybody else said, "Oh, come on." That's what happened. We used a big Hatteras as a tow boat.

OUI: How was the reception in Cuba?

McCOY: Oh, I got a hero's welcome. All along the Malecón, the people were running and yelling. There were big crowds. I had two Russian-built gunboats convoying me in. It was really something. Havana harbor is dirty, though. I hit a floating piece of bamboo and went right up in the air. It was so oily I got a lube job going through there. We broke a prop on the boat. I guess the Environmental Protection Agency hasn't been down there yet.

OUI: How did you feel midway through the trip?

McCOY: Terrible. My back hurt. My feet hurt. There was only one pain I could think of that was worse.

OUI: What's that?

McCOY: Walking into the La Concha without finishing the run. Here, look at these pictures we took of the trip.

[In the pictures, Mayor McCoy is wearing a cap tied to his head with string, and a T-shirt that reads, WHAT'S MY NAME? (an in joke, he said). The name of the boat was the Wicked Wahini. He used a single slalom ski. One shot from the back of the Wicked Wahini reveals a bevy of bikinied beauties cheering the mayor on. "They took their tops off to keep me up."]

OUI: You say you made the

WISH YOU WERE HERE

. . . and for his third wish Rosmenko asked to have his head between a big-breasted American model's legs for the rest of his life. Already you know it the punchline? You maybe peeked, no?

Girls to Dream on...

They were the tough, sexy rock chanteuses of the furtively erotic Sixties. Names like the Ronettes, the Shangri-Las and even Reparata and the Delrons continue to conjure up memories of beehive hairdos, dime-store perfume, tight black slacks with very little slack and soul kisses stolen by the dashboard light.

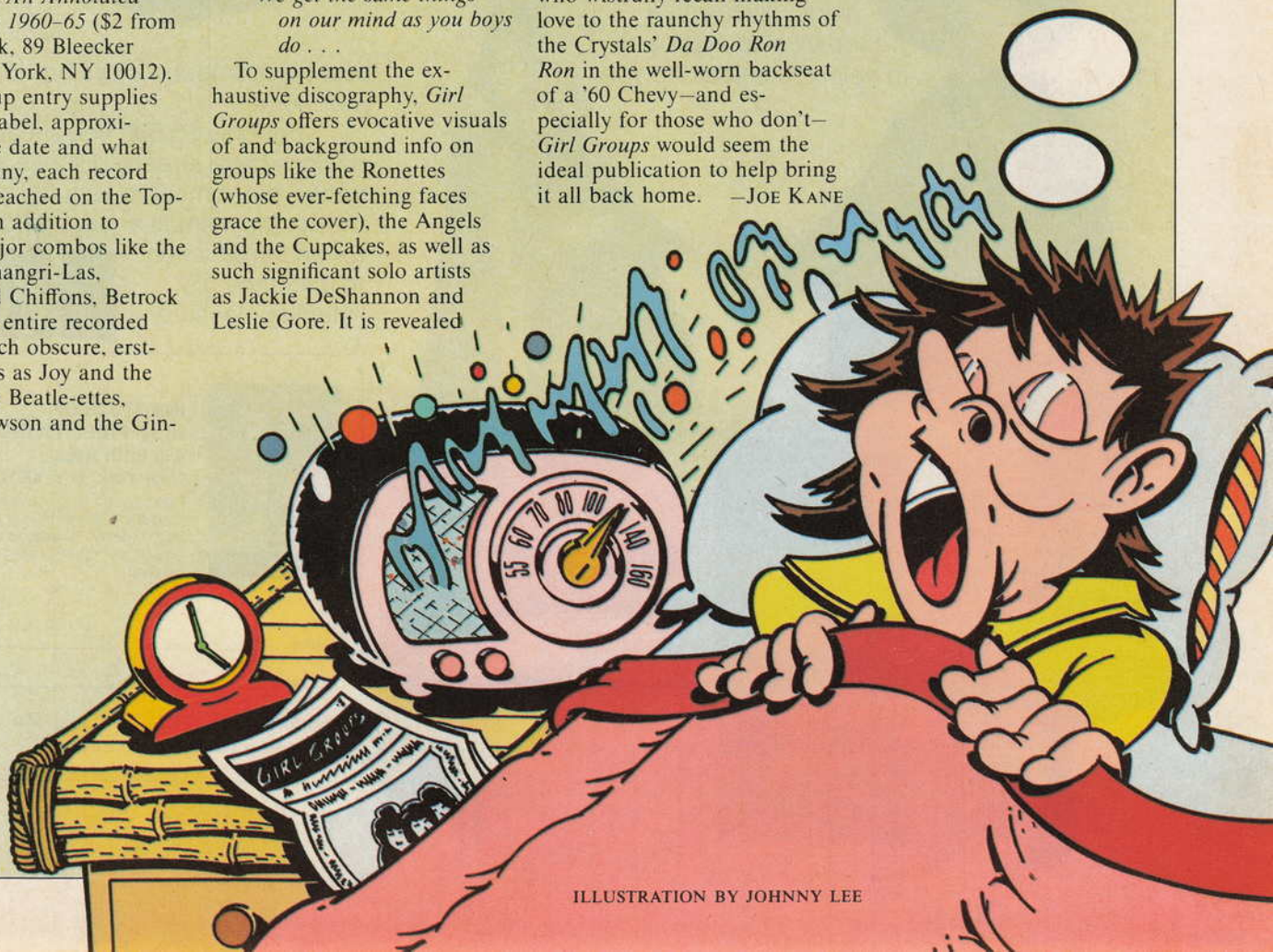
Anyone red-blooded enough to relive, or at least lasciviously recall, the "Golden Age of Girl Groups" could do worse than purchase a copy of an appropriately cheap-looking tabloid aptly titled *Girl Groups, An Annotated Discography 1960–65* ($2 from Alan Betrock, 89 Bleecker Street, New York, NY 10012).

Each group entry supplies song titles, label, approximate release date and what number, if any, each record eventually reached on the Top-100 chart. In addition to covering major combos like the Ronettes, Shangri-Las, Crystals and Chiffons, Betrock catalogs the entire recorded *oeuvre* of such obscure, erstwhile groups as Joy and the Sorrows, the Beatle-ettes, Dandee Dawson and the Gingersnaps, and the immortal Henrietta and the Hairdooz. His extensive listings likewise include such long-forgotten (and in many cases, never-remembered) ditties as the Chic-lets' *Don't Goof on Me*, the Chains' *Carol's Got a Cobra*, Phil Spector's never-released *The Screw* and the Pin-Ups' classic *Lookin' for Boys*, the sentiment of which went something—nay, precisely—like this:

> *You know when the weather gets warm*
> *We girls don't like to sit around*
> *We get the same things on our mind as you boys do . . .*

To supplement the exhaustive discography, *Girl Groups* offers evocative visuals of and background info on groups like the Ronettes (whose ever-fetching faces grace the cover), the Angels and the Cupcakes, as well as such significant solo artists as Jackie DeShannon and Leslie Gore. It is revealed herein, for example, that Estelle Ronette once "dated" George Harrison back in the Beatles' hand-holding days.

In short, for those of us who wistfully recall making love to the raunchy rhythms of the Crystals' *Da Doo Ron Ron* in the well-worn backseat of a '60 Chevy—and especially for those who don't—*Girl Groups* would seem the ideal publication to help bring it all back home. —JOE KANE



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trip twice?

McCOY: I wasn't satisfied the first time, because I had to stop to fix my hand. I wanted to do it nonstop. So after Diana Nyad, Walter Poenisch and that swimming nun—I forget her name—after they all failed to make the trip swimming, I went out and made it skiing. It took me six hours, ten minutes, and it was one hundred ten miles, taking the Gulf Stream into account.

OUI: How long have you been mayor?

McCOY: Eight years. That's four terms, tying the record set around the turn of the century by Mayor Fogarty. I'm one of the aborigines. My family goes back four generations on Key West.

OUI: Do you do things like this often?

McCOY: I once dove off the Bahia Honda Bridge. I'm a pilot. I once flew an A-3 with the Blue Angels. Last Christmas I dressed up like Santa Claus and skied by Mallory Dock, tossing presents to the kids. These are foolish things you do because you're you.

FRENCH LICKS

French cartoonist Siné is best known for his character Toto, a lecherous, pupil-popping dirty old man with the body of a little boy. Siné, who admits he has always sought ". . . a life plunged in debauchery, smut, unrestrained lechery, unending orgies . . ." is shown here demonstrating one way to bang a lady's bongos (a veteran party trickster, he is prepared, we're sure, to peal her bells and toll her chimes, as well). A real nut when it comes to getting the proper tones and resonances from his drumming, Siné was apparently determined to add a little bottom to his sound. By delivering a snappy salvo of emphatic splats to his adjusted drum kit, he was no doubt treated to some vibrant and sonorous "highs" as well.

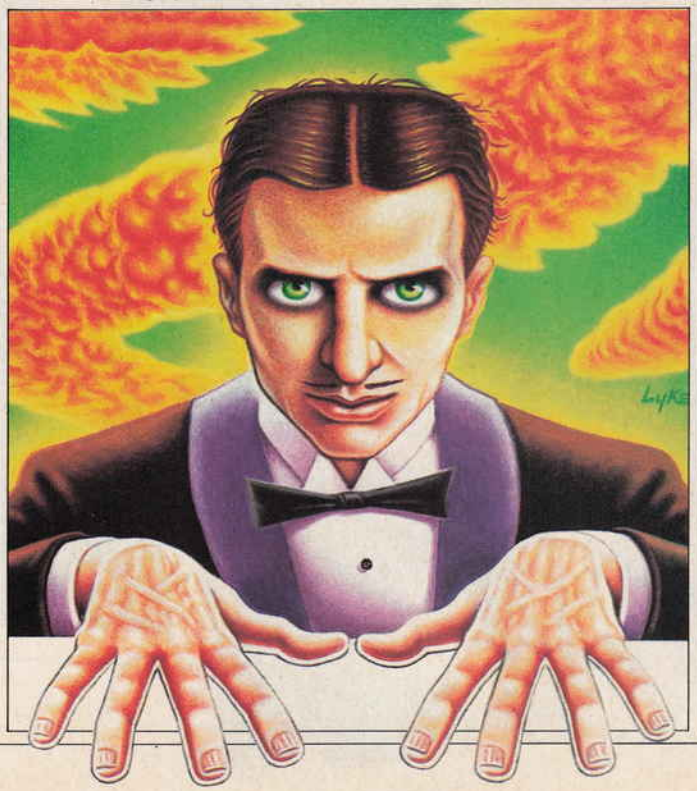
Before you accuse Siné of being an insufferable chauvinist, you should know that he would welcome a good drubbing at the hands of the women's movement. "I am against the war of the sexes. I raise my white underwear in surrender," he exclaims. "If a woman takes my place, then I will take hers. A male sex object—what a dream! To be constantly hunted down by nymphomaniacs, a continual object of their libidinous desires, my body fondled by their adept hands in the Metro, ravaged by their vicious eyes that are fixed on my zipper, forever accosted with lustful words by debauched women, a victim of exhibitionists who show me their hot anatomy at every street corner, preyed upon by the whole gamut of lewd depravity, raped by female satyrs who make use of my body for any sexual baseness and all of their fantasies . . . I've got to stop talking about it. I'm getting a hard-on."

MIND OVER MOTHERHOOD

If your lady's worried about pregnancy and won't come across, then put her under. That advice comes to us from an Italian doctor who has developed a birth-control method which he reports has been "100 percent effective" on the 100 experimental patients he has treated so far. No, it's not abstinence and, yes, it is reversible. The technique is not chemical, surgical or mechanical. It's all in the mind. Hypnotism.

Dr. Marco Marchesan, director of the International Center of Medical and Psychological Hypnosis in Milan, puts his female patients into a deep sleep over six to eight sessions. During these sessions, he explains, "the conviction is instilled in her subconscious that she will not become pregnant, even though she takes no other precautions. She is told her infertility will last indefinitely if she so desires, but that she has the power at any time to reverse the process."

Two other physicians, working along similar lines, also report no pregnancies among their patients, some of whom have been using the hypnotic contraceptive for up to three years.



Medical science discovered years ago that subjects in a trance state could become immune to pain, start or stop bleeding at will, make parts of the body incredibly stiff (something to remember next time demon rum plays games with your love life) and lose the desire to overeat. It's a logical step from girth control to birth control, giving the powerful subconscious mind a long-range suggestion via posthypnotic command.

Although Marchesan and his colleagues caution that their research is still inconclusive, the hypnotic technique could put pills, diaphragms, chemicals and condoms on the sexual junk heap, along with chastity belts and how-to books on coitus interruptus.

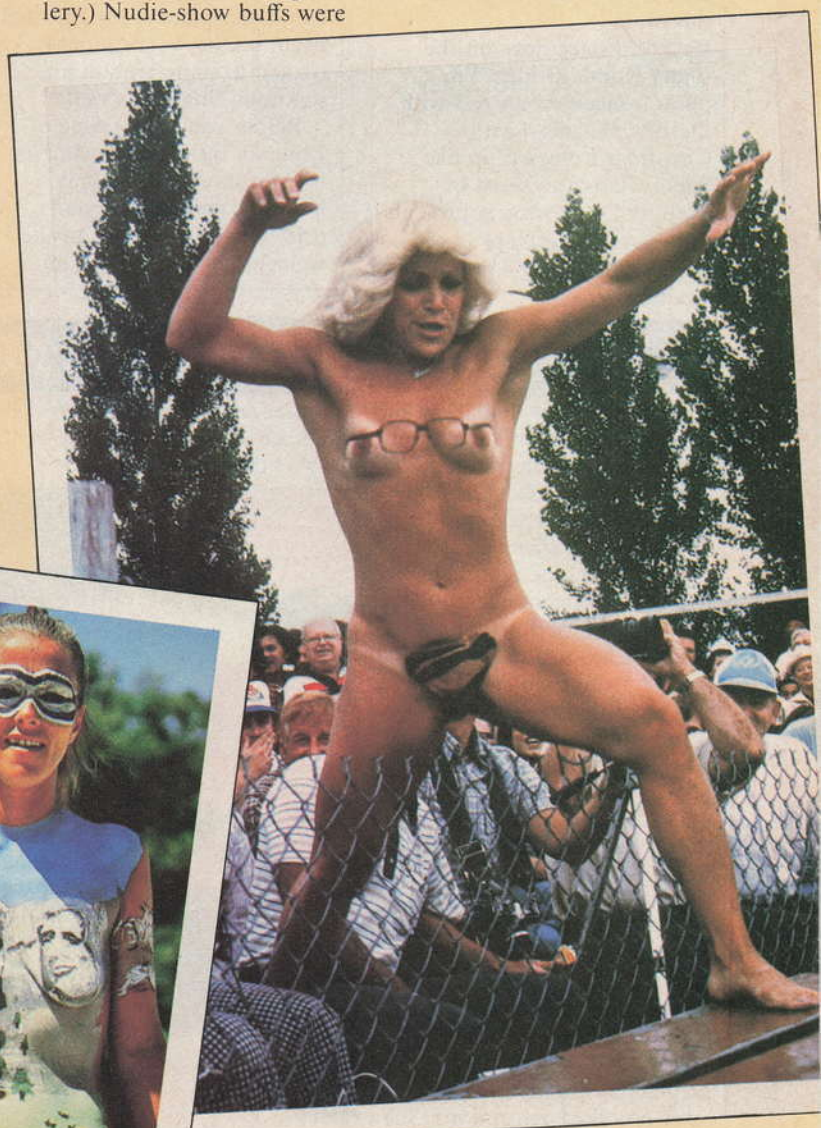
Now, sweetheart, look into my . . .

—Ted Newsom

CARNALVAL IN ROSELAWN

At the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana, they don't just get *nekkid*, they make a production out of it. The club's annual striptacular, "Nudes-A-Poppin," which will be held twice this year on July 22 and August 19, combines stark-naked realism, old-fashioned peep-show-hoochie-coochie and the competitive spills of an X-rated rodeo contest. At last year's event, shown here, more than 12,000 well-draped, camera-toting voyeurs came to shoot a few overt exposures of the jiggly and the wiggly. (Needless to say, there were a lot of hard peanuts in *this* gallery.) Nudie-show buffs were treated to all the elements of a vaudevillian undress rehearsal. There were pageantry (Female Nude Beauty Contest), tragedy (Male Nude Beauty Contest), camp (Nude Body Painting), dancing girls (Nude Disco Dance, Female), slapstick (Nude Disco Dance, Male), melodrama (Nude Disco Dance, couples) and, just to keep things contemporary, psychodrama (Nude Female Mud Wrestling). If you decide to attend this year's "Carnalval," we suggest you get there early; that way, you can get a box seat.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS



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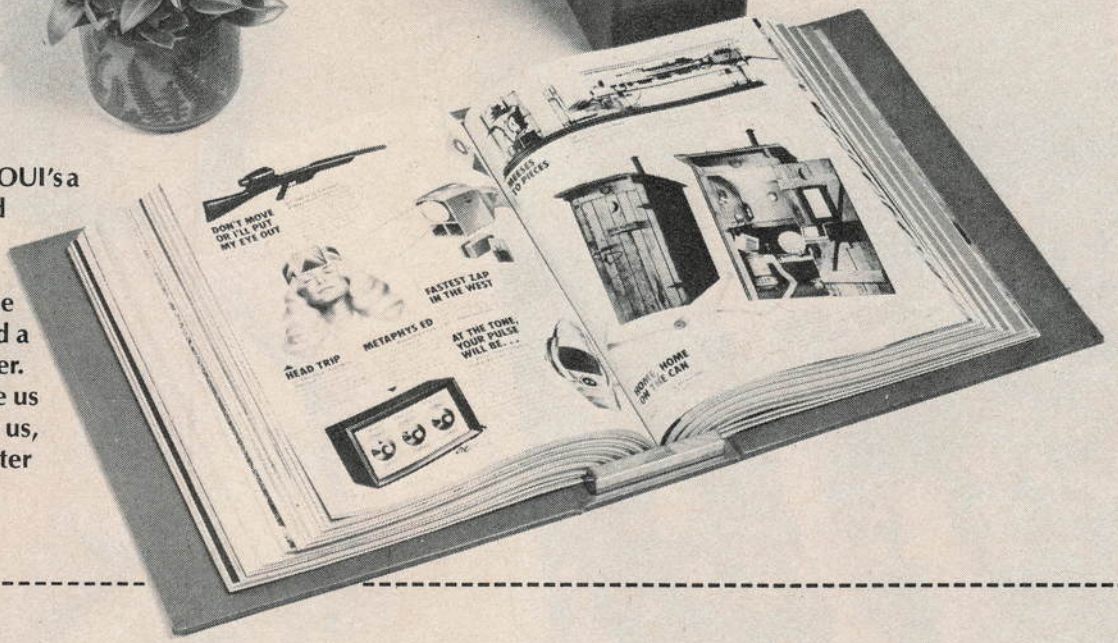
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AT THE TONE, YOUR PULSE WILL BE...
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PICK-UP SHTICK

If your best score lately has been on a pinball machine, then *Pick-Up Times*, the brain-

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DISCO PICK-UPS PART II
A Woman Reveals:
HOW ANY MAN CAN TURN US ON!

child of *High Times* co-founder and occasional OUI contributor Bob Singer, might be for you. According to Singer, "Speaking to some strange but highly desirable female without an introduction is second nature for some guys. But for me it's a major hassle. So I got together some of the most successful pick-up artists I knew and put together *Pick-Up Times*. Once you learn the natural way to pick up girls, bro, they *stay* picked up."

The second issue of *Pick-Up Times* ($8 for four issues from Box 439, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013) features a glossy cover and articles on making it with stewardesses, advice on picking up girls in discos and an essay by feminist playwright Lynda Crawford on how to pick up . . . Lynda Crawford. The editors promise practical, down-to-earth, how-to-do-it stories like "How to Make Women Respect You," "Keeping Girls Entertained—for Nickels and Dimes," "How to Turn Women On to Kinky Sex," "How to Pick Up Two Girls," "Why Younger Women Are Better" and "36 Classic Corny Lines That Almost Always Work." "We make it possible for consenting strangers to get together without risk or fear of rejection," Singer explains. "Too many guys settle for women they don't really like. *Pick-Up Times* shows you how to get the women you really want."

The reader–editor dialog in the advice column (it's called "Pick-Upmanship," what else?) is alone worth the price of admission. One Mike Croll of New York writes: "Best way to pick up girls is to walk down the street with thousand-dollar bills coming out of your ears. Wait till some lovely tells you, 'Hey, you've got thousand-dollar bills coming out of your ears,' and simply reply, 'Sorry, I can't hear you—I've got thousand-dollar bills coming out of my ears.'" *Pick-Up Times*'s advice? "Like the joke, this 'technique' would have been original in 1927. Today, however, credit cards would be more impressive." —PETER GOSSAGE

ONE SNIFF FOR MANKIND

Here's another serious contender for our Humanitarian Research of the Seventies award: the University of Pennsylvania, for its breathlessly exciting project (now get this), "Changes in the Intensity and Pleasantness of Human Vaginal Odors During the Menstrual Cycle." *There's* a school that really *cares* about the little guy.

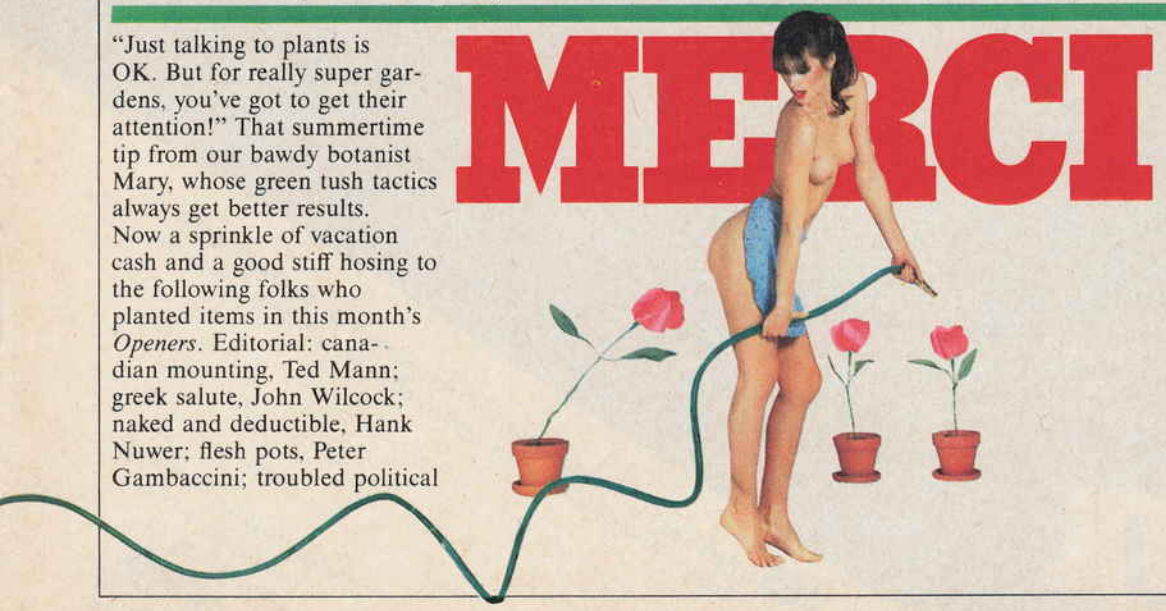
In the report, published a while ago in *Science* magazine, mention was made of the fact that the female "donors" were discouraged and/or prohibited from ingesting asparagus, onions, garlic, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, chili, curry, pineapple, sauerkraut and kale. Although it's not specified exactly why, we can assume that the food restrictions were instituted at the fervent request of those intrepid, dedicated souls who got down to business and actually did the testing. After all, what the hell would a computer, or any soulless machine, know about the relative pleasantness of poontang pungency? Nossir, it had to be *humans* who . . . well, you get the idea.

TASTELESS HUMOR

Stand-up comic Jackie Vernon, as the star of a horror picture, follows in the footsteps of such renowned romantic leads as John Boles, Turhan Bey and John Agar. In the forthcoming *Microwave Massacre*, Vernon plays an epicurean hardhat who picks up girls, lures them back to his home and eats them. "So what?" you ask. "So do twenty million other guys." Ah, here's the rub: "Mr. Excitement" chops his delicious dates into manageable mouthfuls, pops them into his oversized microwave oven—*then* eats them. The screenplay is based on true incidents culled from the files of Masters and Johnson, Havelock Ellis and Julia Child.

In one tasty scene, Jackie licks his lips as he prepares a snack and tastefully mutters, "I'm so hungry I could eat a whore." *Microwave Massacre* opens this summer at better drive-ins and delis.

MERCI



"Just talking to plants is OK. But for really super gardens, you've got to get their attention!" That summertime tip from our bawdy botanist Mary, whose green tush tactics always get better results. Now a sprinkle of vacation cash and a good stiff hosing to the following folks who planted items in this month's *Openers*. Editorial: canadian mounting, Ted Mann; greek salute, John Wilcock; naked and deductible, Hank Nuwer; flesh pots, Peter Gambaccini; troubled political waters, Rex Weiner; french lick, Keith Brandon Edwards; mind over motherhood and tasteless humor, Ted Newsom; one sniff for mankind, Mike (the Nose) Price; pick-up shtick, Peter Gossage. Art: canadian mounting, John Hamagami; mind over motherhood, John Lykes. Photo: openers and merci, Jack Lorenz (stylist, Patty Ferry); vive la halftime, Liaison Agency; flesh pots, James Nyman; troubled political waters, Lynn Pelham; wish you were here, Claude Mougin and Jet Records; french lick, Lucien Lapointe; tasteless humor, D.P.H. Eaton.

Imagine Planting a VICTORY GARDEN

AND REAPING THE HARVESTS LEGALLY

Home-grown marijuana fresh from Mother Earth. A brand new idea? Not at all. In Alaska, the state Supreme Court says privately growing your own marijuana is O.K. That makes sense to us. No illegal market. No dangerous herbicides. And no hassles.

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Write your elected representatives and let them know how you feel.

AND JOIN NORML

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SEX TAPES

SEX FOR MONEY

Prostitution is frequently defined as the practice of exchanging sexual favors for money or valuable materials. It is frequently referred to as "the world's oldest profession," and anthropologists now believe that prostitution may even date back to our evolutionary predecessors, the apes. In human society, prostitution was common in ancient Israel, Greece and Rome, and in some instances it was a required part of religious practice. The "Myletta" rite of ancient Babylonia required women to sit in Ishtar's temple and wait for men to arrive with the price of love—a silver coin thrown upon the woman's lap.

Statistics now show that men are losing interest in prostitution at a rate that may soon drive the oldest profession out of business. As a result of his research in the Forties, Alfred Kinsey found that about 69 percent of the white male population had employed the services of a prostitute at least once. But a recent study sponsored by the Playboy Foundation determined the practice to be only half as common now as it was in the Forties.

While the definition of prostitution appears simple, under close scrutiny it becomes blurred at the edges. Is it prostitution, for example, when a wife withholds sex unless promised a new fur coat? And if a lady feels she has to "repay" a man for taking her out for a fancy dinner, does that make her a hooker? The distinction between girlfriend, prostitute and mistress may often be merely academic.

And then there is the question of male prostitutes. Most of them service other men, but there is a growing business, especially on the West Coast, of "peg houses," where women pay for sex. Some state laws insist that only women can be prostitutes, which means that male hookers can operate with impunity. Efforts to change those laws have spearheaded a drive to decriminalize prostitution in all states. Whatever its legal status, one thing's for sure: The practice of having sex in return for some kind of payment has touched just about everyone at some point in their lives.

Jodie L., 33, architect: About a year ago, I decided that I was going to learn how to have vaginal orgasms. I'm single and I have lots of sex partners, but I've always thought it would be so nice to come from pure and simple fucking. Oh, I've always been able to have orgasms. But never without lots of oral sex or else a finger on my clit during intercourse.

So, I went to a sex clinic and I ended up with a surrogate—a professional fucker. Of course, there was a fee for his services, and that's why I'd have to say it was prostitution. But it was worth it. He really was a beautiful man—tall, blond, well built. We started with pleasuring exercises—stroking, kissing, fondling—without intercourse. But the critical exercise at the clinic was called "the bridge." He'd rub my clitoris with his fingers while we fucked. But he'd stop just when I was on the brink of coming. Then I had to thrust against him and bring myself off without his hand. We spent many fine hours practicing this technique, and pretty soon I was climaxing without direct clitoral stimulation. It was absolutely lovely. Best of all, I took what I learned at the clinic home with me. I feel much freer about sex—much more confident. To me, the sex surrogate was exactly what prostitution should be—for men *and* women.

Steve R., 28, male nurse: I've never gone to a prostitute. I think it would be a waste of money. Really, I can't think of anything I'd ask one of them to do that I couldn't get a friend to do for nothing. Why bother?

Alice Q., 25, reporter: I can understand why men pay to go to prostitutes, because I once had a relationship with a kept man. Now, I wasn't the one keeping him, but I could see why any woman would—he was an artist in bed.

I met the guy after he called the newspaper I was working for, saying he was an artist's agent, and that he wanted someone to come down and interview the guy he was representing. At the time, I was on general assignment; so, of course, they sent me.

Well, I interviewed his artist, who wasn't particularly talented. It was Rich, the agent, who interested me. I'd dragged the interview out as long as I possibly could. When I was getting up to go, Rich stopped me. "You don't have to leave," he said. I told him I *did* have to leave, because I had to go back to the newsroom and type up

the story. He asked if I wanted to come back later, and I told him I didn't know.

When I got off work, I drove out to the neighborhood where he lived, all the while thinking about him and the way he looked. He was about 35, with golden-tanned skin and long black hair. His body was beautiful and incredibly sexy, and he had the most penetrating green eyes I've ever seen. I decided to stop by the house.

He answered the door wearing white, drawstring cotton pants and no shirt. When he saw me standing there, he didn't ask any questions; he just smiled. We went into the living room and sat on the couch. Rich took out a pipe, filled it with opium, and we smoked. God, I was high. We had some kind of trivial conversation; I don't remember about what. Then he just kind of scooped me toward him. I was drifting along, wondering what to do. I had some kind of vague idea that I shouldn't let him make love to me on such short acquaintance. But then he led me into the bedroom, and I didn't argue with him at all. He had me undress him, and then he undressed me. Then Rich licked every inch of my body, finally settling into my pussy. He held the lips open with his fingers and just kept gently lapping until I came.

Afterward, he had me lie on my side, then got behind me and entered me slowly. He reached for my hand and put it on my clitoris. He told me he wanted me to come again, and then began fucking me. At first, I felt kind of weird about masturbating while he was making love to me, but it seemed to turn him on, and it certainly turned me on. When he felt me starting to come, he pulled out and slid his cock into my ass. I've never had a stronger climax. I'd tried anal sex before, but it had always been painful. With him, it was great.

Afterward, he told me he was leaving town. I remember feeling like I'd just been kicked in the face when he said it. Once you've had sex like that, you want the chance to get addicted. He went into the other room, came back with his guitar and started playing some song. The music didn't soothe me at all. When he saw that I was still in shock, he put down the guitar and started telling me something I couldn't believe. He said he was a fugitive from the FBI, and that he had to be constantly leaving people and places. He reached under the bed and took out a .45 Magnum. "I live off women," he said. "A woman is supporting me here, now. I have three goals: sex, dope and survival." I only half-believed his story. But six months later I got a call from him. He was in Texas, and he needed a place to stay. I don't know what I would have done if he'd actually arrived. I really wasn't in a financial position to afford a kept man. But he never showed up, and a few months later I got a letter. The return address was the Federal prison in Kansas.

Janet R., 27, secretary: I actually decided to *be* a prostitute once. I wanted to find out what it would be like to be bought and paid for blatantly, rather than subtly. I'd been touring Italy, and one night I got picked up in a bar by this upper-class Italian. We went to a hotel after I'd told him I'd do it—for money. The sex was mediocre, but afterward the guy really revealed himself. He began to insult me, saying I was just a whore—that all American women were cheap whores. I think the only reason he wanted me at all was to degrade an American woman. Later, I surmised that there is not only an international devaluation of American currency these days; it seems that American women are right down there with the dollar.

Ralph T., 28, geologist: I guess I'm part of the generation that never needed to pay for sex. But to tell you the truth, one of the most erotic experiences of my life involved quasi prostitution. I'd been living with Betsy for over two years, and both of us were starting to get a little bored with the sex. We'd been talking about trying alternatives—group sex, kinky sex—but our inhibitions and our inertia kept us from doing anything. Then, one night, some friends of mine came over to the house for a game of poker, and Betsy decided to take control of the

She slid the robe off and said she wanted a massage before anything else, and nobody protested that it wasn't part of the original deal

situation. She got high with Ross, Pete, Jack and me—Pete brought some terrific hash with him—and when Jack dealt the first hand, she left the room. I could hear the shower running in the bathroom, but I didn't think anything of it; at least, I didn't until she came back into the living room, dressed in nothing but this cream-colored silk robe that was nearly transparent. She looked great, her long, dark hair falling loose around her shoulders, and you could see her nipples and pubic hair through the fabric.

We all stared. Then she sat down and said, "Deal me in." Well, Pete got busy and filled up the pipe with some more hash, while I dealt the cards. When it was Betsy's turn, she said, "Stay," then added, in a husky voice—"A blow job." All the guys looked at me to see how I'd take what Betsy said. If I hadn't been so high, I don't know what I'd have done, but I was *high*. I shrugged and said, "Why the hell not?" We played for close to two hours, and during that time Betsy won about $300. She *lost* blow jobs, fucks in the ass, the pussy and between the breasts.

She stood up slowly and slid the robe off, then went to the middle of the room and got down on the carpet. Her breasts were gorgeous—full and white, pink nipples erect. She said she wanted a massage before anything else, and nobody protested that it wasn't part of the original deal.

I went into the bedroom and got the Vicks—Betsy likes Vicks for anal intercourse. When I came back out, she was giving Jack head while Pete ate her. She was covered with sweat. Watching my friends getting off on this woman—my woman—was making me horny as hell. I greased up with the Vicks, and then told Pete to get out of the way. I turned Betsy over on her stomach, spread her legs, then eased my cock between her ass cheeks. She raised up on her knees, and Ross got between her legs and underneath her pussy to eat her. Then Jack got down and Betsy started giving him head. It got pretty crazy what with all those arms and legs entwining and people groaning and coming.

When we woke up the next morning, we were in bed alone, though I had no idea how or when we'd gotten there. Betsy looked across at me and gave me this funny little smile. "You know, Ralph," she said, "I've never had so much fun making three hundred dollars." She and I talked about what had happened, and she told me that giving sex for money really turned her on. Well, she hasn't gone into the business or anything, but she says she'd do it again. I'm still wondering what that means.

John C., 54, poet: A prostitute is one who will gain from a sexual encounter, giving nothing in return—nothing. Prostitution precludes love. In fact, it denies the right on the part of the "john" to ask for it. Yes, I know about whores. And I'm not just talking about professionals. A certain woman I used to go out with kept tabs on how much I was spending. When that little mental cash register of hers hit just the right amount—the amount that was enough—she'd become the most loving woman you'd want to meet. I never really understood how she thought until I quit my job. I continued to date her, but we went to coffee shops and for walks along the beach. She lost interest in the sex and in me, generally. When it became obvious that our relationship had been irreparably damaged, I asked her if it were the money. I remember clearly what she told me: "John, it just doesn't feel romantic like this." In retrospect, I think it would have been better to have gotten involved with a street hooker. At least I wouldn't have allowed my feelings to get tied up with someone who asked for money up front. □

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know your opinion about sex and money.

1. First name or initials:_____
2. Age:_____ Sex (M or F):_____
3. Occupation:_____
4. Marital status:_____
5. Sex that you pay for...
   a. is more thrilling than sex with a wife or girlfriend.
   b. is better than getting the door slammed in your face.
   c. is too mechanical to be any fun.
   d. fascinates me, but I've never tried it.
6. Prostitution should be...
   a. legalized, with the government in charge.
   b. decriminalized, with nobody in charge.
   c. left the way it is.
   d. outlawed and carry stiffer penalties.
7. If my wife or girlfriend told me she'd once been a callgirl, I'd...
   a. leave her on the spot.
   b. probably get turned on.
   c. want to know every sordid detail.
   d. freak out but stay with her anyway.
8. I would pay for sex only if...
   a. nothing else were available.
   b. my mate wouldn't do something I want
   c. the girl were a movie star, like_____.
   d. I'd never pay for sex.
9. The closest thing to prostitution I've ever engaged in was as follows (use separate page):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

That renowned back-door man, the Marquis de Sade, seems to have triumphed in the end. If the response to our February Sex Tapes Questionnaire *is any indication, few people, male or female, believe that anal sex is a pain in the ass. One-third of our respondents who had experienced anal sex preferred it to "straight fucking." In the 26-to-35-year-old age group, rectal delights were even more popular: 57 percent said they'd rather practice sodomy than get it on in any other way; 38 percent said anal sex was fun once in a while; and most of the rest called it an acquired taste, like olives.*

Our questionnaire also indicated that, for most people, anal sex was fun from the start. Eighty-one percent said their first experience with anal sex was incredibly erotic; 10 percent just slipped in there by accident; 5 percent thought it was very painful; and the remaining 4 percent were still anal virgins. Our women, all but one of whom liked anal sex, said they enjoyed the variety and the "wonderful" erotic feelings it gave them. Thirty-eight percent of our men got off on anal sex because "it's tighter in there"; 10 percent liked feeling in control; and another 10 percent said it was the only way they could come. The other 42 percent gave answers that varied widely, all the way from "the asshole is more aesthetic than the vaginal opening," to "my wife loves it so much." For further responses, read on . . .

I don't really know why, but just thinking of anal sex turns me on. It wasn't always that way, though. My first encounter with anal sex was on V-J Day in 1945 in San Francisco. Everybody was going crazy. In the middle of the chaos, I met this luscious brunette in the U.S.O., and I ended up going home with her. We had a few drinks—enough to make us good and loose—and then we kissed and played around until we were both as hot as firecrackers. We ate each other and had a couple of climaxes each. When I was about to enter her, she flipped over on her stomach, shoved her ass up in the air and said, "Fuck me in the ass." Never having run into anything like that before, I balked. She said it was OK, that she loved it that way and she wouldn't get pregnant. But I thought it was dirty. I got dressed and made like a herd of birds.

I got a second chance when I was 35. I'd just hired this striking blonde—20 years old—who'd recently left her husband after walking in on him and his best buddy blowing each other. She'd never had a climax. We started dating, and after several months of oral stimulation, plus real slow, sensuous intercourse, she began having occasional orgasms. I noticed that when she sucked me, she always licked under my balls and around my anus. I loved it. Then I began to reciprocate, and it really turned me on. That was the beginning. When we'd have intercourse, she'd get so wet and juicy that it was just perfect lubrication for sliding out of her cunt and into her ass. Her anus was much more sensitive than her vagina. You can't imagine how she carried on. I've never had such fulfilling sex before or since.

You can't imagine how she carried on. I've never had such fulfilling sex before or since.

My present lover and I practice anal sex occasionally, but not with such pleasure. I think she only does it to please me. Oh, well, I guess a few crumbs are better than nothing.

L.R.C.
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Frankly, I don't recall a *most* incredible anal-sex experience. They've all been incredible. *Coitus per anus*, which sounds more sophisticated to me than anal intercourse, is a supreme form of art—the art of sodomy. It is a pity indeed that the vulgar refer to it as ass fucking, which makes it sound like a bestial act, unworthy of *homo sapiens*. Choose your partners well, and once you have them in the genupectoral position—ah, what a joy to behold. And the rest is silence in the rectal depths.

SAM G.
New York, New York

My wife doesn't care much for anal sex, but *I* sure as hell do. An ass is hotter than pussy, tighter than pussy and better than pussy. It's great!

FRED W.
Park Forest, Illinois

I get off on anal sex because it's so different. The most incredible experience I've had—and the only one, so far—happened when my husband and I were really hot and just starting to fuck. He slipped a finger up my ass as he drove his cock into my vagina. It was the most wonderful feeling. I have to admit that I'm really ready for a dick in the ass.

B.S.
Lafayette, Louisiana

I've been concerned about the possible dangers involved in anal love—particularly the oral-anal version—ever since I began allowing my fiancé to tongue my ass. Are there health hazards? I certainly hope not. This feeling—her moist tongue playing in my rectum—is the most intensely pleasurable sensation I've ever experienced. I also like licking her ass while masturbating her with my fingers. Since shedding our oral-anal inhibitions, our sex life has taken on new dimensions. The anus, I've decided, is one of the most

(Continued on page 131)

WHORE!!

Yes, Xaviera Hollander is a whore, the most celebrated prostitute in the world. She is also articulate, charming, well-read, fluent in half a dozen languages, and devastatingly witty. Here's what she says in the introduction to her book *Xaviera's Supersex:*

"All of my other books, from 'The Happy Hooker' to 'Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man,' say it with words alone. But now I've decided to Show and Tell, and in this book you will find pictures that illustrate my words. You'll get even more out of *Supersex* than you did from my other books. And with the new goodies you'll discover in these pages, you'll have more delights to share with your partner in bed.

"These are my 'official' lessons in love. I don't concentrate so much on what I've done as on what I've *learned* from what I've done. I *tell* you, point by point, how you can be better in bed than you ever thought possible. But more than that, Robert Baxter has helped me no end with his beautiful, graphic illustrations that explicitly show you what I'm talking about. If you came to me in person for a course in supersexmanship, I couldn't show you in the flesh more clearly than this."

Among pointers you'll pick up from the world's most expert bed partner are:

★ How to perform the "Butterfly Trick," perhaps the most excruciating—and little known—of sexual thrills.

★ How to give a "Toe Job."

★ How "The Knee Ride" helps a man make up for a small penis.

★ Which researcher catalogued —and personally tested—*3,542 different sexual positions!*

★ Why militant feminists are *nuts* for objecting to the missionary position as "symbolizing male dominance."

★ What form of foreplay can make a woman "writhe like a snake in heat."

★ How to perform "The Schoolgirl Twist," developed by teen-agers in back seats of cars.

★ When a man should let a woman do all the work.

★ How to make the most of mirrors—and star in your own porno flick.

★ Why a woman should avoid being "too feminine."

★ How to promote a "desk job," the divine form of quickie.

★ How to avoid hassles over simultaneous orgasm.

★ What possibilities are in rocking chairs ("Was Whistler's Mother trying to tell us something?").

★ How women can fake orgasms.

★ Why the "wheelbarrow" position is good for laughs—and then some.

★ How to cheat—successfully.

★ Why older women are better.

★ How to stage an orgy.

★ What type of woman appears most attractive with her pudendum clean-shaven.

As intriguing as these topics may be, they barely hint at the tortures and ecstasies that writhe to life on every page. *Nothing* is too outrageous for Xaviera's quivering pen: She tells how to massage a man all over with erect nipples, how to perform "the act" undetected while dancing at a discotheque, what to do if you are a man watching two women go at each other frenziedly, how to perform cunnilingus to perfection, how to get your woman into a swinging situation with another couple, how and what to lubricate with whipped cream, and how to make a dildoe in your freezer.

Her homey advice is charming:

"Pretend you're both a couple of horny high-school virgins back in the days before the pill."

"A position is a mistake if either partner utters any of the following: 'Goddamn it!'; 'Oh, wait, wait!'; 'Will you for Chrissake get off my foot!'; 'Well, you said that's what you wanted'; 'Darling, I can't breathe'; 'Is it in?'; 'Is it in *what?*'"

"Be daring. Be innovative. The best that can happen is that you will discover a new route to ecstasy. The worst is that you'll have a good healthy laugh at yourselves. And if you've learned anything from your friend Xaviera, you know that sex is much too important to be taken seriously."

As you read this book, you get the feeling that the "Happy Hooker" would much rather have been playing the delightful games she describes than writing about them. And, indeed, she seems so turned on by her own vivid, hot memories that you imagine she had to stop for a lovemaking break after every chapter. You may, too.

As you can see, *Xaviera's Supersex* is one bedside reader that definitely won't put you to sleep. The book, in *hard*-cover for permanent preservation, is available *by mail order only*. It is the most lavishly and expensively produced —not to say the most explicitly illustrated—of all of Xaviera's books. It has been painstakingly printed by costly monochrome offset lithography, using flame-set inks, on Finch Pryne antique-finish paper. The book is *case*-bound in Payko cloth. Its jacket is varnished and imprinted with four colors—including *gold*.

This elegant volume is being nationally advertised at $20. But, through this offer, you may now order a copy for *ONLY $14.95!* This is a saving of over $5 and *discount of over 25%!!*

To place your order, just fill out the coupon below and mail it with payment to: Avant-Garde Books, 1775 Broadway, New York 10019. You must be over 21.

If you're smart, you'll act *now*, before stocks run out.

Whether you are shy and new to sex, or the veteran of a 35-year marriage; whether you are a man or a woman; whether you are straight or gay, you'll love and enjoy *Xaviera's Supersex*. It's super, it's sexy, and anyone who reads it is bound to attain new heights of sexual ecstasy.

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I enclose $_____for_____copies of Xaviera Hollander's *Supersex*, the explicitly illustrated, sumptuously produced lovemaking manual by the world's most celebrated, articulate, witty, expert, sought-after prostitute, at $14.95 each—*a saving of over $5!*— (plus $1 postage & handling; total, $15.95). I am over 21.

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agou-3

MAN IN THE STREET

BY D. KEITH MANO

Blood Donors: Giving Till It Hurts

Six bucks a pint: At that price the storefront room is SRO. I bend my I.D. card—name, address, age, S.S.#—credentials enough for a 42nd Street slop-house blood bank. I've just seen it—this clotty, crud-thick shot glass full of blue-green gunk. What you'd get spitting Scope into the Ty-D-Bol. On its surface, fat red balls of human hemorrhage float and bob. I think: Don't belch. If you do, it'll come out a wet one. You'll be walking all over your lunch.

My blood line isn't too impressive: 15 blacks ahead, so heelworn they look like Negroes; and one derelict gray—mother must've given him his baby bottle in a paper bag. No women. Mr. Babloo, behind me, has had another kind of pint already. His breath DOAs my hair. Two in front are on Venus—blinky, noddy. Proves you can get blood out of the stoned.

Big Dr. Prick is God. Man after man, he jangs us with his pin, dead-on in the left-hand, frig-you finger. Then, using a bar-straw pipette, he'll suck off one drop and, glup, into the Ty-D-Bol.

Tension. For some here, that little bouncing ball can mean famine or, worse, a slow ride on the water wagon. If your blood doesn't sink before rising lazily up, it's got no iron: 4-F, REJECT, take a walk.

"Shee-it. I got blood like V-8. I got the plop-plop brand. Ain't that pretty? Ain't that six-dollar pretty? Man, I deserve a raise."

"Mutha," says Dr. Prick, "I could do your blood count on one hand. OK, upstairs. Move along. Next."

The derelict's blood is balsa wood—a buoy, a water wing. He begins to shake: down the D.T. tunnel.

"Have a heart, Dr. Prick. It's Tuesday; I had food."

"Don't sweat on me, Pop. Your last six meals were poured. That ain't blood; it's boxer's piss. A mosquito'd die on you. Beat it. Go back to your subway grating. Next."

I don't wanna pull rank, but my blood is generous, affable, piquant and just a tetch high-spirited. It'll sink just like the Arizona—all hands aboard. Moreover, my blood is AB: Only one person in twenty has AB blood. I don't talk to people with common O. A's and B's can make an appointment. Maybe I'll be in.

I wonder, as I walk upstairs, Do they deserve this blood? I wonder also: Am I gonna pass out again? Last time I tried to give blood—15 years ago, when my father lost a lung—I almost took the long ten-count. It isn't seeing blood that disconcerts me. You can bust a hematoma right across the table—fine. It's seeing *my* blood. Furthermore, you don't *give* blood, they *take* it. There's this wolfish pump—a mad, motorized phlebotomist—that swigs it up. My heart is indignant. And my brain, in the DMZ of a circulatory war, will say, "Brown out, sign off, wake me later when you've got good news."

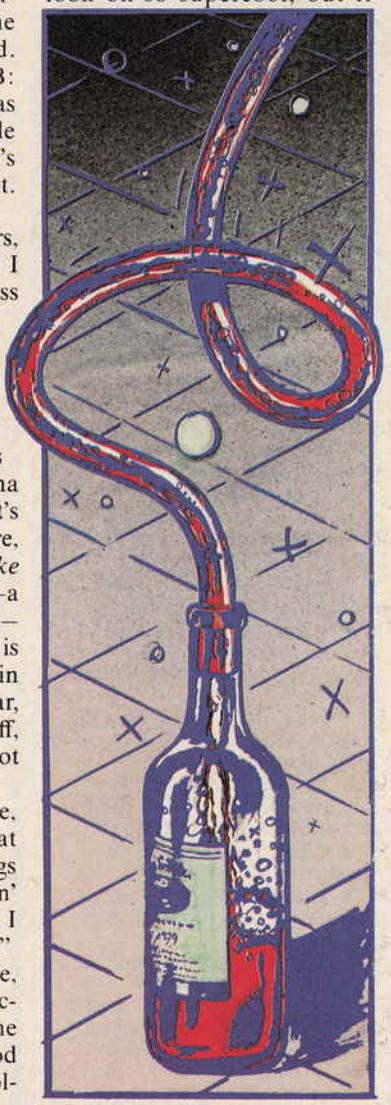
"Come on, blood pressure, get youself up. Baby needs that six. I boosted ten sugar bags from the Greasy Spoon walkin' up here. It's perkin' in there. I can feel it. Thick as espresso."

"Shit-ass five-and-ten game, I lose two hundred suckin' second tit all night. Then this fine pussy say she'll do me up good today. I bring along a five-dollar bag of smoke. Gonna deposit in here. Then I'm gonna deposit in her."

"Just got me in. Sixty days to the minnit. Why they make us wait sixty days in between?"

" 'Cause if they didn't you'd be a white man, pissin' your blood out breakfast, lunch and dinner. You'd be so white it'd be snowblind alley."

We wait for the doctor. Over left, it's milking time. Six black men lie on six blue couches. Cattle in a dairy. They try to look oh-so supercool, but it doesn't buzz quite true. There is a kind of nudeness. The mean yet vulnerable nudeness that prostitutes get, even in clothing. They have been priced, marked down: sale merchandise. In a hospital, their blood will retail for 60, 70 dollars the unit. Heads away, up, they ignore it: the transaction point, the elbow crook where some four-thumb nurse is playing mainline hit and miss.



"Neckst."

Now, you have to think—any doctor that's working this scumbeat got his degree from the Famous Physicians School. If he ever had a shingle, they cured it with penicillin.

"You are in gut heldt, of course?" Doc Blood has some sort of botched European accent. Maybe he speaks NATO at home.

"Fine. I have an ulcer, but—"

"Uldcer?" I've insulted him: He makes his piece money not noticing disease. "You mide be blidding inside. Neckst. Go."

"But I'm an AB. An *AB*."

Sheese, failure—and my next column was gonna be on serum hepatitis.

"What shifts, man?"

"He flunked me. I said I had an ulcer—"

"You *told him* you had an ulcer? Listen, I got clap so bad my bait is green. I got malaria shakes twice a month. My back's full of gook fungus from Nam. He don't wanna hear that. Now, you go up on Forty-sixth Street—the Gotham Blood Bank—and shut up."

So next time they decant two, three pints for you at Mt. Sinai, well, just think of green bait and gook fungus. And the people whose blood you've bought. People in Attica, people asleep in air shafts. People who might have been knifed to death last week. They live another day in you, mine host. □

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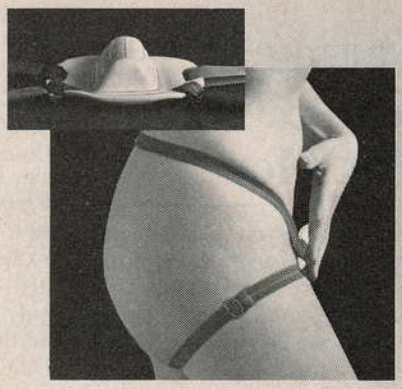

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SEX

BY JANET CHASE-MARSHALL

Faking It: The Big O For Men

Because everyone knows that women—the dear, sweet little things—have a way of feigning sexual responses, their lovers seldom know whether they were witness to the real thing or merely the mock. Men, on the other hand, are an entirely different breed. We all know that men do not—no, *cannot*—fake the grand finale. But wait just a minute. The fact is, they can, and many of them do. So says clinical psychologist Karen Shanor, Ph.D. And Shanor is not just whistling *Dixie*; she has accumulated evidence from a nationwide survey of several thousand men to prove that incendiary contention.

Shanor, an attractive and friendly young psychology professor, psychotherapist and consultant to HEW, first dropped the bombshell in her book *The Shanor Study: The Sexual Sensitivity of the American Male.* In a later interview, Shanor claimed that between 75 and 80 percent of men (at least the 4062 who filled out her questionnaire and the 70 she interviewed face-to-face) have faked the Big O. Of that number, 25 percent "often" fabricate the act.

Shanor's findings raise questions that would make a journalism professor proud. Who? Why? When? And, most intriguing—how? "Some men," Shanor explains, "go through the motions, emitting groans and moans, and thrust in their usual way. They can even simulate the postorgasmic throbbing of their penises, and hope the proper unsexy thoughts will return their penises to the flaccid state."

But doesn't the real thing leave certain, telltale evidence? "Different men give off different amounts of semen, and the same man also varies in this from orgasm to orgasm," says Shanor. "When a man is deep inside, it's not always possible to know if he has indeed ejaculated—especially if he has already had a previous orgasm and the woman is still very wet inside."

However, faking does not always mean the absence of ejaculation, Shanor reminds us. "Some men ejaculate," she points out, "without experiencing the sensation of orgasm. We tend to think of orgasm as an emotional release for women and primarily a physical release for men. But if a man's emotions are numbed, if he is pulling back his feelings from the woman he is having sex with or if he is afraid to let go of any control in his relationships with women, he may not actually *feel* his orgasm."

Why do men put on an orgasmic pretense? "In our goal-oriented society," says Shanor, "we feel that any time two people are interested in each other, they have to end up in bed together, and that they must then go on to have so many orgasms in order to count the experience as worthwhile.

"We have grown up assuming that a man can have an orgasm as easy as falling off a ladder. That isn't always the case." If he doesn't know his partner very well, he probably won't want her to see the chinks in his macho armor. And if he cares about her feelings, he will not want her to think she is the cause of his momentary orgasmic hesitations. And so he may fake it.

Both married and single men trump up orgasms, but sometimes for different reasons.

Some men fake because they are "into" several relationships at once; others because they are tired of the one they have. For instance, the man who is with his secretary at noon and plans on a similar rendezvous with his wife or girlfriend at night may (probably unconsciously) either save up the real thing for after work, or feel so guilty about the good time he had at lunch, that he is unable to have an after-dinner orgasm.

While such male fakery has almost certainly always been with us, Shanor thinks its occurrence has probably risen by leaps and bounds in the last decade, as we have come to realize that men are not the only sexual animals in town. Those women whose orgasms resemble a string of firecrackers on the Fourth of July have now come out of the closet. "Men talk about penis envy," Shanor chuckles. "A lot of them have multiple-orgasm envy."

In addition, Shanor says that more men are trying to make each session a sexual marathon, both to allow their partners plenty of time to enjoy themselves and because they are measuring themselves against some invisible standard. "Some men overdo it. They concentrate so hard on prolonging ejaculation that they have trouble having an orgasm when they *are* ready."

While Shanor found men of all ages who faked, a large percentage of the greatest pretenders were in their 30s and 40s. "They are the ones who have bought most deeply into the whole achievement ethic, and they are having relationships with women who are demanding that *their* needs be met."

The 20-year-old is "still sort of counterculture," says Shanor, and doesn't have as many defenses built up, while the 50-year-olds and above are more worried about getting it up.

Shanor reports that when she asked a man, "Do you ever fake orgasm?" she would often see a surprised, sheepish look on his face. She got used to answers like "How did you know?" "Who told you?" and "I'm not sure."

She says she has incurred no wrath from men who disagree with her findings. Even hardened (you'll excuse the expression) male reporters have turned off their tape recorders in the middle of an interview to tell her, "You are talking about me." □

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY ENGEL

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7HN1

MUSIC

BY PAUL LOEB

The Blues: The Dues I Just Paid

I ask you mister, say is you a fool? You ten times seven, you should know the rules.
—Champion Jack Dupree, *He Knows the Rules*

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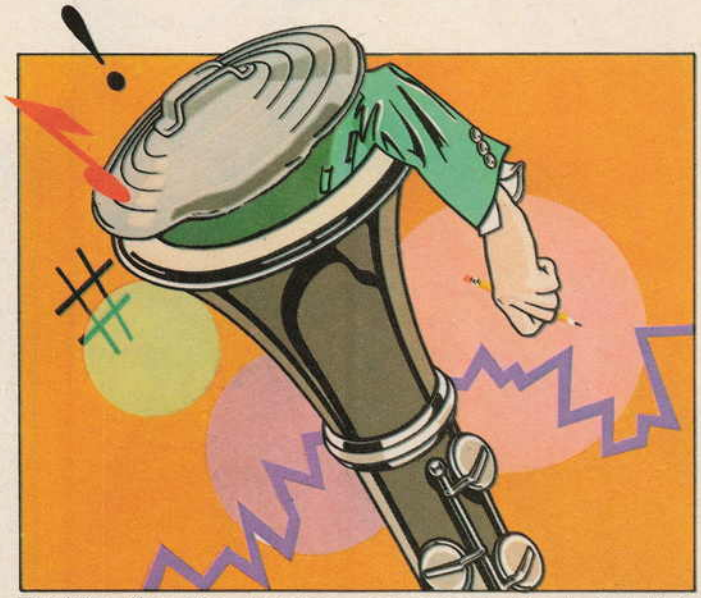

It's Rampart St., a few years back, and I'm a lot more eager than smart. Four weeks and 1600 miles from my New York home, in a Louisiana August of hundred-degree nights, I'm looking through this unfamiliar city for a blues club. There's an interracial place called Lu & Charleys, but they have jazz tonight and I ask Lu, the black co-owner, where else to go. "Strangely, blues are tough to find round here. You might try Mel's Lounge, on Pauger St. east of St. Claude."

There'll be no whites on Pauger, but New Orleans, I've been told, is tolerant. Lu assures me my route is OK and, guardedly, I head north from the French Quarter's faded pastel elegance to an area of gap-spaced streets, greasy orange BAR-B-QUE signs and crumbling detached frame houses. A Camaro pulls by, I ask directions of its jean-jacketed, long-haired driver, and he looks at me strangely.

"Pauger's down there, but it's a nigger area."

"Will I get hassled?"

"No. I've walked it before, but there's nothing down there but niggers . . ."

"Well, as long as it's safe." And assured again that the turf is not wholly forbidden, I turn off the boulevard and edge toward the middle of the street. Families line the porches; houses, though unpretentious, are well kept; glances are more curious than menacing. Hearing faint blues strains, I turn. There's a stereo on some outside steps and a 70-year-old lady singing to Lowell Fulson's guitar lines. Drunk, she's barely keeping upright while a man in his mid-40s sips wine alongside with his teenaged kids.

I stop, listen and smile—"She sounds pretty good," and damned if it isn't his mother. As I seat myself, he hands me a paper cup, pours from the bottle, asks if I like "that real old jazz." Nod yes while he shakes my hand, shakes it again and keeps on shaking.

"Yeah, you all right," and I grin, nodding my head like a dumb but happy dog being scratched behind the ears. I'm trying to be cool and trying not to be, but even accompanying a record, her singing makes that of Bourbon St. sound as bland as Donny and Marie. Ten minutes pass, she goes inside, and I'm directed down the street to a blank and signless storefront which turns out to be the "club."

I am, I like to believe, a blues connoisseur of note, but Mel, the club's owner, looks at my cut-off corduroys and laughs. "This is a high-class place . . . not a hippie joint. It would be bad publicity. I won't let you in." Pissed at being rejected, I wonder if he'd bend the codes for blacks (inside, it's true, the couples are flashy). Despite the steambath climate, I feel like an ass for not having changed to jeans.

The stage, seen through the doorway, reveals a lady whose moaning voice would send Donna Summer to the second-circuit Borscht Belt. Accompanied by gospel voices and a hard-breathing R&B sax, she rocks from that bass/drum back beat that New Orleans gumboed into what the world has come to call soul, rock 'n' roll and reggae.

"Look, is there any way . . ." but Mel jokes with his friend about how "he" wants to come in. Pleading like an orphan selling matches, I ask where else I should go.

"Well, you can always try Claiborn St."

Claiborn, a half-mile back toward the Quarter and four blocks the other side of Rampart, looked like Hell's Corner from yesterday's bus, and I doubt if Mel has my interests at heart. But after the fragments of music I've glimpsed, I can't just head for home; so with the courage of Donald Duck, figuring I'll run if necessary, I head toward red lights and sin.

Vacant lots are a landscape of rubble and glass. The paint on the houses peels. The porches appear increasingly dilapidated, almost in proportion to my steps. Hesitating by four young blacks who sit on a stoop, I almost panic, quickly ask directions. One volunteers to accompany me—"I have to get cigarettes anyway," he says—and though his friends don't look like predatory hunters, his presence seems more danger than reassurance. He's wearing jeans, a black long-sleeved T-shirt. He's lean; his face has a chalky look and a small scar. Despite or because of being a target in the situation, I'm too shaky to refuse and seem ungrateful, too nervous to admit I need a guide. So I glance halfway, try to rap it out—"I really like blues, wanted to see something more than watered-down tourist shit, that's why I'm here." The words come sweet—earnest as a five-year-old seeking candy, and to prove he believes me, my friend (while we pass a deserted building) offers hash and coke.

"Uh, no thanks. I'm kinda broke, you see," but he tests further, the words frisking me like a stripdown against a darkened alley wall.

"You know the places cost money . . ."

"How much?" As we circle, continuing the game.

"Three dollars."

"I guess I can pay that," I respond, but am I staying from guilt, inertia or some strange kind of trust? Perhaps my shoes

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MUSIC We talk of records and bluesmen; he asks if I'll try to play. "No, I'm not good enough yet. I saw a Willie Dixon concert and I was jealous when the audience jammed."

are stuck to the sidewalk with Crazy Glue, but the talk and shadowed streets seem a classic set-up and I begin to inch away.

"Don't worry"—as he notices—"I'm not going to take you off." But how lovely that he's thinking about it. My stomach clenches twice, hands guard a bit and, after hesitation, I mumble thanks and move a little closer.

With a camera I'd be a bug-eyed tourist; with money, I'd be a pale vulture grabbing slumland dope or sex. With my harmonica—hard, metallic proof—I return to the music. We talk of records and bluesmen; he asks if I'll try to play.

"No, I'm not good enough yet. But perhaps someday. I saw a Willie Dixon concert" (he nods, recognizing the writer of *Hoochie-Coochie Man, Back Door Man, Seventh Son* and a hundred blues-rock classics) "and I was fucking jealous when some audience members jammed."

Momentarily connecting, we return to a silence as quiet as the hot surrounding night, and my bare white legs are touchstones for vulnerability. The situation is past the leaving point.

He buys Winstons through the iron mesh grill protecting a cigarette store no wider than my shoulders. I want more and more to reach the music, to move, however briefly, with something grounded enough in its roots to bridge our race and class. Absently, I scratch some insect bites.

"Do you shoot?"

The question, loaded with everything between us, takes me like an odd joke, by surprise. "No," laughing. "I got stranded hitching by a west Memphis swamp and the mosquitos nearly ate me alive." The memory seems funny; so does his confusion of gesture; but, being a junkie, my guide's not smiling at all.

I choke my laughter. He turns and leans, attacking—"What do you think of the neighborhood?"

Do I wait, run or try my luck with words? What does he really want? And is there any room to answer? Stopping, I freeze, spin a dozen imagined responses, parry with understatement that "it's kind of run down." Pretending everything is fine, pretending we'll get by on games, hoping race is just a candy-sucker label after all.

I want to know how I got here and want more to get the hell right out. But even my jaw is locked, and fear and the darkness make surrounding people faceless. I think of home and a warm, safe bed; then the sidewalk ends and I stumble forward another eight steps.

"OK, this is it. Empty your pockets." A yellow-faced black appears on my other side; I look from one to the other; the ambiguity drops. "All of them, motherfucker, all you have." So I reach into pockets and dump keys, change and paper on the ground.

"Pick it up, damn it."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Reach, stoop down. No way to fight; no room to run; my only thought is to save my ass. "This is all I have, six dollars plus some travelers checks. I need them for food. Don't know if you can cash. Take them if you want." Anger at the broken trust; at myself both for coming here and for not pulling it off; at the history that's created junk, racial lines and, coincidentally, the music I'd hoped to see. Ridiculously, I remember an old *Mad* magazine and a cartoon of an Old West train robbery: The victim has only travelers checks, so the bandit shoots him dead in annoyance.

"You're going to cash them for me." And since I'll see where they do it, I envision myself floating mouth to mouth with Mississippi River catfish. Too scared to yell, split or ascertain their weapons. Somehow we reach the end of the block and, while I know why this happened, I'd meant these people no harm.

"Hey," says the first guy, "I wasn't going to rip you off . . ."

"What?" Turning to face him.

"Here's your money back," as he hands it to me. "I couldn't do that to you."

But he did. He had. His friend, though gone now that I look, was no hallucination, and is he messing with my head or confused as hell himself? Stopping by a bar, he asks about the band ("no, they quit two months back") and it's as if nothing unusual has happened, like we're chums simply touring the scene. But is he betrayer or comrade? What logic is he playing by? And should I be thankful for what he's put me through? Conjoining realities slip, and as my breath jerks, as my guts churn, as my elbows clutch my side, he and I turn toward where we originally met.

A deserted underpass conjures absurd reenactment fantasies, but instead he says I'd have called the cops.

"No, I wouldn't," I counter, like a kid arguing in a sandbox. "I hate cops. I wouldn't have gone to them." What a weird place to worry about being a candy-ass—and besides, I would have been laughed out of any station house.

"Well [as if justifying his benevolence] you'd have seen I wasn't carrying anything—you know, like a weapon. I didn't want to rip you off, but I have to get a fix. Why don't you buy some hash?"

"I just can't afford it."

"You have travelers checks."

"No, I need them for food. They have to last."

"Look, you should be able to tell from my voice. I haven't eaten all day because I missed the shot. I gave you back your money; now I'm offering you something."

He didn't have to rip me off, but I guess I was sucker game being in the area at all. "OK. I blew it wandering in, so I'll buy some hash if you show me to a zone that's safe." For the first time, rules and parts are defined, a different exchange becomes possible. I tell him, "By the way, I'm Paul."

"Call me Joe." He takes the money. We continue on the street. And in the half light he looks close to my 24 years. "That's where most of your dealing goes on," as he points to shadowy figures opposite. "It's in the open, 'cause the cops don't mess around the area. I'd like to get out and kick, but I know too many people here."

"I had a friend on the Lower East Side who was into speed . . ." ("You mean crank?" "Yeah, methedrine") ". . . he abandoned a stereo, friends and even a gun just to leave the scene." I want to encourage, not judge. And maybe show my own, even secondhand connections to the street. He nods, acknowledging both my efforts and the distance between us.

As we pass a house, Joe removes his ring, asking me if I want it "for security." I answer there ought to be some trust after everything, but the convention ("take this so I won't skip out the back") is backwards, inverted like Mr. Mxyzptlk in "Superman." Now that I'm assured it's safe to wait, my fear recedes and with the nascent trust is curiosity, a cautious scanning of terrain and people. Joe returns, saying they were out but he'll try someplace else.

A couple shoves drunkenly by another bar, oblivious to my presence. I could leave with money intact but, true to my promise, I wait for Joe and the dope.

Again no hash, but he offers a $10 line of cocaine—"I really need the six dollars, you'd get good value and you can taste it right here now."

"Hell, OK, I'll buy. Let's pass on the tasting and just get out of here."

"Thanks. If you'd shoot I'd join you, but snorting won't give the down I need. . . . Now follow this street and don't stop, because there are people who'd pound you to death for being broke. Take care."

•

I walk quickly, my eyes straight ahead, till Rampart, return to the familiarity of Lu & Charleys and tell my story to a friend. He thinks I was lucky I picked Joe, not someone harder and more strung-out (so was I right to trust him initially?); lucky to get out intact; and dumb as shit to wander in initially. Oddly, I'm high that Joe gave the money back; that our contact even briefly eroded the hustle rules of prey. But I doubt I'll visit Claiborn again. □

Paul Loeb moved to Seattle shortly after this experience.

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???FUTURE???

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Catastrophes: Predicting The Next Big One

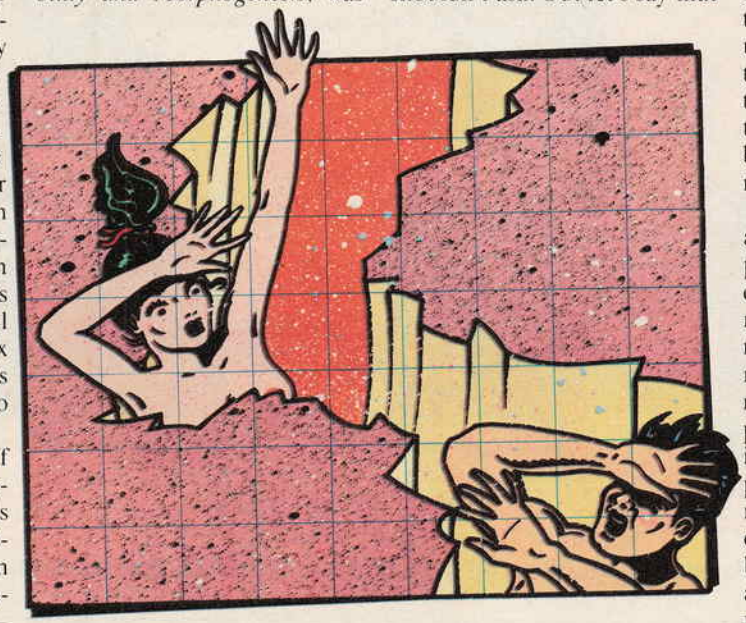
Futurologists tend to talk as if the next 20 years will involve nothing more than hardware. No point hearing about the future if all it means is that there will be more products to buy.

René Thom is a great lift for those who are sick of technology shills. Thom is selling only an idea, and if there's a dollar in it for anybody, not even his most passionate critic has discovered it. And Thom—unlike corporate futurologists who, for the right price, seem most often to predict a rosy future for corporations—is content to remain in academia. His merit badges are of the more substantial kind: the French Grand Prix Scientifique and professorships at Grenoble and Strasbourg. So who is René Thom?

Thom is the champion of "catastrophe theory," a mathematical concept that purports to explain such seemingly inexplicable phenomena as prison riots, wars, earthquakes, stock-market crashes and dog bites—in other words, the future. You may now burn your *I Ching* yarrow stalks and ship your astrologer to Uranus. Examine pigeon entrails no more! René Thom—winner of the Fields Medal, the award that, for mathematicians, is the equivalent of the Nobel Prize—would like you to get in on the ground floor of a science that can predict the future.

As Gertrude Stein used to say, "Very interesting—if true."

However true catastrophe theory may turn out to be, there's no question that it's about the hottest, most controversial topic in mathematical circles. In those rarified discussions, Thom is either a genius ("the most important development since calculus") or a genius gone quacky (the prestigious *Science* magazine titled its coverage of Thom's theory, "The Emperor Has No Clothes"). Because the "proofs" of his theory are so complicated and his ideas are so new (Thom's first paper on the subject was published in 1968, and his book, *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis*, was not translated into English until 1975), scholarly analysis of what Thom likes to call "deep mathematics" hasn't been able to confirm or refute him. But even without academic confirmation, one thing's very predictable: Thom's future-talk pisses a lot of people off.



For one thing, Thom's is a future with pleats. That's right: *pleats*. The French mathematician became interested in topology, the study of the shapes of surfaces. What would happen, he wondered, if a surface that folded on itself were to suddenly break? Can the exact moment when a smooth surface becomes discontinuous be predicted? If it can—and here is where Thom made the leap from a mathematical picture to a picture of the real world—can't we also plot sudden changes, or "catastrophes," as well?

Thom came up with a drawing of a cusp. As pictured above, it reduces space, time and as many as four variables to a "simple" model of a "cusp catastrophe." How? Better you shouldn't ask. But let's say that you wanted to know when a vicious dog might attack. Now, Konrad Lorenz, author of *On Aggression*, tells us that aggressive behavior is a function of two oppositional drives: fear and rage. Maximize fear and you get a cowering cur; up the rage level and you limp off for a rabies shot. OK, call the horizontal axes of Thom's little model the *control surface*, plotting rage and fear on it. Let the dog's behavior be another axis, perpendicular to the others.

Screw around with your variables and, the catastrophe buffs say, you can tell when bowser will fade (a "flight catastrophe") or pounce (an "attack catastrophe"). Thom's point: In tense conditions, a small change in the variables can mean a big change in behavior.

This is, to say the least, a determinist model of life, and Thom's critics are hoping to crucify him for his cool French way of assuming our crazy-quilt world can be represented as an abstract mathematical model. "These models," his detractors sneer, "offer mathematicians the hope of doing something useful without knowing anything but mathematics." As for the theory itself, "it has nothing to do with the phenomena being studied, and there is no reason to think it might."

British penal officials don't agree. They've hired catastrophe-minded psychologists to chart the possibility of prison riots. Other catastrophists are reportedly working on stock-market predictions; although none of those studies has been published, the upshot, according to Thom's critics, is that a purely speculative market will never crash. For those who find encouragement in that, remember that catastrophists have also argued that if a placid dog is made progressively angry, he will "attack gradually."

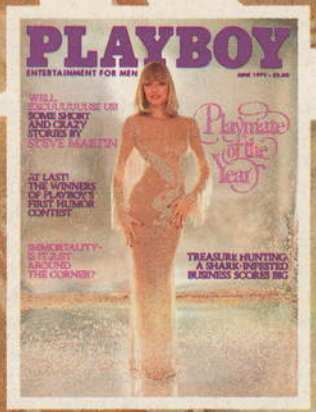
What is it that makes thousands of math students crowd the lecture rooms to hear talks on this stuff? And what hope for math can we lesser mortals maintain if rationalists lose their heads for a poetic theory that makes the *I Ching* look exact? And if this prediction model is so wonderful, why have we heard no hard predictions from the catastrophists?

René Thom waves such criticism aside. "At a time when so many scholars in the world are calculating," he asks, "is it not desirable that some, who can, dream?" □

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL MURPHY

Don't Miss

June



Among its many winning attractions, this month's PLAYBOY features our fabulous Playmate of the Year, November's Monique St. Pierre. A smashing pictorial fully reveals the reasons for her selection. Also this month: an interview with Cleveland's beleaguered young populist mayor Dennis Kucinich, a report on the search for eternal youth (we're getting close), a first-hand account of a real-life, blood 'n' guts sunken treasure hunt. Plus, the droll fruits of our recent humor competition, some zany selections from Steve Martin's wild 'n' crazy new book, and much more. All in June PLAYBOY, now at newsstands.

on sale now

MONEY

BY CHRIS BARNETT

Wall Street: Drinking With The Bulls & Bears

A long time ago, I discovered that the best place to find out "inside" information, the straight skinny, the real poop, is in a saloon.

No matter what the subject, no matter how tightly lips are sealed, the choicest nuggets are usually unearthed in a gin mill where the purveyor of facts has been suitably lubricated by the seeker of facts and a proper camaraderie has been created.

Naturally, not just any saloon will do. The purest research must be conducted in what is generally considered *the* hangout for that particular biz, the favorite watering hole of the moguls and mavens who rule that roost.

For congressmen, cronies and assorted influence peddlers, the Sans Souci in Washington, D.C., is still "action central." Magazine editors and journalistic superstars gossip at Elaine's in New York, but first they have to grovel to get in. Oil barons trade secrets at Houston's Petroleum Club, and the heavies in the multibillion-dollar record industry wheel and wax platinum at Martoni's in Los Angeles.

There are two great Wall Street saloons and neither one of them is on Wall Street. They are, however, in the financial district of New York. One is called **Harry's Bar at Hanover Square**. The other is **Harry's Bar in the American Exchange**. Both are owned by a smiling Greek named Harry Poulakakos, a twinkling-eyed, silver-haired godfather of sorts to the big money brokers.

"I happen to understand Wall Street people and I understand what makes them happy," Harry told me. "We do anything they want. They wanta food, we get it fast. They wanta table, we get it quick. To me, the customer comes first, no matter what." In exchange, Harry usually gets good tips—not just the old 15 percent tacked on to a tab, but "good advice."

Harry doesn't like to brag about his winners. But he confided that he bought Natomas at $32 and bailed out of the big shipbuilding company at $86, right before the stock price started to sink. There have been a couple "bombs," too, he insists, but just talking to Harry, I got the impression he's learned a thing or two about stocks since he first came to the Street as an immigrant bartender at Delmonico's.

So I had a choice: Harry's at Hanover Square, where stockbrokers, bond salesmen and some hotshit New York Stock Exchange types hang out; or Harry's at the AMEX, which swarms nightly with floor brokers, those rugged roustabouts who execute the trades on the exchange. When they work, it looks like an Iranian street brawl.

Friday night at the latter Harry's is a brawl in itself, a festive orgy of food, hooch and gossip. Floor brokers who've verbally punched it out over close trades that week can be seen burying the hatchet over Scotch. They're still wearing their sweat-stained blue jackets and crunched name badges. (A new floor broker is an outcast until someone rips off his jacket collar, stomps his badge on the exchange floor and buries him in talcum powder.) Like a convention of asylum interns, they wolf down platters of meatballs, sausages and pizzas as fast as they're wheeled in.

The secret to doing Harry's, as in any good power saloon, is to watch the table action. Harry's has maybe a dozen and a half tables, all informally staked out by the big brokerage firms: Shearson Hayden; Bache, Halsey, Stuart, Shields; E.F. Hutton. Floor brokers, institution salesmen and AMEX Exchange specialists, who make a market in a select list of stocks, are tablehopping, kibitzing and whispering.

Right there in the center of the room, near the bar, his back against a post, is Ray Dirks, his hand cupped around a Scotch. Dirks, as you may know, is something of a Wall Street legend. A squatty-bodied maverick securities analyst who specializes in insurance stocks, Dirks singlehandedly blew the lid off the Street's biggest fraud. He discovered in 1973 that a hot glamor stock, Equity Funding Corporation of America, was creating insurance policies out of thin air and selling them—reinsuring them—to other insurance companies for hard cash. Actually, the company faked 67,000 policies before it was caught.

Dirks's hardnosed digging sent the New York Stock Exchange conglomerate into bankruptcy and 21 top officers to the slammer. He made the SEC's top brass look like fools when it was discovered they ignored an Equity Funding employee who was trying to blow the whistle two years earlier but couldn't get anyone to listen. The SEC accused Dirks of "selectively disseminating rumors," a genteel way of saying he saved his client's asses with inside information.

Last time I saw Ray Dirks, perhaps two years ago, he had set up a one-man research department at John Muir & Co., a small, stodgy, 91-year-old Wall Street brokerage firm. Muir was the only firm that would touch Dirks; the big wire houses saw him as a leper.

Today, Dirks is still fighting

(Continued on page 135)

Test drive our new magazine.

Drag Race

by Alan M. Newman

A paper and pencil game for two players.

Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil.

Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent.

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game. On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:
When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.
When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.
When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.
When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.
Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.

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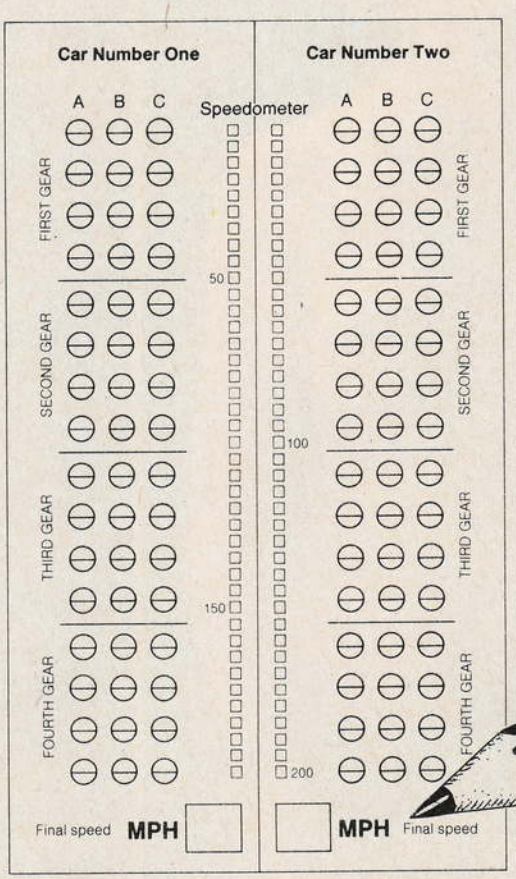

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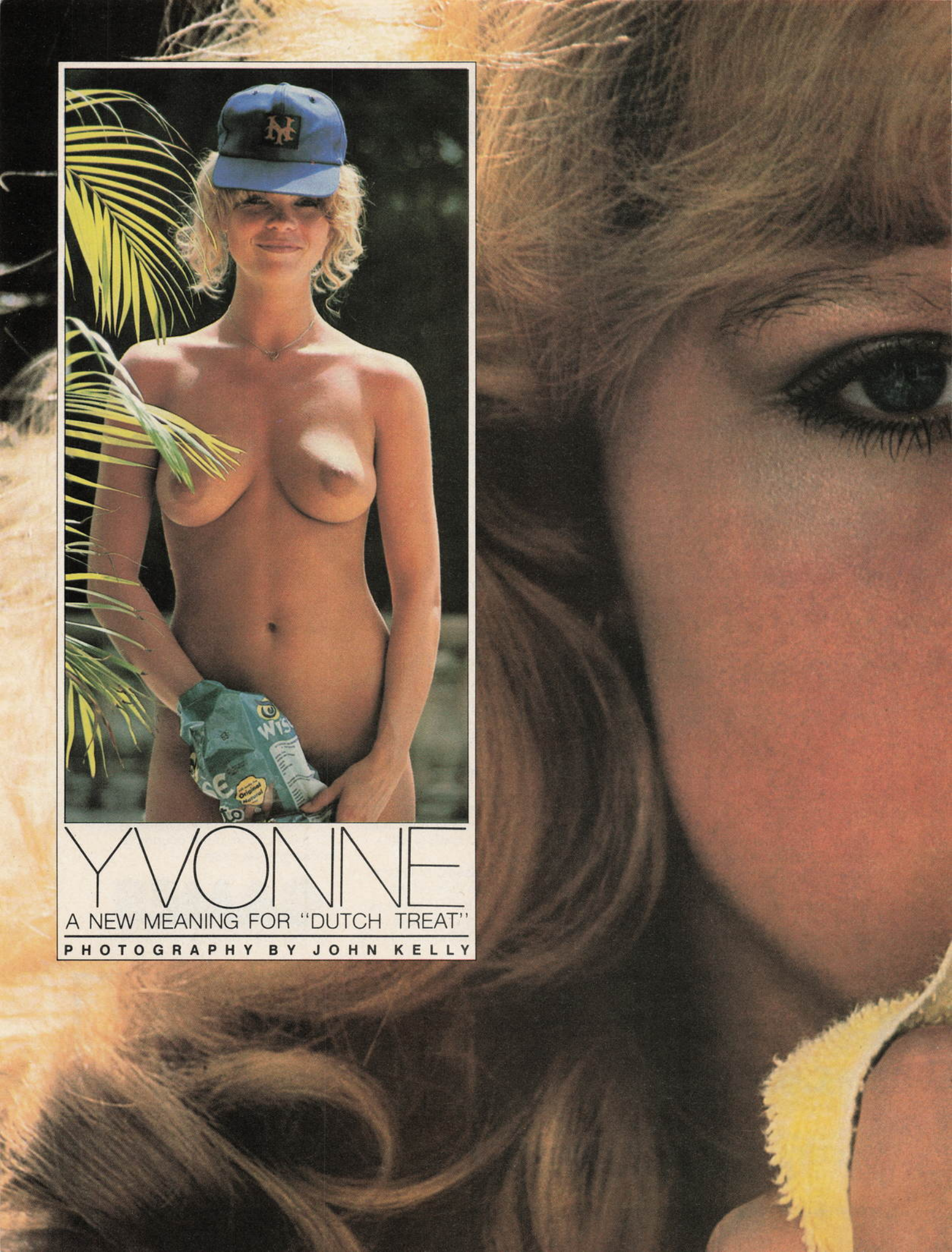


YVONNE

A NEW MEANING FOR "DUTCH TREAT"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KELLY

Yvonne is from Amsterdam. "And you can keep your jokes about fingers in the dikes to yourself," she said, before we even had a chance to think of such a thing. "You Americans are all alike," she continued, waving her sunglasses accusingly. "You still think we wear wooden shoes and gather tulips all the time. Well, we don't. At least, *I* don't."

What Yvonne does do, it turns out, is travel. She's had lots of jobs, none for more than a few months: translator (she speaks four languages), waitress, lifeguard, gas-station attendant. "I work just long enough to get the money to go someplace, and then I split for warmer shores. A lot of my friends are stuck in offices and such. That's not a life."

Yvonne may look quite young, but don't let that fool you. This girl knows how to take care of herself. And she'll tell you so.

All that travel must play havoc with your social life, we suggested. Yvonne, never one to mince words, fired back with: "Listen, if you're a single girl traveling alone, and you look like I do, and you talk like I do, and you can't find someone to play with—well, it just doesn't happen, that's all. My problem is women."

Women? How so? "Don't get me wrong; I *like* women. They just don't like me—don't trust me, I guess. Always think I'm going to steal their man. I can never understand that. A woman shouldn't tie herself down to just one man, any more than she should tie herself down to just one job. Why should I steal another woman's fella? There's always more from where he came from."

Nicaraguan
Contra with Machette

NICARAGUA

RUNNING WITH THE REVOLUTION

Anastasio Somoza is the perfect American puppet. He comes from a long line of military dictators who have ruled this banana republic for half a century. Unfortunately, the rest of Nicaragua despises him. Thousands of students, peasants, priests and bankers have joined the bloody rebellion against Somoza and his private army, and the United States is caught in the cross fire. OUI sent our veteran reporter to Nicaragua to live with the people, the power brokers and the Sandinista guerrillas. Here is his close-up of a country in the throes of violent revolution.

ARTICLE BY RON RIDENOUR

The fingers float in a glass jar. Four slender fingers that seem to accuse. They once belonged to Ricardo, a 13-year-old boy from the town of Jinotepe in southern Nicaragua. Next to the fingers sits a jar holding the severed foot of a six-year-old. A dozen other glass containers, with human parts preserved in formaldehyde, line the dusty shelf.

I am standing in the sparsely furnished offices of José Esteban Gonzales, director of the Human Rights Committee in Managua. He tells me how Ricardo's fingers were sliced off by the Nicaraguan National Guard soldiers who attacked him and 70 other children in the town square of Jinotepe. Their crime? Protesting the rule of dictator Anastasio Somoza.

Last September, the newspapers were full of reports about a bloody uprising in far-off Nicaragua. Although I was growing up when Watts, Berkeley, Columbia and Kent State dominated the news, those battles now seem like minor outbursts. In other parts of the world, entire populations rise up in protest against military regimes. Poverty is explained with statistics, rebellion in body counts. I have come to Nicaragua to see what revolution is really like. I want to know what is behind the headlines. Who are these rebels, the Sandinistas? Why are they fighting?

José Esteban Gonzales left a comfortable middle-class career to help expose the atrocities of the Somoza government. He has been joined by many other volunteer workers throughout Nicaragua, some of whom have "disappeared"—i.e., have been swept off the streets or taken from their homes by the National Guard, never to be heard from again.

With his small staff, Gonzales has methodically recorded thousands of pages of testimony documenting Somoza's violence. Many victims do not live to tell their stories, but relatives or friends let Gonzales know what happened. They must come in person, because the telephone in his simple office has been disconnected by the government-controlled phone company.

"We started the committee in 1977," Gonzales says. "Before that, the people had nowhere to go. *La Prensa* [the country's opposition newspaper] would sometimes print the tragic tales, but they were often censored.

"The brutality had to be exposed. We formed the Human Rights Committee to collect people's stories, to encourage the victims to speak out, to expose the crimes when we can.

"Repression in Nicaragua is decades old; it is a permanent condition. Just in the last eight months, I've documented two thousand cases of Somoza's political opponents being thrown in prison, and nearly all of them have been tortured. When we confront the government with these crimes, they laugh us off. They refuse to answer our questions. They never admit anything."

Gonzales is an intense and somber man. He probably knows more about the recent history of his country than any man in Nicaragua. "The government violence increased dramatically in 1975 and 1976, when Somoza troops, who were trained in counterinsurgency techniques in the United States, launched antiguerrilla operations in the northern jungles.

"Hundreds of peasants were killed because the National Guard thought they were sympathetic with the FSLN [the Sandinista National Liberation Front]. Entire villages were destroyed. Thousands of peasants were rounded up in relocation camps, where brutal interrogations were common."

"I saw men thrown out of helicopters," says René Pineda, one of Gonzales' assistants. "I saw women raped and then cut up with bayonets. I watched a young man

Ron Ridenour's writing has appeared in the New York Times, The Nation, *the* Washington Post *and* Playboy.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

chained to a post in prison, completely nude. The *guardia* put cooking grease all over his testicles and penis, and then brought in a guard dog that ate his genitals."

The government, fearing its own citizens, was eliminating them. The armed-resistance movement was not strong enough to stop the government's daily terror. Few people are willing to join ragtag bands of jungle fighters.

Then the stolid Roman Catholic Church of Nicaragua stirred. It began with 34 Capuchin priests, all missionaries from the U. S., publicly protesting the murders and disappearances. Local bishops joined with the archbishop of Managua in calling for an end to the ever-escalating violence. Some clergymen even joined the guerrillas—including Ernesto Cardinal, famous throughout Latin America for his fiery, idealistic poetry. Finally the Human Rights Committee was formed. But public meetings, political rallies and union functions were still forbidden. Any public display of opposition was quickly crushed with arrest, torture or death.

By late 1977, the repression in Nicaragua was so extreme and the anger of the people so widespread that the guerrilla movement, which has sporadically manifested itself throughout this century, had grown substantially in numbers and prestige. The FSLN launched more hit-and-run attacks against the National Guard, occasionally damaging and embarrassing to the government. Then, on August 22, 1978, a band of guerrillas captured 2000 government officials in a dramatic daytime raid on the National Palace. Tens of thousands of civilians defied the martial law to cheer the FSLN on. Encouraged by this public support, plus the receipt of a huge amount of ransom money and the release of scores of political prisoners, the guerrillas decided to test the willingness of the people to fight the dictatorship.

On September 9, small bands of guerrillas struck at most of the nation's cities, beginning in Masaya. They were quickly joined by thousands of young men and women in four other cities. *Los niños* (the children), with their homemade weapons, were in the forefront of a civil war that took a well-equipped army and air force of 8000 professionals two weeks to put down. Five Nicaraguan cities were strafed and bombed. When the people stopped resisting, the troops marched in, shooting civilians at random.

"In the fourteen days of fighting," reports Gonzales, "only a few guerrillas died. But some five thousand civilians were killed, and perhaps five hundred to one thousand government soldiers were killed. Now the entire country hates Somoza for ordering such wholesale murder. The archbishop excommunicated many soldiers for their brutality. Nowhere else has the government confronted its entire people in this manner.

"Following the insurrection," says Gonzales, "army patrols roamed the streets day and night, stopping civilians, arresting them, shooting some for no reason other than total intimidation."

Eduardo Holmann Chamorro, production manager of the main opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, is typical of the victims. Chamorro was taken from his office with two fellow workers, one of whom was summarily shot without explanation. Chamorro and the other man were tortured nonstop for three days. His friend died from the excruciating pain.

"They blindfolded me and tied my wrists with electric wires and beat me for three days," Chamorro says, as I stare at the marks on his bruised body. "They put electric shock all over me. I thought they were killing me. I asked for death. They laughed at me. Finally, they put a piece of paper in front of me and, holding a gun to my temple, ordered me to sign it. I never read it. I don't know what it said, but I signed it."

Chamorro was never told what he had done to deserve such treatment, nor was he ever charged with a crime. He was released after 44 days to find his home looted of all possessions.

"Human rights are nonexistent in Nicaragua," Gonzales says flatly. "People are killed, some jailed, some released in order to make room for more. Somoza blames the guerrillas, but they are not the cause of it. Somoza fears the will of the people. He is out to break their spirit."

MANAGUA

The Inter-Continental Hotel in Managua is a modern Mayan pyramid that rises nine stories above the crumbled city, which was never rebuilt after the devastating

earthquake of 1972. Its air of luxury and fashion provides a stark contrast to the poverty and fear that are familiar to most Nicaraguans.

President Somoza and Pan American World Airways jointly own the Inter-Continental, which stands on a lot next to the army headquarters where Somoza lives in an underground bunker. No other buildings are allowed within a two-block radius, and the grass has been cut short to eliminate any cover for guerrillas.

There are no tourists in this hotel now, nor anywhere in Nicaragua, for that matter. The only guests are members of the Organization of American States' mediation team, foreign journalists, a sprinkling of foreign businessmen and 50 TMers who traveled to Managua to "meditate away the violence." No one pays the latter any heed.

"I hope the guerrillas rob every bank in town. Maybe the economy will collapse. Anything to get Somoza out."

The hotel is secured by the army, which acts as Somoza's private guard. The soldiers are there to prevent an assault like the one last summer, when a lone member of the FSLN launched two rockets from the sixth floor into the nearby bunker. The guests were surprised by troops who indiscriminately shot up the hotel, killing two persons.

On the way to my room, I meet Jimmy Carter's special emissary to Nicaragua, William Bowdler, who has been sent to negotiate a peaceful settlement between the government and the opposition. His room is across the hall from mine. He is a tall, heavyset man who speaks with a slight drawl.

It seems ironic, as we look at each other in the otherwise empty Otis elevator, that this United States diplomat is here to stop the violence of a government created half a century ago by the United States. American adventurers have been interested in Nicaragua for generations because of its fertile soil, its rich mineral deposits and its strategic military location. In addition to Pan Am and Otis, General Mills, Nabisco, United Fruit, U. S. Steel, Hughes, Westinghouse, Exxon and a dozen other U. S. corporations have at least $150 million invested here.

U. S. Marines have been sent to Nicaragua four times in the last century to protect American financial interests. The last such occupation lasted from 1926 to 1933, during which time the marines created and trained the Nicaraguan National Guard, the country's only armed force, which assumes all military and police functions from customs to national defense to domestic "peacekeeping." When the marines pulled out in 1933, they installed Anastasio Somoza Garcia as commander of the National Guard. Although he was neither a soldier nor a politician, he was chosen because he spoke English and worked for the Rockefellers. Somoza offered to make peace with the guerrillas, who were fighting to break the yoke of American influence. When their leader, Augusto César Sandino, came out of the mountains to negotiate, he was assassinated by Somoza's soldiers.

"I'll give this country peace," said Somoza, "if I have to shoot every other man in Nicaragua to get it." Shortly thereafter, Somoza seized the presidency and killed thousands of his opponents. Franklin Roosevelt commented, "Somoza may be a son of a bitch, but he's *our* son of a bitch."

In its 46 years of total military and political monopoly, the Somoza family has amassed enormous personal wealth. The current dictator, son of Anastasio I, owns the national airline, the national shipping line, the Mercedes-Benz

dealership (which supplies most of Nicaragua's government vehicles), Managua's largest television station, a radio station, a newspaper, a concrete factory, millions of acres of land, and vast interests in cattle, sugar, tobacco, rice, coffee, textiles, banking, insurance and blood exporting. He even managed to make millions from the disastrous earthquake of 1972 that killed 10,000 and left a quarter-million homeless. Care packages sent to Nicaragua to be given to the poor were instead *sold* to them. Roads were rebuilt using Somoza's construction company. And $3 million allocated by the U. S. Agency for International Development for housing reconstruction in Managua was used to buy a tract of land that Somoza himself had purchased only three days previously for $30,000. Although Somoza turned a neat profit of 10,000 percent, courtesy of American taxpayers, no housing has ever been built on the property.

Somoza, undoubtedly the richest man in Central America, is worth anywhere from $500 million to $1.5 billion. Yet the entire national budget of Nicaragua, where the median income is $300 a year, is only $400 million.

The Somoza dynasty has always maintained close relations with the United States. The current dictator was educated at La Salle Military Academy and West Point (class of '46). His eldest son, Anastasio III, an officer in the *Guardia Civila*, went to Harvard. In addition to maintaining personal homes in the Miami area, Somoza has vast wealth invested in the States in everything from real estate to oil companies.

In exchange for the military and economic aid the Somoza regime has received from the U. S., Somoza has provided tax-free private investments in Nicaragua for U. S. businesses and has allowed Nicaragua to be used as a base for U. S. military actions against other Latin American countries. The U. S.-backed overthrow of a pro-Communist president in Guatemala in 1954 was staged from Nicaragua, and it was from Nicaragua that the Bay of Pigs invasion was launched against Cuba in 1961.

Much of the wheeling and dealing for power and profit in Nicaragua takes place at the Inter-Continental Hotel. Except for the ubiquitous radio that blares government propaganda about the "communist opposition" to the Somoza regime, it resembles almost any American hotel. In the bar, where reporters congregate to swap rumors, I meet correspondents from UPI, AP, CBS, ABC, several newspapers and French and German television. The oft-repeated tale of reporters filing their stories from the bar is not entirely mythical. One wire-service reporter told me he never ventures out on the streets. He gets his information over the telephone, from reading the local newspapers or from questioning a Somoza press-relations office. He writes his stories in the comfort of his hotel room. If he goes out at all, he hires a private car and chauffeur to take him to and from his destination. He does not want to hear the voices of the Nicaraguan people.

I can understand the reluctance to venture outdoors. I get my first taste of the real world upon leaving the Inter-Continental's bar. It is dark outside, and curfew is approaching. Naively, I walk 100 yards to the bunker next door. Two soldiers point their submachine guns at me and shout, "Halt!"

Most of Nicaragua's soldiers are illiterate, the poorest of peasants who readily follow orders. In the military, they earn $80 a month and three meals a day, plus uniforms of power.

I stop immediately. "*Soy periodista de los Estados Unidos*" ("I am a journalist from the United States"), I yell back, hoping its traditional magic will work for me.

After a confused, tense discussion, I am directed to see the *jefe* (boss) on duty. I walk gingerly a few yards and encounter a very drunk man barking orders to two young soldiers who are building a barricade in front of the military compound. The *jefe* has no rank on his unbuttoned fatigue shirt, nor does he have any trousers. Below the waist he wears only white boxer shorts and tennis shoes. He looks at me with glazed, reddened eyes that blink several times, as if to ask, What the hell do you want? He glares at my credentials, but it is clear he doesn't understand. He tells me to return in the daytime and not to wander out at night.

Later that night, I hear the explosions of several homemade bombs and returning *guardia* gunfire in the streets below the hotel fortress.

ESTELÍ

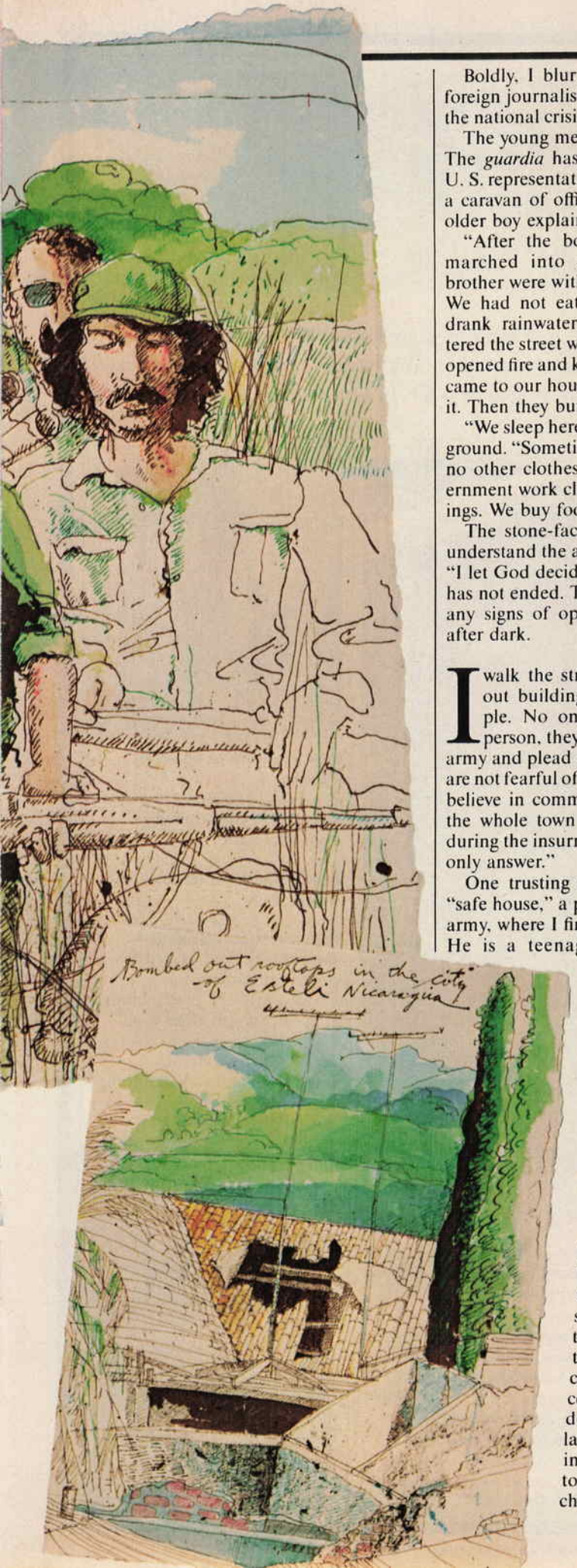
The road into Estelí simmers with tension. I too am tense, having been stopped in my rented car at several checkpoints and searched by soldiers with their fingers pressed to the triggers of automatic weapons.

It is 100 miles from Managua to the "heavenly city," which is—or was—the most beautiful mountain town in Nicaragua. Today, bloodstains shine in the sun; the hillside rocks are painted with revolutionary slogans: DEATH TO SOMOZA, LONG LIVE SANDINO.

It was here that the townspeople held out against the bombarding artillery and air force for 14 days last September. When the dust finally settled, 6000 of the town's 40,000 population lay dead or injured, and 80 percent of the buildings had been destroyed or damaged. Half the surviving population fled to the surrounding mountains or made their way to Honduras or Costa Rica, where 50,000 refugees from war-torn Nicaragua are harbored.

"If I didn't join the Sandinistas, I'd be tortured or killed anyway. At least with a gun I have a chance."

Passing the *cuartel* (army post), I furtively snap pictures of the tanks, the snipers on the sandbagged roof, the outpost machine gunners pointing their weapons at me. I leave my car on a narrow, cobblestone street and walk toward a bombed-out, three-story office building. Inside are two teenagers cowering behind a crumbling wall. I hesitate, recalling stories of roving bands of half-starved robbers.



Boldly, I blurt out in Spanish, "I'm a foreign journalist. I'm here to write about the national crisis. Can you talk with me?"

The young men look blank. Who am I? The *guardia* has spies, and Bowdler, the U. S. representative, was here recently with a caravan of official cars. Guardedly, the older boy explains their predicament.

"After the bombs came, the *guardia* marched into town. My mother and brother were with others looking for food. We had not eaten in thirteen days. We drank rainwater. When the soldiers entered the street where my mother was, they opened fire and killed everyone. The patrol came to our house and stole everything in it. Then they burned down the house.

"We sleep here," he says, pointing to the ground. "Sometimes we don't eat. We have no other clothes. Sometimes we get government work cleaning up bombed buildings. We buy food with the money."

The stone-faced youth says he cannot understand the actions of the government. "I let God decide." The violence, he says, has not ended. The army still searches for any signs of opposition. No one is safe after dark.

I walk the streets looking at bombed-out buildings and interviewing people. No one smiles in Esteli. To a person, they speak of their fear of the army and plead for Somoza's ouster. They are not fearful of the guerrillas, nor do they believe in communism. A priest tells me the whole town supported the guerrillas during the insurrection. "The FSLN was the only answer."

One trusting resident directs me to a "safe house," a place not suspected by the army, where I find a member of the FSLN. He is a teenager who fought in the uprising.

"We were surprised at the enthusiasm of the town," he says. "If only we'd had more weapons, we could have armed ten thousand people and won the war. It was the planes that defeated us. But we learned. Next time will be the end for Somoza."

The *guardia* lost many soldiers in Esteli, but they held their headquarters. The rebels didn't attempt to storm it for fear the soldiers would execute 40 townspeople, including the entire chamber of commerce, who were recently arrested. The president, Luis Irias Barreda, later told me that he was imprisoned for 67 days and tortured. The national chamber of commerce, as well as big businesses like Coca-Cola, had supported an effective general strike before the insurrection.

In order to regain control of the town, the National Guard was supplemented with mercenaries imported from the United States, Honduras, Guatemala and El Salvador. Americans flew some of the planes that bombed Esteli.

Back on the street, I speak with an old man who looks straight ahead as we talk. He is in the middle of saying "There's no law in Nicaragua," when he calmly informs me that a detective is observing us. I look suspicious with my camera bag and note pad. I tell the old man to leave me. As he walks off, I glance at the detective, who quickly looks away. We remain at a standoff for a while. He stops trailing me when I enter the town church, the only building that was not damaged by the bombings. Here I meet Felix.

The frail, anxious man almost shouts at me: "They took my books, they took everything. They destroyed my house, and then they even took my books. I've been trying to learn to read and they took my books."

Felix, an unemployed laborer, asks me to copy down a poem he composed.

> Someone is laughing at me
> I don't know why
> I am not a fool
> They keep trying to kill me
> But my spirit is strong

Felix takes me to the hospital in Esteli. The Spanish stucco structure is riddled with bullet holes. The roof is severely damaged from tank shells. On the walls, the local army's colonel commander has posted standing order number four:

> The National Guard maintains control of Esteli. You are required to turn in any thieves, those who have no compassion, who caused so much sacrifice.
>
> Martial law—10-4—demands cooperation with authorities to protect your lives. If you stay in the city—this is your city—it will return soon, flourishing as it did once; if you abandon it, the cemetery will be enlarged.

A 56-year-old resident of Esteli tells me that as she escaped the city, she looked at a spent rocket shell resting on the ground. On its side was this message: ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS—MADE IN THE U.S.A.

THE EMBASSY

The new United States embassy in Managua was built after the earthquake of 1972 destroyed the old one. Inside the iron gates, people wait in lines or sit on the steps, hoping to obtain a visa to escape the violence.

William Bowdler, previously ambassador to Guatemala, El Salvador and South Africa, ushers me into an embassy

(Continued on page 124)

The BEST of SEX

Everywhere you turn these days, all you see is sex. Sexy billboards. Sexy TV shows. Sexy disco music. Sexy fashion. Sexy cars. Sexy movies. Sexy sex. Well, we've been keeping our eyes on the best of it all year long, and here's what we found. We hope you're real proud of yourselves: You haven't slowed the pace of the sexual revolution a bit. In fact, the only retreat you made all year was Plato's.

Best sustained erection: *Playboy*'s 25th anniversary.

•

Best new drug, 18–34: Sinsemilla.
Best new drug, 35–60: Interferon.

•

Best alleged recycling of old condoms: Firestone's radial 500 tires.

•

Best long-term extension: The ERA.

•

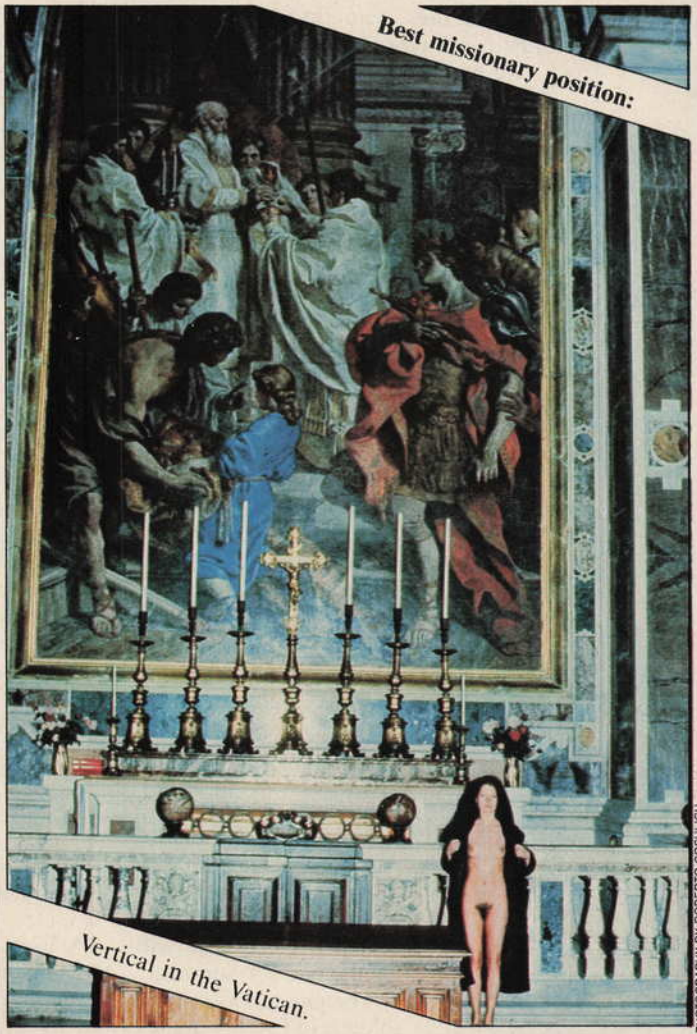
Best new variation on the circle jerk: Men's Lib discussion groups.

•

Best poster child: Loni Anderson, from the on-again, off-again TV series, *WKRP in Cincinnati.*

Best person to be on-again, off-again with: Loni Anderson. ▼

Best missionary position:



Vertical in the Vatican.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO COSULICH

Best argument in favor of sex with TV stars: Valerie Bertinelli.

•

Best argument against sex with TV stars: John Belushi.

•

Best new variation on "the stork brought you": Test-tube babies.

•

Best beer bust: Billy Carter.

Best argument against backseat balling, auto division: Ford Pinto.

•

Best argument against backseat balling, driver division: Leon Spinks.

•

Best example of being wanted only for your body: Charlie Chaplin.

•

Best Bette: Midler.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PARATT

Best exposure of brains by a flasher ▲

Best screw, municipal division: Cleveland.

•

Best screw, international division: OPEC.

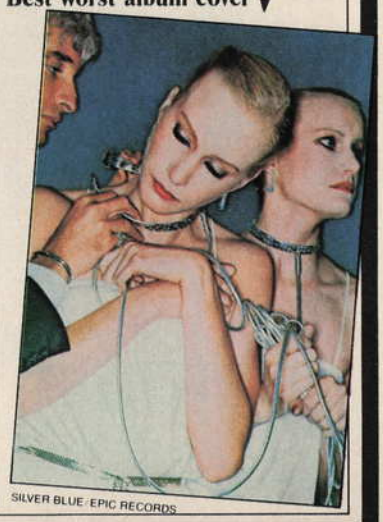
•

Best screw, industrial division: Henry Ford sacked his creative president, Lee Iacocca, after 22 years, telling him, "I just don't like you."

•

Best celebrity snatch: Tammy Wynette's kidnapping.

Best worst album cover ▼



SILVER BLUE · EPIC RECORDS

HAND LETTERING BY VIGON NAHAS VIGON

Best reason to sit through *Grease* 500 times: Olivia Newton-John's transformation from virgin to slut. ▲

Best Dolly Parton joke: When President Carter asked various celebrities to help with the Food for Peace campaign, Dolly said, "Sure, sign me up for Central America." (From the collection of John Brady.)

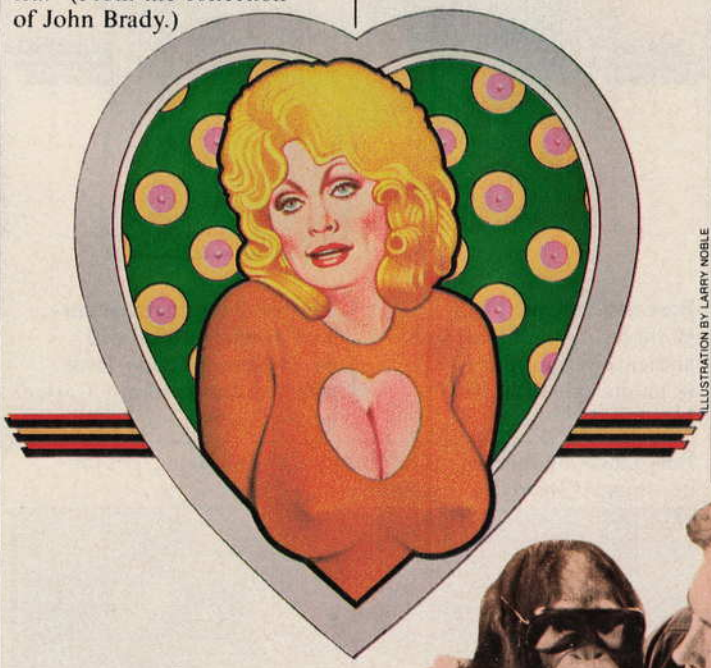


ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY NOBLE

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Best news for kids of all ages: The American Pediatrics Academy urged mothers to return to breast feeding for as long as possible.

•

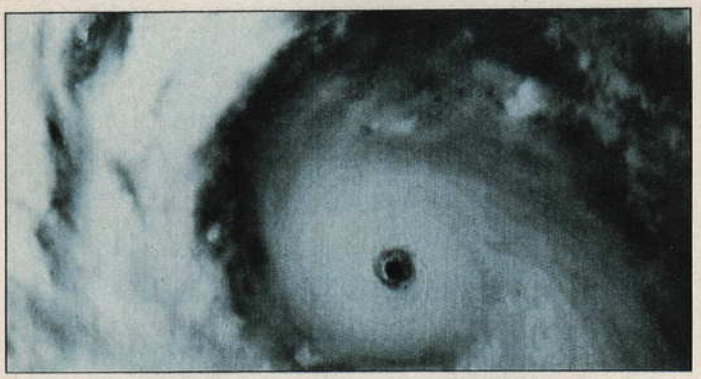
Best delayed release: *Apocalypse Now.*

Best computer match-up based on intelligence scores ►

Best lip service: The House Assassination Committee.

•

Best sexist joke: Man gets on a bus. Bus driver says, "Sam, you look terrible." Sam says, "But I feel terrific!" At work, everyone tells him, "Sam, you look terrible." "Yeah, but I feel terrific!" Finally, Sam goes to a doctor. Doctor looks up in *The Book of Symptoms*: "Here we are—'Looks Terrible, Feels Terrific!' Sam, you're a vagina!"



Best explanation for why they name hurricanes after women: This aerial view of Hurricane Anita as photographed by Henry W. Brandli, a Florida meteorologist. ▲

PHOTOGRAPHY BY S. CARTER

Best European Hot Wax: Jilly Johnson and Nina Carter, European models and disco singers, from their pictorial in the December 1978 OUI. ▲

Best giant leap for mankind: NASA named six women as astronaut trainees for co-ed space flights.

•

Best giant leap that turned into a small step: "We're being treated like one of the guys," said astronaut trainee Dr. Margaret R. Seddon.

Best achievement in sex education: The president of Cleveland's school board was arrested for mooning out a car window.

•

Best convert to bestiality: Brigitte Bardot renounced her sex-symbol status to take up the cause of "animal rights."

•

Best three-way: Camp David.

•

Best person not to cruise pickup bars with: India's Prime Minister Morarji Desai, who revealed on *60 Minutes* that he drinks his own urine.

•

Best new way to tickle little girls at Christmas: The Gene Simmons Kiss doll, featuring an extended, pliable tongue.

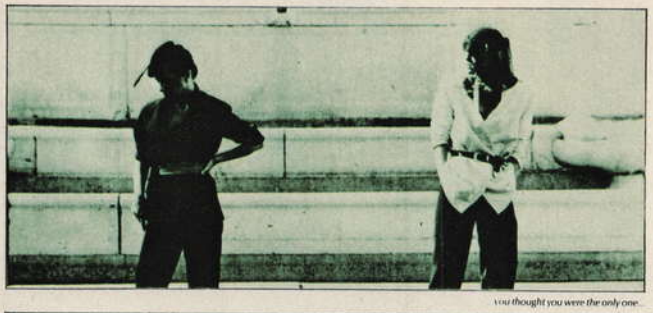
•

Best new way to tickle big boys at Christmas: The Gay Bob doll.

•

Best chance he'll ever have to lose it: Donny Osmond's marriage.

Best ad ▼



...you thought you were the only one.

...but you weren't.

...were you.

There are lots of others. The woods are full of them. Aren't they? You know that. They find one another. They lose one another. They find someone else. Don't they? You know that. That's New York, kid.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Best proof that women who spend lots of money on clothes aren't necessarily doing it to attract men: From the clever parody, *Not the New York Times.* ▲

Best idea whose time has come, and come, and come: China began birth-control education.

Best desperate move by an old-man's magazine to get your attention ▼

Best actress in the role of a mother: Christina Crawford revealed in *Mommie Dearest* that her mother, Joan, went into alcoholic fits of anger.

•

Best daughter in the role of a blabbermouth: Christina Crawford subsequently made a bundle out of her mother's obvious mental illness.

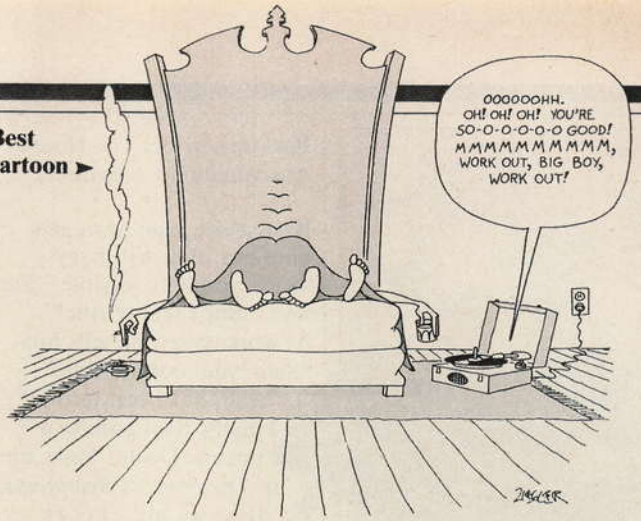
•

Best punch line to "What's so flat and black and wrinkled and bumpy that people won't put it in their mouths?": The Reggie Bar.

•

Best ad for women over 30: Cheryl Tiegs.
Best ad for women over 35: Ann-Margret.
Best ad for women over 40: Jane Fonda.
Best ad for women over 10: Brooke Shields.

Best cartoon ➤



Best unanswered musical question: Devo's *Are We Not Men?*

•

Best answered musical questions: *In the Bush* by Musique and *Get Off* by Foxy.

•

Best music not to play when Jesse Jackson comes over: *Some Girls* by the Rolling Stones.

Best hands-across-the-sea diplomacy: At a dinner party for Mideast diplomats, Hamilton Jordan tugged at the bodice of the Egyptian ambassador's wife and said, "I've always wanted to see the pyramids." ▼

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY NOBLE

•

Best new face on TV: Robin Williams' moon of the studio audience during the taping of an episode of *Mork and Mindy.*

•

Best evidence that the current Administration will do anything to curry favor with the Arabs: Jimmy Carter's hemorrhoids.

Best modeling fee: The $25,000 that Candy Loving got for becoming *Playboy*'s 25th-Anniversary Playmate. ▼

© PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GENE J. PUSKAR

Best points after touchdown ▲

Best birth-control device, cult division: Jonestown.

•

Best birth-control device, transportation division: The San Diego airport.

•

Best birth-control device, L.A. division: The Hillside Strangler.

•

Best birth-control device, San Francisco division: Gay marriages.

•

Best birth-control device, Chicago division: John Gacy.

•

Best birth-control device, 18–34 division: Linda Ronstadt's admission, "I like 'em in ties and three-piece suits."

•

Best second coming: Vasovasostomy.

Best alias to avoid when procuring controlled substances: "Peter Bourne."

Best way to separate the men from the boys in San Francisco ▼

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY NOBLE

•

Best candidate for child abuse: Dennis Kucinich, mayor of Cleveland.

© WARNER BROS

Best flying fuck: Superman and Lois Lane. ▲

Best solo flying fuck: Mikhail Baryshnikov.

•

Best political bedfellows: NOW asked Tom Jones to star at a benefit for the ERA in Washington. He accepted.

•

Best argument for anal kinkiness: Larry Flynt's life was saved by the enema he'd taken shortly before he was shot.

Best answer to "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?": Patty Hearst's and Susan Ford's marriages to their bodyguards.

•

Best new cause of oral frustration: No-smoking laws.

•

Best contributors to this year's *Best of Sex:* Robert S. Wieder, Don Goldberg, Stewart Lebreo.

Best new S/M device: The electric hot-dogger.

•

Best achievement in educational television: Four days after NBC-TV showed a pop-bottle rape in the movie *Born Innocent*, the crime was re-enacted for real in California.

•

Best way we've seen so far to part the Iron Curtain: President Carter's interpreter translated part of his greetings to the people of Warsaw as, "I lust for you."

•

Best way to insure forgiveness: As part of an antiprostitution campaign, newspapers in Joliet, Illinois, published the names of busted johns. A priest and a judge saw ink.

•

Best self-abuse, sports: Jogging.

•

Best self-abuse, reading: Nixon's memoirs.

•

Best self-abuse, TV: *The 700 Club.*

Best example of what they mean when they say, "If you won't fuck it, don't eat it." ▼

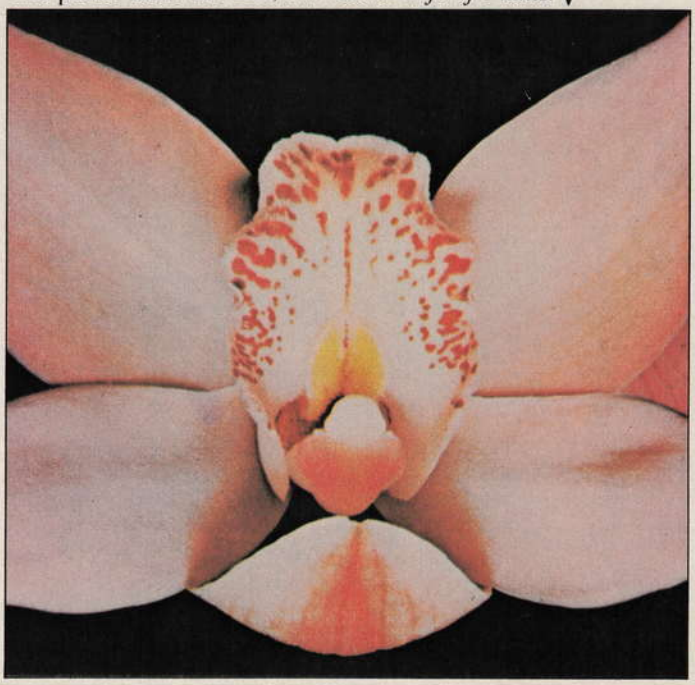
CONSTRUCTION BY DOUG JOHNS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED SEEMAN / PURITAN MAGAZINE

•

Best upfront prostitute in politics since Maurice Stans: Sally Stanford, former madam, now mayor of Sausalito, California.

Best reason to become interested in the secret life of plants: The poster from the film, *The Secret Life of Plants.* ▼



Märta
SOMETHING ON HER MIND
Photography by Jeff Dunas

The first time Märta showed up for our appointment, she looked terrible. "Take pictures of me if you want to, but I'm in no mood to be sexy today." Headache, we wondered? "Yes. Spelled m-e-n!" All of us? "You are all alike. Every time I meet a generous, giving, sensitive man, I find out he's a phony. You Americans especially. When I was growing up in Sweden, I used to envy the American girls. Everything seemed so out in the open for them. Now that I've been here for a few years, I see that people are honest with each other only when it doesn't mean anything. It's very discouraging." Well, if you don't love America, why don't you leave it? we asked. "America may be phony, but at least

I can become rich here. In Sweden, there is no way I could have the things I want to own. In America, I can be enterprising." Any particular projects in mind? "Well, for now I'm satisfied being in front of the camera. But very soon I will begin my own photography studio." Are there any American women you admire, Märta? "Oh, yes. Barbara Walters, Jane Fonda—women who are career-minded and independent. I don't need men, I'm finding out. I'd like to have been Cleopatra. To have that much power must be an incredible experience."

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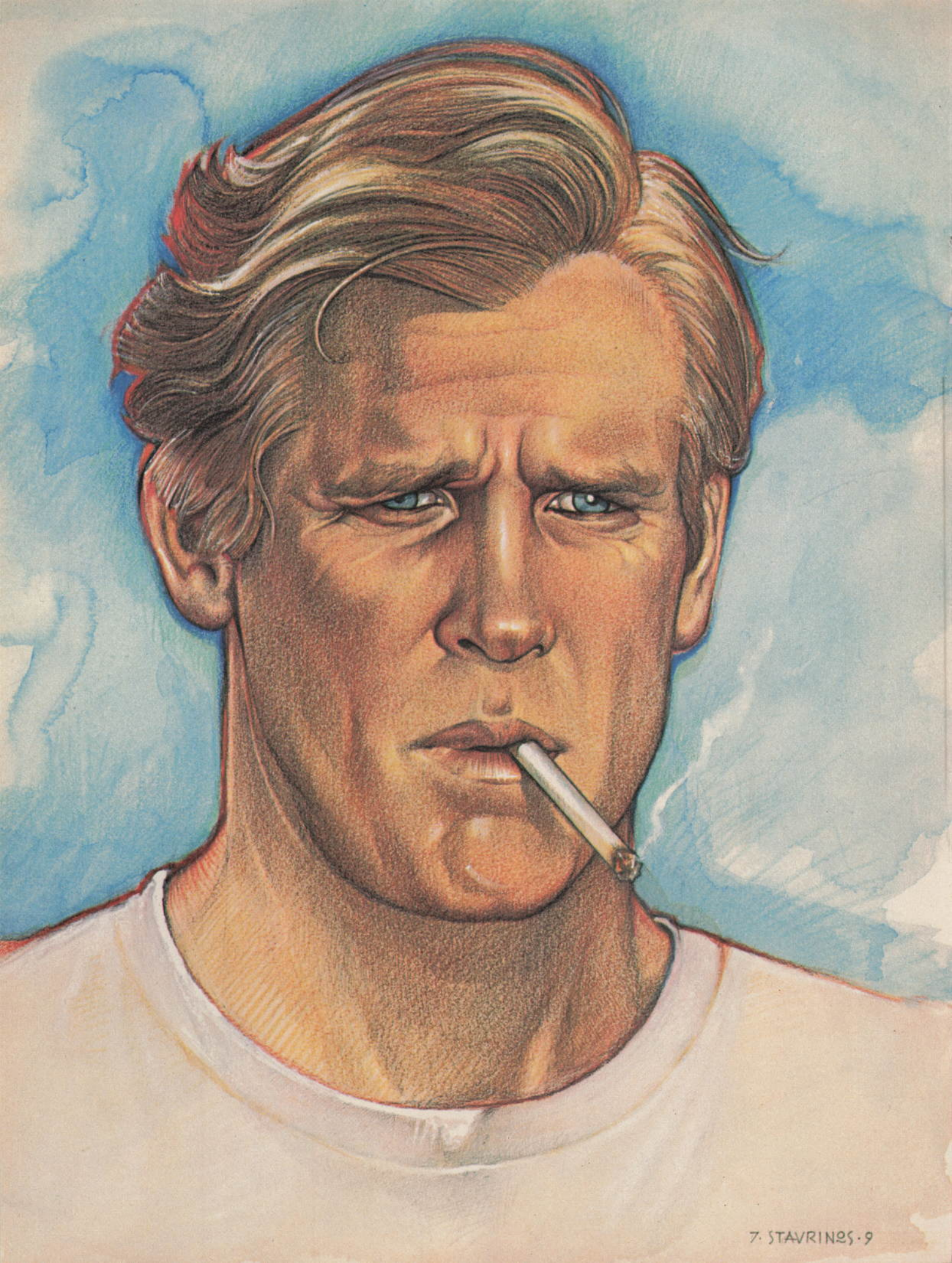
7· STAVRINOS·9

A CONVERSATION WITH

NICK NOLTE

On the set of *Heartbeat*, the elusive actor talks about his passion for golf, Kerouac and teasing Sissy Spacek. He could care less about being a Big Hollywood Star, but he's not above passing a little wind for a laugh.

BY LARRY WILSON

There's this thing about Nick Nolte. The macho heartthrob of *Rich Man, Poor Man, The Deep, Who'll Stop the Rain?* and the upcoming *Heartbeat* is just *not* a Big Star. It's true that his box-office drawing power is quite formidable; *The Deep* wasn't sold on Jacqueline Bisset's lovely nibbims alone. But the one person who hasn't wised up to what all this means is . . . Nick Nolte. He doesn't give any indication of the enormous power that is potentially his to abuse. He doesn't want to give interviews, make speeches, show off or even save the world.

This is not to say that he is an uninteresting guy. In fact, he is a rather unusual commodity in the Hollywood flesh market. Nolte is a regular guy. Not *Hollywood* regular, the kind one frequently encounters in this town: old clothes, gutter-mouth language, Coors right from the bottle, fiercely committed to whatever social cause is most chic, while the chauffeur-driven limo waits outside Ma Maison. No, no—this guy is for real.

The most outrageous example of Nolte's thumb-your-nose attitude toward Hollywood is the way he so steadfastly resists the temptations of fame and fortune. Everything about him suggests that he sees no reason for all the fuss, despite the prediction of many industry oddsmakers that his new film, *Heartbeat*, a sort of loose biography of Beat Generation author Jack Kerouac, is going to catapult him into Redford/Pacino status.

In *Heartbeat*, Nolte plays Kerouac's chum, Neal Cassady, the renowned speed-freak, prankster and rapid-fire, nonstop philosopher. I was hired to teach Nolte sleight of hand for the movie, so that he could convey Cassady's urgent sense of kinetic energy. The fact that the real Neal Cassady could perform sleight of hand about as well as my dick blows a smoke ring is entirely irrelevant.

Larry Wilson, a magician who performs regularly at Los Angeles' Magic Castle, is currently writing a screenplay based on his novel "Sex, Drugs and Violence."

It was arranged for Nolte and me to meet at the Burbank Studios with director John Byrum and a few other people. When I walked into the office at Burbank, I had to scan the group of five a couple of times before I picked out Nolte. He just looked so damn innocuous in his blue jeans, work shirt and moth-eaten tweed sport coat. His hair was ragged and shoulder-length. He looked exactly like he does onscreen, except he wasn't projecting what one comes to expect from movie stars, especially Big Stars: Hey, it's me! Lookee here, it's me! Yoo-hoo! Me! Not Nick. He looked like there was someplace else he'd rather be.

Byrum introduced us: "Nick, this is Larry Wilson. He's going to be teaching you the tricks." Nolte nodded distractedly and didn't offer to shake hands. Byrum explained why he wanted me to teach Nick sleight of hand, and Nolte listened with passing interest.

Finally he spoke, pontificatingly, addressing the entire room. "Ya see, this guy was never still. He loved speed; he couldn't sit still," Nolte said, referring to Cassady. "Y'unnerstan', we want his hands t'be movin' alla' time—showin' how he feels alla' time. Things flyin' through his fingers—ya know, he's goin' yackety-yak, yackety-yak, yackety-yak, and things are goin', ya know—" Nick waved his hands, waggling his fingers.

I reached out and plucked Nick's lit cigarette from between his fingers, placed it in my left hand and squeezed it for a moment. When I opened my hand, it was gone. Only a trace of smoke remained. I showed my hands to be empty and casually reached into my shirt to produce Nick's cigarette, which was still burning. I threw the cigarette onto the floor and stamped it out. I looked around the small group, then reached into thin air and produced the lit cigarette. I handed it back to Nolte. He was grinning and looking from one person to another to see if they had seen the same thing he had. God bless the collective unconscious. The mystic arts had pacified yet another wild animal.

We started working together the following week in a little office at the Sunset Gower Independent Studios, and John Byrum solicitously tacked a hand-lettered sign that read MAGIC ROOM to the door.

The first day, I arrived to find that Nolte was going to be late. Half an hour after the appointed time, he came hurrying into the main office where I was waiting for him.

"Oh, hi, Willie, sorry I'm late, we got hung up . . ." He was accompanied by a striking young blonde woman, whom I presumed to be his wife, dressed in a strapless, Hawaiian-print sarong. "Honey," he said to her, "this is Larry, uh, Wilkins. He's the one gonna teach me the tricks." Absentmindedly, he half-introduced her to me, mumbling her name, something that sounded like "Legs."

"Pardon me," I said, "I didn't hear your name. I'm sorry."

She looked at me sweetly and said, "Legs."

"Legs? Hmmm, yes, of course."

Nolte was already charging down the hall to our Magic Room. Legs and I took off after him.

I decided we'd start by teaching Nick to roll a coin across his knuckles, a favorite flourish of magicians, ex-cons and semi-legendary literary creations. I described the mechanics of the process and demonstrated it. Nick borrowed my half-dollar and attempted the trick on his own. He was surprisingly adept. Even Legs was impressed.

"That's good," I told him. "Especially for a beginner. You're going to pick that up real fast. But now I want you to try doing it with both hands simultaneously." I gave Nick another half-dollar. This time he had a great deal more difficulty. He dropped both coins repeatedly, but he never allowed himself to become frustrated.

"That's it," I said. "Just keep picking them up, no matter how often you drop them, and remember to keep both hands going. Just keep practicing. . . . Do you have a couple of half-dollars at home? No? Well, take mine then and hang on to them. You'll find it'll get easier and easier. Just let your hands do it, and don't try to force them with your head."

He put the coins down. "Willie, d'ya play golf?" I said I didn't. "Sometimes when you're playin', you'll swing at the

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE STAVRINOS

"Jeezus, Sissy," Nick said, wincing in pain. "I feel like I'm havin' a heart attack or somethin'."

ball and the swing is perfect, and you'll feel like *you* didn't swing the club—like you're just standing back watching somebody else do it. Is that what you mean?"

I smiled. "Yeah, that's what I mean."

•

We met for our second session a few days later. I asked Nick if he had been practicing his coin roll, and he confessed that he had only managed to get in a few minutes before losing both fifty-cent pieces. I gave him two more and we picked up where we had left off. Over the course of the next two months he lost an average of a dollar a week. He insisted that he was keeping track of the number of half-dollars he owed me as I replaced them, and he was adamant that he was going to pay me back in full. I'm still waiting.

Nolte's grasp of the psychological principles of magic was startling. In preparing for his role as Ray Hicks in *Who'll Stop the Rain?*, he had become well versed in the basics of Zen philosophy, and he had no difficulty correlating those concepts with the idea of creating illusion. This was particularly interesting in light of what I had heard prior to working with Nick. A semi-reliable source had warned me that Nolte was kind of "thick," and that I was probably going to have to restrict my vocab to words of one syllable. Not so.

Often we would begin our sessions talking about things other than magic, just to give us both a chance to relax. We would usually compare notes on our respective ladies and argue as to which one was crankier over a given period of time. It seemed to be a dead-even tie. Eventually the topic would wind its way around to Neal Cassady. The *real* Neal Cassady.

Nick had done an enormous amount of research into Cassady's life. This man who had served as the model for Dean Moriarty, the central character in Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road*, was a truly quixotic fellow. Cassady's urgent race to squeeze as much living as he could into the shortest space of time, regardless of the chaos it created around him, struck a chord of response in the hearts of thousands of young Americans. Depending on how you look at him, Cassady appears either as a holy con man or a superslick saint. After reading so much about Cassady and talking to people who had known him, Nick had come to his own understanding of the man.

"Neal was completely committed to whomever he was with at *that* particular moment," Nick said when I asked if he thought Cassady was sincere in the sentiments he expressed to the people he loved. "It was like he was totally committed to *anyone*. He'd make plans to meet Luann [his first wife] at a certain time, and then he'd promise Carolyn [his second wife] he was gonna see her across town at the same time, and then he'd run into somebody and get into some rap with them and never see what time it was. He was just alla' time goin' 'Yes, yes, yes!' to everybody. He didn't want to hold back any part of himself."

I asked Nick how that desire to commit oneself totally to something related to his own career. "Well, it's the same kinda thing. Ya can't really do what you want to do if you're tryin' to say yes to everyone. Not in your work or in your life. That's what makes your work *yours*. Ya can't do it

Above: Magician Larry Wilson teaches Nick Nolte a bare-hand cigarette vanish, one of a series of sleight-of-hand maneuvers Nolte uses to imply the nonstop kinetic energy of Neal Cassady. To the right, hard-working professionals Nolte, John Heard and Sissy Spacek are caught in a pensive moment on the set of "Heartbeat."

the way everybody wants, and they wouldn't like it if you did!"

As the days passed, Nolte continued to be a constant source of amazement. One afternoon, he and I were fiddling with a piece of adhesive tape for a magical effect. We were trying, without success, to tear an even line across the length of it. Nick looked at me suddenly and said, "I'll bet there's a scissors down the hall in the main office. Do you think I should get it?" I said sure, if he thought it were necessary. "Yeah—ahhh, gee," he said. "I dunno. It's just such a long way to go." It must have been all of 60 feet away. "I dunno. What d'ya think?" He was half out of his chair, weighing the advantage of a straight cut against the hardships of physical locomotion, when I inadvertently made the decisive remark.

"Well, Nick," I said, "we could always call the office on the phone and ask them to *send* someone down here with the scissors." That clinched it.

He shook his head. "I suppose we could," he said, on his way out the door, "but then we'd be acting like a couple of *Big Hollywood Stars*." He was gone before I could break the news that one of us already was.

Occasionally we worked out at Nick's place. The first time I drove out to his ranch in Agoura, in the mountains behind Malibu, I had visualized the entire setup before actually arriving. Despite the facade of humble down-to-earthiness that I had seen up to this point, I suspected that Nick's ranch would be different. This was his private enclave, his place to get away from all the bullshit, and I assumed that in this setting I was going to see a side of Nick Nolte that was rarely viewed by the Rona Barrett retinue.

I followed the instructions he had given me and turned off the main highway onto a poorly paved dirt road, keeping a sharp eye out for the partially obscured mailbox bearing his address. My suspicions of Nick's desire for seclusion were confirmed as I forded the small stream by the mailbox and emerged on the other side to find a deeply rutted path that led up to the house. There it was, and the house I had imagined to be the superlush, Hefneresque hideaway of a Big Star turned out to be Early American Heap.

The ranch was a ramshackle affair, and it was immediately clear that Nolte was completely in love with the thing.

"Hiya, Willie, how ya doin'?" he asked as he reached through one of the broken windowpanes to open the door from the outside. He led the way through a maze of busted furniture, knickknacks and assorted personal belongings strewn everywhere. As always, there was not a word of explanation for this state of affairs. It was cheerfully understood that this was his home, and if I didn't like it I was quite welcome to go fuck myself.

His hands always moving (here it's a coin vanish), Neal enthralls the New York beatnik intelligentsia, while his 16-year-old wife Stevie, played by Ann Dusenberry, looks on.

"Ya want some coffee or somethin'?" he offered. I took a pass on the coffee as I watched the Big Star hunt around his kitchen for some device in which to boil water. There wasn't a table, chair or cabinet, let alone a kettle. Everything was either in boxes or on the floor. Finally Nick found a saucepan of questionable cleanliness. After he made himself a cup of coffee, I followed him out onto the "veranda."

Behind the house, a couple of bench seats from old cars had been dragged together; an upturned crate or two complemented them nicely. Here Nick and I worked for several hours at a time. We were often interrupted by the unannounced arrival of various friends, business acquaintances and assorted deadbeats. They were all offered the same brand of casual congeniality.

I don't think many people realized just how much that dilapidated old ranch meant to Nolte, until Southern California was hit by a particularly intense heat wave later that fall. The film company was shooting on the sound stage at Culver City Studios when first news of the brush fire was reported. Throughout the day, at regular intervals, word of the fire's progress toward Nick's property came in. At no time during the day did Nick interrupt the shooting schedule, nor did he ask to be permitted to leave early. But when they called a wrap for the day's shooting, he took off for the ranch and spent the night fighting a futile battle against the fire. The next morning he showed up on location in Palmdale at 7 A.M. sharp. We had all heard on the radio that his house had been completely destroyed, but no one said a thing about it. He behaved in his usual friendly and jocular manner and never said a word.

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September 11, 1978, was a record-breaking scorcher. By 9:30 A.M. it was over 100 degrees in downtown Los Angeles, where the cast and crew of *Heartbeat* were on location at a Chinese restaurant. Outside, the sidewalks were covered with Asian extras in full makeup; grips and gaffers, prematurely fatigued by the heat, were strewn about like corpses, draped over the trucks. Inside the restaurant, conditions were infinitely worse. The windows had all been draped in heavy black cloth to keep out the sunlight and street noise, and the temperature was almost unbearable.

As I picked my way through the limp bodies on the sidewalk, the door to the restaurant burst open and Byrum came striding out muttering to himself, his honky blond dreadlocks plastered to his skull. He was wearing a black T-shirt on which was printed in red letters, I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE. He smiled his maniac's grimace upon seeing me. "Lawrence!" he bellowed. "Lawrence! Make me some magic! Get rid of this fucking heat!" He laughed, perhaps a trifle hysterically. But of course he had every right to be a little on edge; he has a lot riding on this picture.

So do Nick, Sissy Spacek and John Heard, for that matter. Heard, who plays Kerouac, is a young New York actor who made an impressive debut recently in a little film called *Between the Lines*. *Heartbeat* could be the vehicle that makes him a household word, or at least guarantees him another job. And Sissy, though she garnered rave reviews and an Oscar nomina-

NICK NOLTE Director Byrum began moaning softly and Nick caressed Joanie's thigh with one hand while he lifted her skirt with the other. Joanie merely hummed along.

tion for her work in *Three Women*, hasn't had a box-office winner since *Carrie*.

I wandered inside to the set, threading my way around the maze of lights and cables. Most of the grips were bare-chested, and most everyone wore bandanas that had been soaked in ice water around their necks.

Nolte spotted me and called out, "Hey, Willie, what it is, my man?" (He always called me Willie, when he wasn't calling me Wilkins.) I said hello and drew him aside to ask if he felt prepared for the magic "gag" they were about to shoot. He was very relaxed and assured me he had been practicing on his own. I was more nervous than he was, and continued to badger him about timing and angles and the fluid motions of his hands. Nolte spent some time calming me down, and then the production manager called out for quiet to set up the shot. As Nick slowly rose to join the others, he turned to me with a grin and said, "Don't worry, Willie. I won't make you look bad."

The scene they were shooting had Sissy, as Neal's wife-to-be, backing him into a particularly heavy philosophical indictment. In an attempt to lighten the mood, Neal explains that it is Kerouac who is serious and that he, Neal, is the funny man. To underscore this point, he sticks a cigarette up his nose and it comes out his mouth. (What all this has to do with existential angst in the Fifties, I'm not entirely sure.)

They shot the scene several times and the effect worked splendidly. But in the suffocating heat, accentuated by the bright lights, Sissy's spontaneity was beginning to flag. She interrupted a shot because she felt she wasn't doing her best, and Byrum told everyone to relax for five minutes while Sissy's makeup was retouched. Byrum had taken off his prophetic T-shirt and was sitting on a box next to me, rivulets of sweat running down his body. "The mouth of hell," he muttered aloud. "This is the fucking mouth of hell." After saying this he appeared pleased and announced that they were ready to shoot.

When they reached the point in the scene where Nolte inhales the cigarette, he altered the script somewhat by popping the cigarette into his mouth and chewing it with gusto. Sissy's reaction was so genuine that I'm certain it will be the take you see in the finished film.

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One of the most difficult days of shooting took place in the Presidential Suite of the Biltmore Hotel in downtown L.A. At $1000 a day, the suite hardly seemed like a bargain, but the cost/effectiveness analysis had determined that it would require 50 times that amount to build a set on a sound stage. By the time I arrived on the scene, the crew had already filmed a number of establishing shots of the "publisher's party" that was supposedly being thrown in honor of the publication of Kerouac's *On the Road*. Distinguished-looking extras in distinguished-looking clothes milled about with drinks in their hands.

Nick found that the collar of the dress shirt he was wearing was so tight that he could produce a marvelous quadruple-chin effect. Hunching his shoulders forward, with the jacket straining at the seams, he walked around the set asking in guttural tones for a glass of protein. He alternated that with mimicking an aging Sylvester Stallone crying out hoarsely, "Fist! Fist!" Half of the extras on the set must have thought that some lummox was a stand-in for the Big Star.

Meanwhile, Nick was amusing the crew with a little game of his own invention. He would select hors d'oeuvres—props—from a tray on the table, and squeeze them under his armpit. With this precious gift safely ensconced, he would approach Sissy and offer her a snack. He would then lift his arm, the mashed tidbit would drop out, and for a moment everyone would be distracted from the tedious process of making a movie.

When it became obvious that nothing could be accomplished without striking and relighting the entire scene, the production manager called a 30-minute break for lunch. Laszlo Kovaks, the usually cool and imperturbable ace cinematographer who is a veteran of hundreds of classic motion pictures, started to get a little pissed. It seemed like Byrum and Nolte's relaxed attitude was not exactly what he was used to. They did not appear concerned that the major part of the morning had been wasted, at a cost of thousands of dollars. In fact, at that moment they marched off to the elevator, escorting Joanie the script supervisor between them, giggling like a couple of high school boys.

We jammed into the first available elevator along with a very proper looking elderly woman who had the misfortune of already being aboard. She averted her eyes in her very best elevator etiquette as Nolte and Byrum wedged Joanie between them in a script-girl sandwich. Byrum began moaning softly and Nick caressed Joanie's thigh with one hand while he lifted her skirt with the other. Joanie merely hummed along. Just about the time their giggling reached the mania point, Nick looked back over his shoulder with a truly mad gleam in his eye and said to the elderly gentlewoman, "It's all right, Mrs. Jones. Don't worry. Everything's under control."

The old lady turned and met his gaze without flinching. She had a very patient smile on her face. "That's all right. I figure you must be movie people." Byrum and Nolte were stunned. The elevator reached the lobby and they fell out laughing uncontrollably. I suppose guests of the hotel must have thought they were with the nitrous oxide distributors' convention. The incident absorbed them all through lunch—so much so that they almost forgot to tease Sissy.

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Sissy had received a great deal of attention that day because *Carrie* had made its premiere on national television the previous night. Much of the picture was quite disturbing, particularly the opening sequence depicting Carrie's first menstrual experience. All in all, though, everyone was quite complimentary about it. While Byrum huddled with Laszlo, Sissy and Nick stood off to one side, discussing her film and television's effect on it.

All at once Nick interrupted Sissy in midsentence. "Jeezus," he said, "I feel like I'm havin' a heart attack or somethin'."

Sissy had heard enough of this kind of teasing to know well enough to ignore it. But Nolte didn't seem to be kidding.

"I'm serious," he said. "I have this pain in my chest." He winced, indicating his rib cage. "Like there's somethin' squeezin' my heart. Ohh, Jeezus. I think I'm havin' a heart attack." He said this without any dramatic inflection, in a very calm voice, but he had started to double over by the time Sissy came to help him.

"What's the matter? Are you serious?" she asked in alarm. "What's happenin' to you?" Nick winced again, tried to straighten and found that he couldn't.

"It's like a kind of pressure inside."

Sissy looked genuinely frightened. "Oh, my God!" she said. "What's the matter, Nick?"

Nolte stood erect suddenly with a puzzled look on his face. "Maybe it's just gas," he said and farted loudly. "That's better."

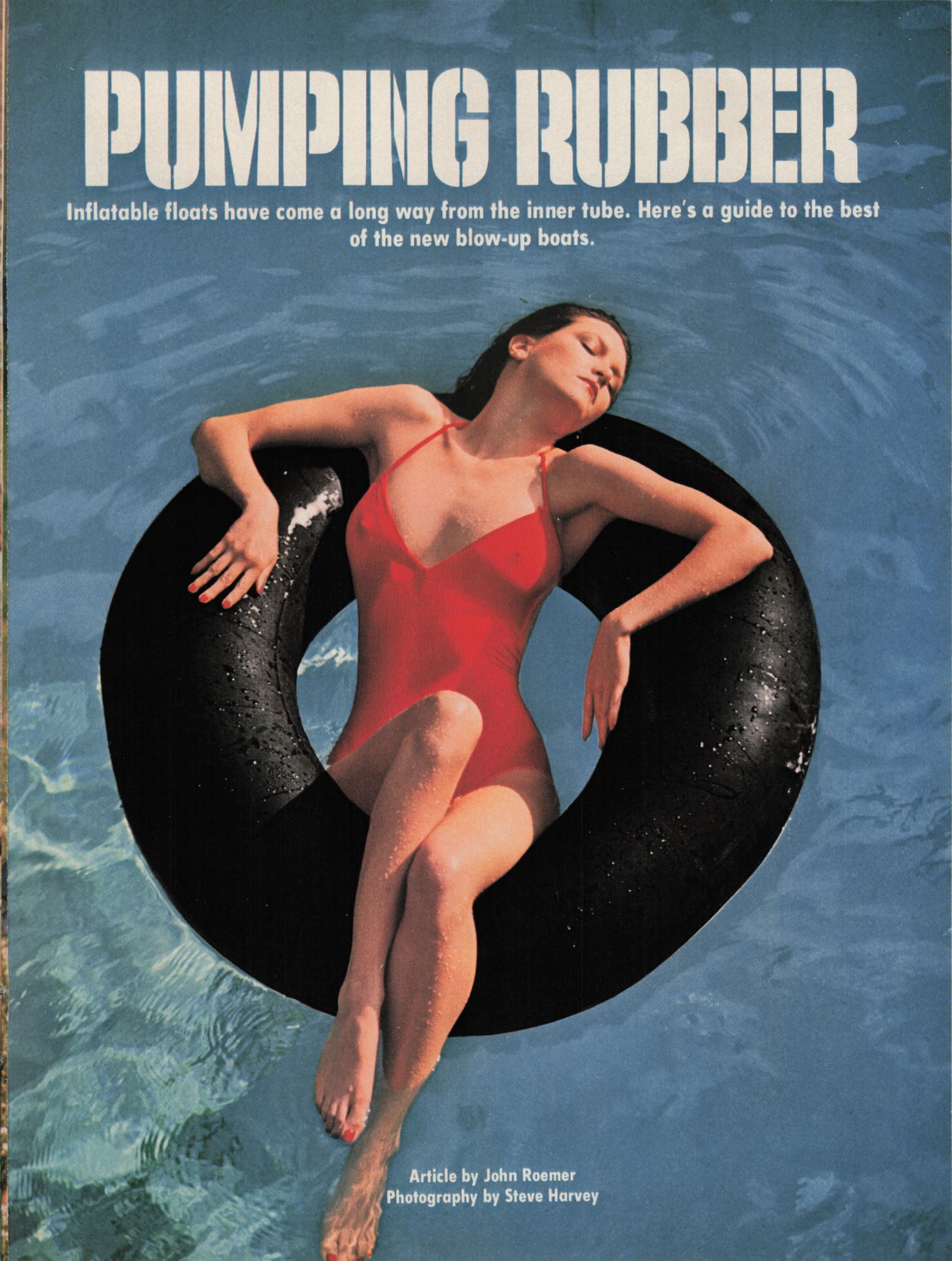
There was a moment of silence. Sissy's jaw gaped. She looked like she didn't know whether to laugh or shit. The entire company broke up. Sissy flushed beet red and turned on her heels. As she strode past Byrum, he laughed good-naturedly. She said in mock outrage, "Oh, you're as disgusting as he is!" and walked away.

Byrum put a hand to his mouth and yelled after her, "You had your *period* last night in front of twenty million people—and you're upset about a little *fart*?"

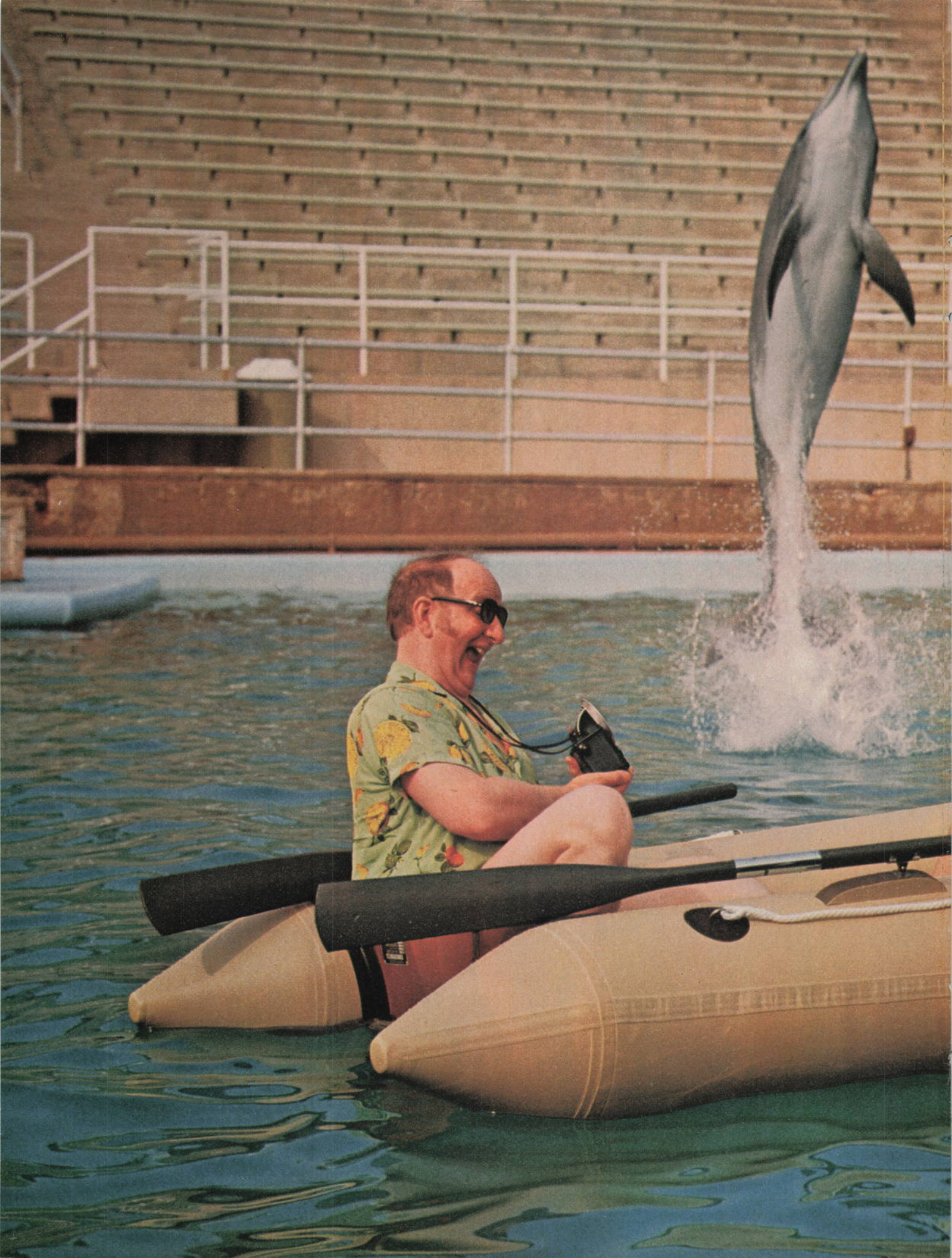
Laszlo had an exasperated look on his face. I think he was yearning for the old days, when movies were made by big studios, and all the actors and actresses were Big Stars. □

PUMPING RUBBER

Inflatable floats have come a long way from the inner tube. Here's a guide to the best of the new blow-up boats.



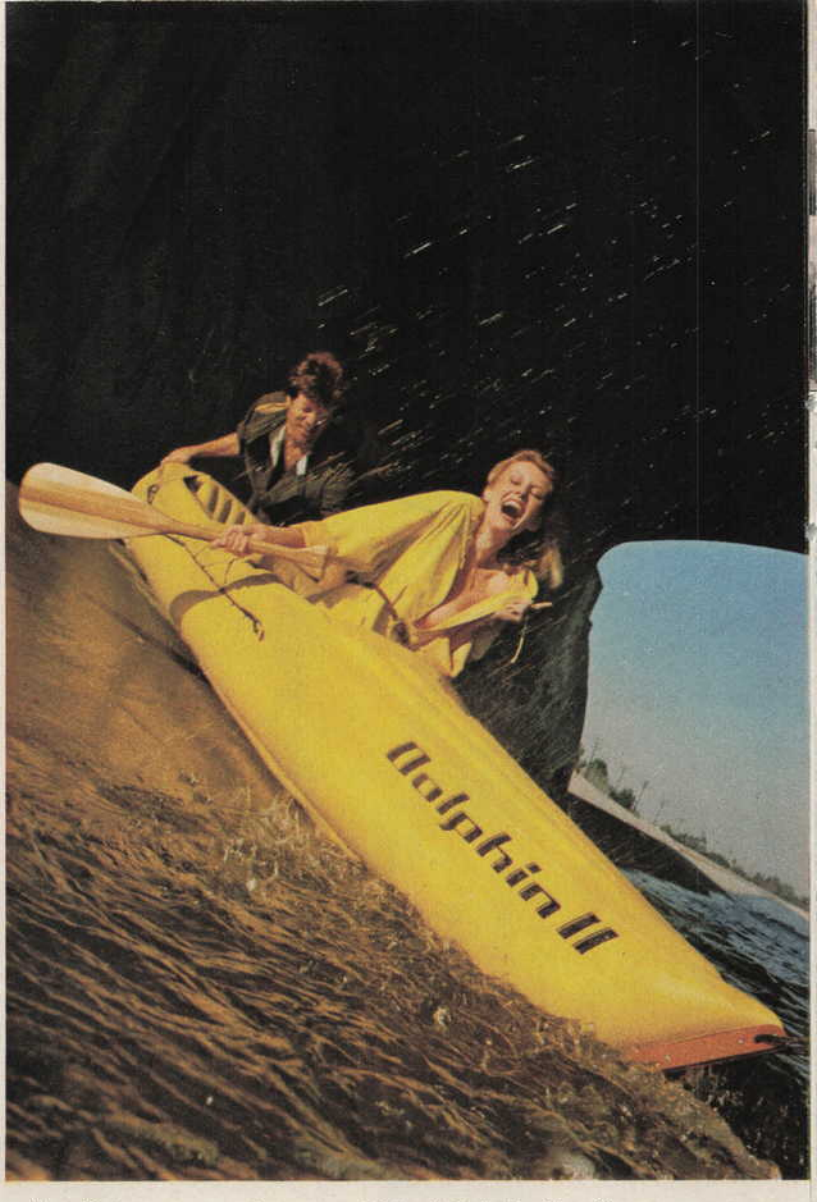
Article by John Roemer
Photography by Steve Harvey



Inflatable boats have been around since ancient Egyptians cruised the Nile on camel bladders. Some of the toughest inflatables ever made—by Goodyear, Goodrich and Firestone—helped the Allies during World War Two. A few of these durable veterans are reportedly still afloat, but America largely forgot about inflatables after the war.

Europeans, however, dialed right into the notion of a boat you could store in a closet, pack in the trunk of your Renault and pump up ten minutes after you reach your favorite camping grounds. British, German, French, Italian and Austrian manufacturers launched an entire inflatable flotilla: canoes, kayaks, yacht tenders, water-skier towboats, sailboats, dinghies, speedboats, life rafts, huge riverboats, military assault craft.

***Metzeler**'s Maya (above), a 12-foot inflatable with sail kit, will outrage yachtsmen everywhere for $1250. It carries a crew of three and takes ten minutes to inflate with its own standard boat pump. Without mast and sail, the boat weighs 52 pounds. Available on the West Coast from Inflatable Boat Center in Santa Monica and in the East from Trans Atlantic Agency in Baltimore. **Zodiac**'s Zed 26 (left) is one model in the firm's new line of inflatables. Innovative electronic seam-fusing and a new fabric keep quality high and prices low. The four-passenger, 62-pound Zed costs $620 and comes with floorboards, ashwood oars, foot bellows and a self-bailer. You can also mount a 4-horsepower outboard on the transom. The word on Zodiac is that the boats are terrific. Zodiac's U. S. headquarters is in Annapolis, Maryland.*



Three millennia after the day of the camel-bladder runabouts, Egypt opted for French Zodiac inflatables for their 1967 invasion of Israel. They used the Grand Raid IV model, a 17-foot job that takes an 80-horsepower outboard and hauls a dozen soldiers in full battle dress.

But until the Seventies, Americans stubbornly preferred hard-hull boats which, as fans of inflatables love to point out, are hard to store, transport, launch and maintain. And on top of all that, hard-hulls sink. Rubber boats seemed too much like beach toys to us Yankees, until NASA put Apollo spacecraft in flotation collars, and James Bond escaped from Dr. No in a rubber speedboat.

Manufacturers of the Avon, handmade in Wales, and the French Zodiac noted the mounting interest and intensified their longtime low-key U. S. sales efforts. Recently, the German Metzeler, Austrian Semerit and Italian Novurania began floating our way in increasing numbers. Low-cost, lower-quality inflatables drift in from Japan and Taiwan. And finally, one high-tech American manufacturer—California's Maravia Corporation—has joined the fleet.

Coast Guard figures show that at least 100,000 inflatables are now in use in the U. S. But they aren't cheap. The price of serious airboats inflates about as fast as the crafts themselves.

When some people want to float around, they stop by a local tire store and pick up a used 22-inch inner tube for $4.50. But why get wet when you can get the convenience of an inner tube, plus the speed of a motorboat or the exhilaration of a sailboat? As one expert sportsman concluded, "Inflatables are here and they're hot."

***Maravia**'s two-passenger, 37-pound Cat's Paw (above left) is the smallest in their line of innovative inflatables. One veteran river guide claims Maravia makes the most technologically advanced inflatables on the market. "They experiment until they get things right, and the design is outstanding." The eight-foot Cat's Paw costs $620. Optional varnished plywood floorboards and collapsible outboard-motor bracket run $200. Maravias are made in San Leandro, California.*

***Semerit**'s Dolphin II inflatable canoe (above right) costs $349. Most inflatable canoes and kayaks are cheaper, but they tend to be sluggish in the water, sometimes folding in the middle. The 37-pound, 12-foot Dolphin II achieves unusual rigidity by aligning ten individual contoured air tubes in its configuration. It slices through water even while laden with 660 pounds of passengers and gear.*

The Dolphin II was designed by Helmuth Peters, who runs the Inflatable Boat Center in Santa Monica, California.

***Avon**'s Searider (right) takes inflatables somewhere beyond the limit, since the rigid fiberglass hull means you have to haul this 13-foot British hot dog on a boat trailer. "Best damn raft I've ever used," swears a Montana fly fisherman. The Searider is outfitted with water-ski bolts, pillow seats and remote steering, and it can accommodate a 50-horsepower outboard, all for $3189. Chief importers are Seagull Marine of Irvine, California, and Imtra Corporation of Medford, Massachusetts.* □

QUEEN MARY

Indecent EXPOSURES

Lurking within everyday objects is all the radiation you can use in your lifetime — and more

By Jesse Kornbluth/Research by Mark Miller and T. A. Vonder Haar

You know the movie: scientific breakthrough, gigundo corporate profit and then, miles down the pike, a little problem that won't go away—side effects. Government agencies with overlapping jurisdictions flail helplessly; the corporations commission their own investigations; and consumers go right on consuming.

That's the microwave movie in a nutshell, and if it's starting to make you nervous, well, it's about time. How much is too much? The government says exposure of 500 millirems a year is "safe," but some experts feel that 5 millirems is more like it. Think you're immune? You with the wristwatch, the color TV and the CB radio? Bet we can color you radioactive.

SUNGLASSES

Looking good costs, but who'd have guessed the price might be your eyesight? There seems to be no way to separate thorium and uranium from the substances used to tint the lenses in your sunglasses; so the Nuclear Regulatory Commission made its peace with radioactivity and declared that lenses can legally contain .25 percent uranium plus thorium by weight. But then there's reality—a 1975 study found some glasses contained ten times the legal limit.

Even the glasses that meet Federal standards don't sound so terrific. Wear your thorium-tinted shades for 16 hours a day, and you bathe your eyes with 1000 millirems of radiation each year. That is twice the recommended dose. Since the Optical Manufacturers Association, upon hearing this news, enacted a voluntary radiologic standard for eyeglass lenses, the least you can do is have yours checked. If not, don't be surprised if everybody *already* knows who's behind those brand-name glasses.

TELEVISION

On your black-and-white TV, you may not be able to appraise Cheryl Ladd's flesh tones as she jiggles across the screen, but compared to the owner of a *color* set built between 1950 and 1960, you might be ensuring you'll be around to enjoy your own flesh. Twenty-five million of those old color TVs were sold to Americans hot for a more vivid viewing experience. Those who were particularly hot for color got an unwanted bonus: leaking microwaves.

Since 1970, stricter Federal regulations have decreed that color tubes cannot legally zap you with more than half a millirem an hour—even if you are sitting with your nose pressed against Cheryl's jiggle. Black-and-white sets need no such governmental monitoring: In exchange for ho-hum viewing, you get no radiation at all.

MICROWAVE OVENS

Thanks to the wonderful microwave oven, you can cook a three-pound chicken in four minutes, a burger in seconds and—if your unit leaks—your innards in the process.

Because this is a lot more convenience than your average intelligent customer wants, the FDA ruled in 1971 that a new microwave oven may not emit more than 1000 microwatts at a distance two inches from its surface, and a used one may not leak more than 5000. This decree was prompted by gloomier findings three years earlier, when a survey of microwave ovens revealed that as many as 25 percent of them leaked more than 10,000 units of radiation. But even after those tougher standards went into effect, General Electric had to recall 5300 of the 6026 ovens it built between July and November in 1973. And again in 1977, GE had to call back 36,000 more.

Consumer Reports judged microwave ovens and declared them "not recommended" in 1973. Reviewing these findings in 1976, the magazine commented favorably on improvements in door seals and locks, but pointed out the possibility of long-term damage to the human fetus and the lens of the eye. Adverse effects had been noticed in animals, *Consumer Reports* said, but it was unknown if humans were also affected by long-term exposure to microwaves.

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT GOLDEN

SMOKE DETECTORS

Smoke detectors are like telephone-answering machines: Now that we've got 'em, we can't figure out how we ever did without 'em. With one difference—29 state building codes now require smoke detectors; and where they're not a must, the National Safety Council strongly recommends them. So do we, as long as yours isn't radioactive.

It's possible to buy a smoke detector that doesn't emit radioactivity, but it isn't easy. In fact, the odds are 9 to 1 that yours is releasing .3–1.5 millirems into your house each year. Not much threat to your health there, but what happens in case of fire? Now, detectors aren't supposed to leak radioactivity, but when English researchers heated them to house-fire temperatures, that's exactly what they did.

To be on the safe side, look past the smoke detector that uses radioactive americium or radium to sense fires, and move on to the photoelectric type. No risk, and they're just as effective.

COAL

Catch-22 time: If you use electricity for cooking and heating, you avoid the radon contained in natural gas. But it takes coal to make electricity, and radioactivity's locked into those little black nuggets. So the more electricity you use, the more radioactivity funnels out of the smokestack of your nearby power plant.

He who lives by electricity, therefore, does well to live far from its source. If you live, say, ten miles from the plant, your lungs will be dosed with between .25 and 4 millirems a year. At a 50-mile distance, you'll swallow no more than half a millirem. But because so much attention's been given to air pollution, technological improvements in the ash-removal process may have lowered your dose by as much as half.

OIL

A country that lives by the wheel may die by the petrodollar, but you'll be cheered to know we're not in danger of poisoning ourselves with radiation in the process. This is good news indeed when you consider that we burn 500 million barrels of oil each year just to make electricity. Twenty million people live within ten miles of these oil-fired electrical plants, and their microwave dosage hardly registers—it's .004 millirems a year, at most. If scientists could find a way to make oil drinkable, it would be safer than tap water.

RADIO-TV BROADCASTING

Ten thousand radio and TV stations are only the beginning of America's electronic smog. Add navigation, radar and microwave-transmission towers, and you'll see why, no matter where you live, you can't avoid bombardment by non-ionizing radiation. That's the bad news. The good is that you get to choose your radiation level.

Ninety-nine percent of the nation's big-city dwellers are exposed to less than 1 microwatt, but—you guessed it—who'd want to live where they do? The sky's the thing, and the great view, and an overpriced terrace where, a couple of evenings a year, you might have too many drinks and even score. If that's your apartment, and if you happen to live in New York, Miami or Chicago, give yourself 32, 97 and 66 microwatts, respectively. More cheery thoughts: While the Russians are so worried about microwave radiation that they let their people get dosed with only 10 microwatts a year, American workers are permitted 10,000. And back in the U.S.A., electronic smog is increasing by 15 percent a year. What to do? Stop flashing—lower your shades.

NATURAL GAS

Jewish mothers like gas stoves because who ever singed a chicken on an electric coil? Those ladies aren't alone: 40 percent of us cook with gas. And what does gas do? Why, it brings natural radioactivity into your home from thousands of miles away.

One hundred twenty million of us get 5 millirems a year in our kitchens, but don't let yourself off easy behind that minuscule dose. People who cook with gas often heat with it, too; if you're among that group, give yourself 22 millirems more. Trailer dwellers and woodsmen do a little better. The bottled propane they use gives off less than 1 millirem a year from their cook stoves, and only 4 millirems from their space heaters.

TIMEPIECES

So you're the lucky owner of one of the ten million radium watches in the country? A real collector's item, the man said. Love to look at it in the dark, don't you? Better consider this: Every year you keep that watch, you're radiating your 'nads with about 3 millirems—which is half of what some scientists consider your maximum permissible dose.

Or maybe you haven't traded in your radium-painted clock for the newer tritium model. In that case, you're one of 8.6 million radium-clock watchers who score .6 millirems a year—a more modest dose, to be sure, but one that will definitely warm your family jewels.

Ah, but there's good news for those who have invested in digital watches that tell the time only when you press a button. Those glow-in-the-dark timepieces are not radioactive at all.

Just tacky.

DINNERWARE

The Lord made fast-food restaurants not to assault your sensibilities or make you sweat off a triple-goopshake at the high school track, but to protect you from your china. Pay attention, then, you eat-at-homes: The Nuclear Regulatory Commission is concerned about those whole-grain goodies and unsprayed veggies you've been forking up from radioactive plates.

The trouble started when potters first noticed that uranium was a nifty new glaze, and that glassware in particular became more opaque as the concentration of uranium increased. Fine. If you're seeing that dinnerware as a restaurant patron, only .18 millirems a year comes your way. Waiters and busboys get a heftier dose—7.93 millirems—but dishwashers win the blue-plate special with 34.5 millirems a year.

And that's the good news. The bum tidings are that in 1971, the Food and Drug Administration discovered that these radioactive plates sometimes leaked uranium. Not enough to make you have nightmares, but enough, as the FDA put it, to represent "an unnecessary and avoidable exposure." The result: Manufacturers no longer use uranium to color their dinnerware. So it's all right to recognize the new red china. Antique owners are in for a blast, however. Old plates will have radiation in them until they're dropped or used in a Greek wedding, whichever comes first.

FALSE TEETH

Nineteen million Americans have full dentures, 60 million wear crowns, and 90 million of us sport at least one false tooth. And, friend, if you have all your choppers, this item may keep you out of bar fights for life. Seems that with all the advances made in acrylic plastics, science can't beat porcelain for cosmetic attractiveness. As a result, half of those who need fake bucks vote for porcelain.

Choosing a natural substance gives the toothless the natural look and, by law, not more than .05 percent uranium by weight. Unfortunately, even those false teeth and denture powders that fall within Federal radiation standards may throw off 60,000 millirems a year—which is 40 times the level the International Commission on Radiation Protection suggests. Dental researchers are working overtime to reduce the levels of radioactivity in porcelain or else find a cosmetically attractive substitute for it; so far no luck. Until they do, the best you can do is stop smiling.

ULTRAVIOLET LAMPS

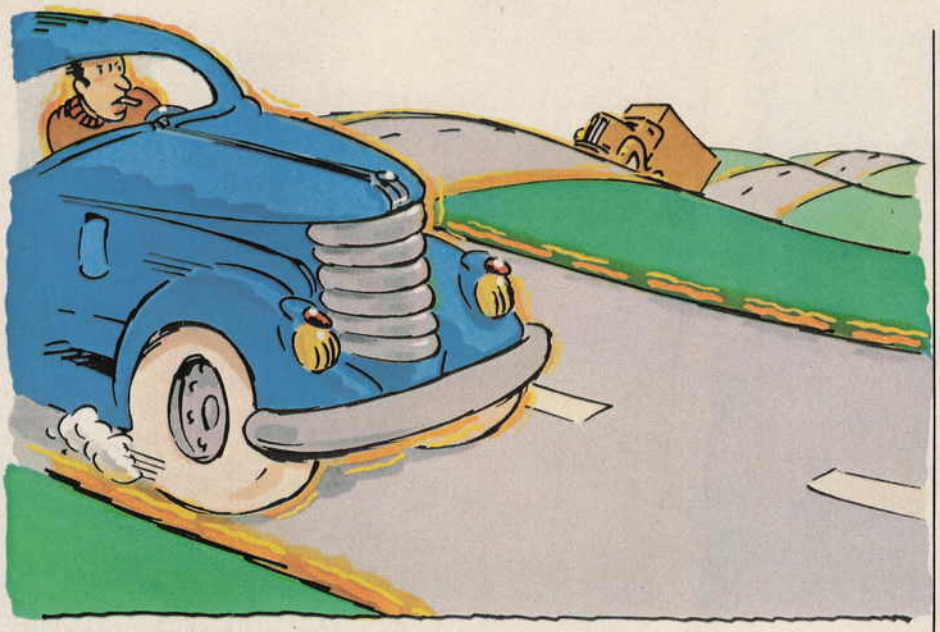
In spite of the fact that using a sun lamp too long is one of the surest ways to give yourself skin cancer, 10,000 Americans wander into hospital emergency rooms each year with facial burns from ultraviolet light. But those dummies aren't the only victims of non-ionizing ultraviolet rays. The next time you're sitting in a gym, walking down a lighted path, or waiting in line at a bank or department store, you might do well to look up: If the glass globe of an overhead mercury-vapor light is broken, the lamp gives off ultraviolet radiation. In one instance, basketball players, coaches and referees suffered burns around the eyes from a semishattered bulb. So now the FDA has called for manufacturers to come up with a lamp that burns out a few minutes after its globe breaks.

LASERS

Remember the great old days of heavy metal, when a band that couldn't cut it at your local bar filled a concert hall with high-decibel music and dazzling visual effects? Those audiences were generally too redded out to appreciate how out-of-tune the band was and, fortunately for them, they were generally too sedated to move around much. Good thing: If some kid had held up his arm, and a laser beam had just happened to carom off his watch crystal, some innocent zombie might have been blinded by the light.

In June 1977, the FDA warned rock groups that this danger existed, and by June 1978, even those bands whose incomes would have *increased* if their audiences were as blind as they were deaf had agreed to kill the lights. There are, however, millions of lasers around—including laser "rifles" for kids—so the possibility of leakage from devices that produce as much as 500 million watts still exists.

Yet another in a series of great disappointments from the world of science.

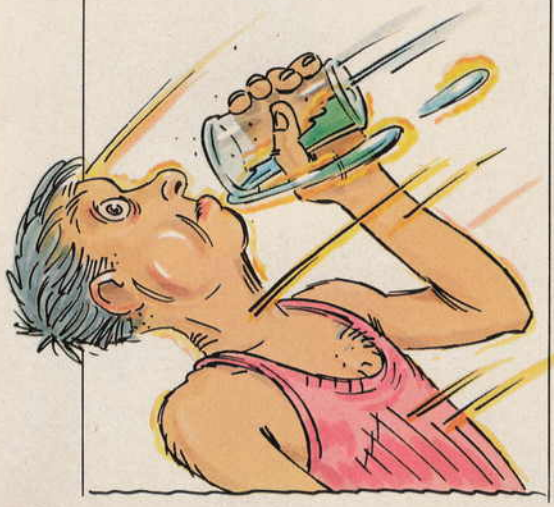


DRINKING WATER

If tap water were bottled, the label would probably have to include a warning that the contents may be dangerous to your health. Thank a radioactive gas for that. Radon locked under the earth's surface seeps into ground water and, eventually, into your jelly glass. They've measured radon concentration in North Carolina, Maine, Texas, Arkansas, Utah and Florida, and the results, though not terrifying, aren't all that wonderful.

Drink a quart of water a day, and if it's carrying 10,000 picocuries of radon—about 25 percent of the water tested did—you'll wind up with 650 millirems of radiation over a year. And you're not yet off the hook. Radon gas escapes your glass and wends its way into your lungs, so score another 2000 millirems on your radiation scorecard. And it is this dosage, a National Academy of Sciences report suggests, that might give fatal lung cancer to as many as 160 of every one million water drinkers.

With odds like this, you might as well drink your booze straight up, no ice.



ROADS

Stanley Kubrick will not fly on planes, and he tolerates limos only because his is protected by one security car in front and another in back. He *knows* the highway is for gamblers, and even with all that protective steel, the great director reportedly won't let his caravan go faster than 40 miles per hour. When he finds out that the humble pavement may also be hazardous to his health, God knows what he'll do.

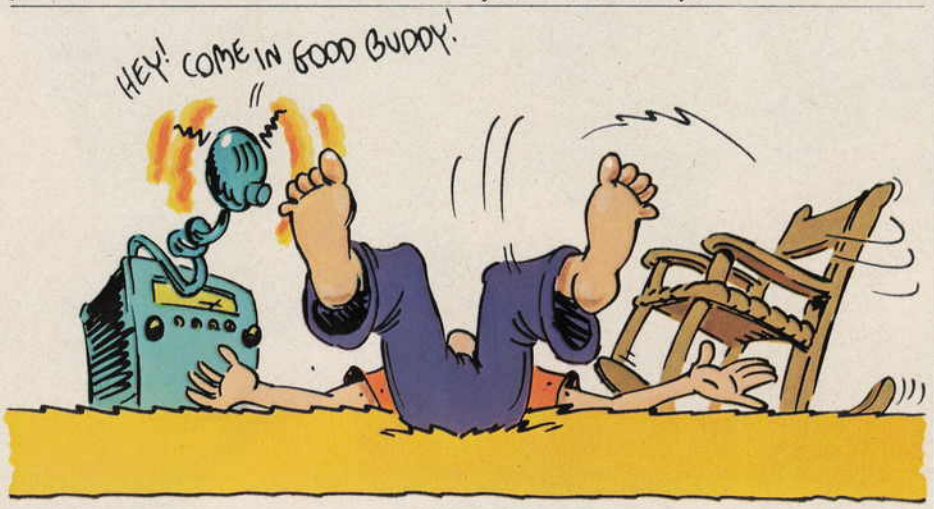
It is hard to believe, all right, but the roadway does give off radiation. To prove it, some demento scientists tested the roads near Stone Mountain, Georgia, and Bartow, Florida. Those researchers were hot on the trail of uranium and thorium, traces of which can be found in roads built with granite and phosphate. Zip over Stone Mountain or Bartow roads to the tune of 10,000 miles a year at 50 miles an hour, and you're talking radioactivity—4 millirems' worth per annum, which is not enough to give most of us a sleepless night, but probably sufficient to keep Kubrick from considering a remake of *Gone With the Wind.*

BUILDINGS

As you sit in your living room worrying if the pot's been poisoned, or if the CIA has slipped subliminal messages into the grooves of *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, consider your walls; for they do more than hide your sins from the neighbors—they're irradiating you, too.

People who live in glass houses get off easy with the smallest dose. Sunlight has hardly any charge by the time your windows filter out its ultraviolet rays. People who like more privacy pay for their lifestyle in increased radiation. The resident of a brick house will score 13 millirems a year from his mortar and clay. Wood dwellers, like others who have made their peace with organic living, suffer less: 3.9 millirems a year.

Nice to know that nothing is innocent, not even your walls. Gives you something to talk about the next time you meet a bricklayer.



CB RADIOS

Whenever you drive past one of the 15 million mobile CBs, you get zapped. And every time some joker calls the cops as a prank and a police car races by, you score a megadose, because the vehicles with more powerful radios can emit hundreds of thousands of microwatts. Got a metal steering wheel? Did that ambulance pass you as you went over a metal-gridded bridge? Then those microwaves are even more attracted to your bod. Unfortunately, it's nothing personal, just animal magnetism.

An Ohio woman found out the hard way just how enticing she was. When a neighbor three blocks away used his CB, her pacemaker started racing and she had to be given oxygen. The Associated Press has reported three cases of pacemaker users whose mechanical aids redlined because of nearby CB transmissions. As Dylan should have written, the pumps don't work 'cause the vandals got the handles.

That's a big 10-4, dead body. □

MARIE CLAIRE

A French Delight

Photography by Jeff Dunas

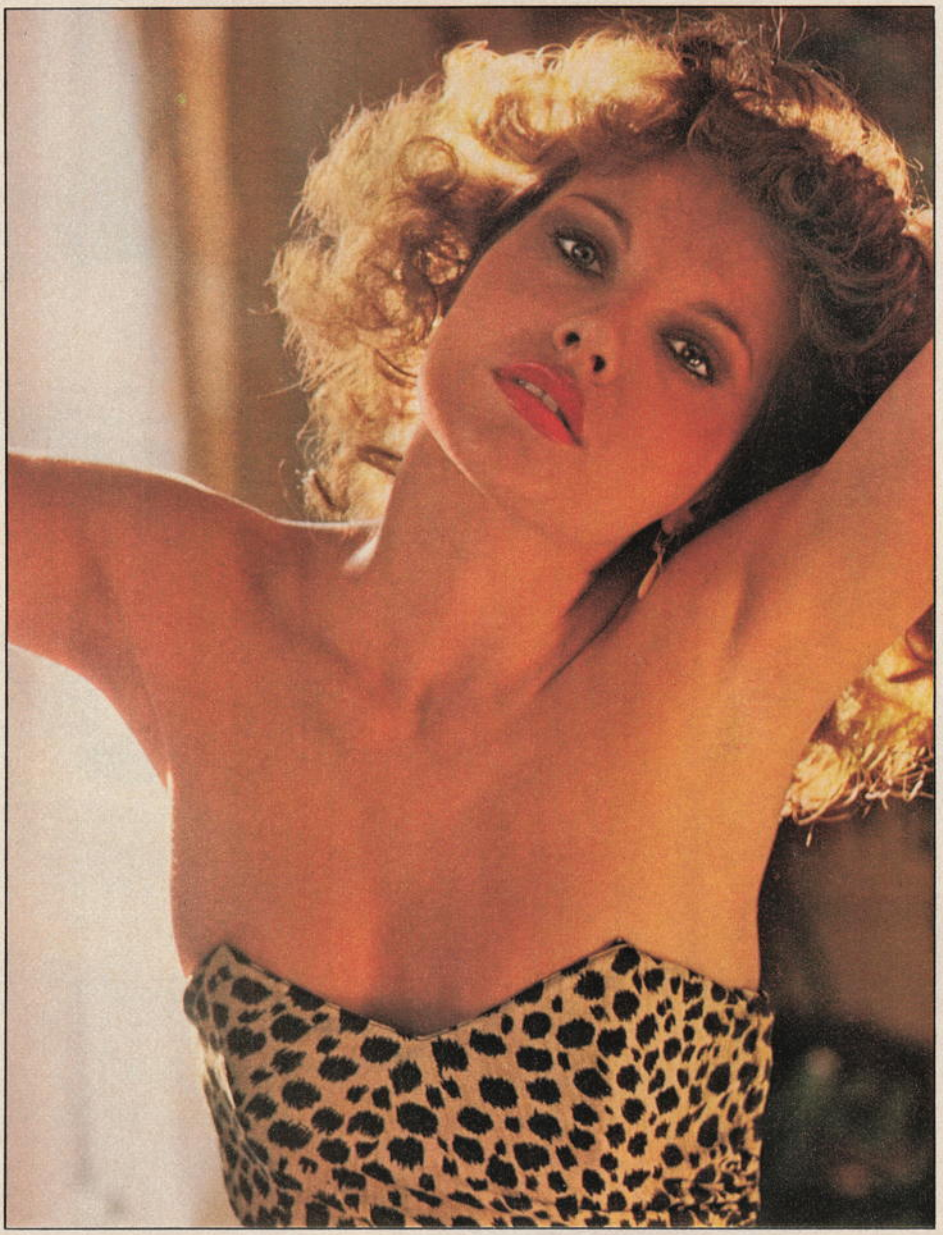
There is not a springtime sight more exciting than that of chic Parisian lovelies shedding their winter garments. Take this beauty, for instance. When we first spotted 24-year-old Marie-Claire, we had doubts that she'd pose for us. But the more snapshots we took, the more she turned on to the camera. She was perfect.

After ten minutes in our studio, we were convinced that we had an experienced woman on our hands. She must be a pro, we thought. (Since Marie doesn't speak English, we'll translate.) "I always wanted to model, so this is a fantasy come true. I was never quite right for the French haute couture—I was much too fat. My behind is too large and my thighs too plump." With measurements like 34-23-36, we had to disagree, and we asked her what her boyfriend thinks.

"He thinks it is wonderful. He calls me his 'petit chou'." Petit chou? We had to look that one up. Translation: little cabbage.

Marie explains: "It's a very common term of affection here in France. But when my boyfriend says it, I don't think he's referring to my shape. He's a vegetarian."

Marie lowers her voice and whispers: "Personally, I prefer sausages to carrots. I'm a big meat-eater."



EVERLAST
THE GREAT
McDonald's

Ernie Schlegel

Only in the Munsingwear world of professional bowling can you dress funny, lose every title match and still call yourself The Greatest

PROFILE BY E.J. KAHN III

Ernie Schlegel, a 36-year-old, white, middle-class native of the Bronx, New York, perceives himself as the next Muhammad Ali. Not of boxing. Of pro bowling. And therein lies the rub. Amid the violence and bluster of the fight scene, flamboyance is a marketable commodity. But in the drab, Munsingwear world of big-time bowling—a territory stretching from Waukegan, Illinois, to Reno, Nevada, from Buffalo, New York, to Kissimmee, Florida—color is revolution, and the Professional Bowlers Association can't sell it.

So Schlegel promotes himself in a vacuum. In 1976, he bowled wearing a red, white and blue satin Captain America suit and dark glasses, and earned nearly $50,000—$25,000 more than he'd ever made. A year later, he donned a silver lamé jumpsuit in Baltimore and was told by the PBA executive committee never to wear it again because "no one else would wear it." He toured with a "mental-game adviser," an Illinois psychologist who had him prepare for matches by beating his bed with a tennis racket. He's suffered through bans by both the American Bowling Congress and the PBA for a total of five years, and has ranked as high as ninth on the tour's total-winnings list. He's played to the fans, copped lines from Ali's autobiography and, in general, made a spectacle of himself.

He has, in short, done everything in his power to make himself a national sports hero, demanding, at the very least, as much recognition as the current top bowling stars, such as Earl Anthony and Mark Roth. Except there's one problem.

In ten years, over the course of 409 tournaments, Bowling's Greatest has never won a title. Not one. Ernie Schlegel is 0 for 409.

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Cranston, Rhode Island. Mid-August. The $60,000 New England Open. Rhode Island's second-largest city bakes in a stifling heat wave that leaves a petroleum-scented smog blanketing the confusion of decrepit neighborhoods overrun by expressways. At Lang's Bowlarama—a 64-lane emporium where the air conditioning is either too cool or not cold enough, located in an industrial-park area surrounded by body shops and a jewelry factory—many of the 119 bowlers signed up for the Open are casually rolling their way through a junior pro-am event the afternoon before the real competition begins. Schlegel is one of them.

The Open's promoter, Ken West, is an amiable management consultant for bowling centers. As he guides me over to Ernie, he gives his impression of the Schlegel personality. "There are none in Schlegel's category," West says. "Flamboyant's not the word, though. Flaky? Well, I'd hate to characterize him like that. It's kind of a question of emotions. Bowling isn't a game where the best man always wins. Most pros learn to live with that and control it. But with a few, the emotion sort of shows. And Ernie's that way. He's colorful and different. But I don't totally agree with everything he does."

At the moment, all Ernie's doing is trying to convince a 12-year-old that a hook into the gutter is not the end of the world. Nor is he dressed like the Ché Guevara of bowling. His pasty, pock-marked face is topped by an early Beatle-cut mop of blond hair. His outfit is color-coordinated green, a two-tone jersey over dark polyester bell-bottoms whose only concession to flash is the pair of exposed white-plastic zippers running up the crotch and across the right thigh. He grins when we meet. "When I heard you were coming," Schlegel says, shaking my hand gently, "I thought it was a joke. Wait until I tell my wife."

Wait until I tell my editor, I think. The one who described Schlegel as the "hippie" of the pro-bowling tour. If he's a hippie, then I'm a jock. And bowling is a sport. We agree to meet later, and Ernie returns to his student.

Back at the Cranston Hilton, dinner is being served in the coffee shop. The drinking water smells like gasoline. A waitress is conversing with an elderly female customer who's asking about an absent cashier.

"She's not working tomorrow, either," the waitress says. "She had to fly to Minnesota or Milwaukee. Someplace that begins with an *M*. Her grandmother's very sick. She has cancer."

"So do I," says the woman at the table.

There is a pause in the conversation.

"She's such a nice girl," concludes the waitress.

"Yes," adds the woman, "she is."

Welcome to the world of big-time bowling.

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When Ernie Schlegel joined the PBA in the fall of 1967, he'd been bowling for only nine years and had already developed a reputation as something of a hustler, one of a group of New York City gamblers who'd travel to lanes in New Jersey and Connecticut every week, looking for action. Pot bowling, it's called. "I started in high school," Schlegel says, relaxing in his hotel basement suite overlooking a concrete retaining wall and a dying potted palm. "I needed some phys-ed credits. I went out

E.J. Kahn III, associate editor of Boston *magazine, says he can't score in a bowling alley, either.*

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANS EVENHUIS

ERNIE SCHLEGEL "I was exiled, like Ali, for the best three years of my life. I was a hungry lion and I got fat. I was fearsome. They made me stale."

for swimming, but couldn't stop smoking. So I took up the warmest sport I could." That didn't work out exactly as planned—a theme which runs throughout Schlegel's career. The alley his team frequented was an hour-and-a-half bus-and-subway trip from home; he'd freeze every winter evening simply trying to get there. Then a new alley went up around the corner from his home. "It was open twenty-four hours a day, and my gang—I was in a gang—we'd hang out there. After a while, you had to bowl a game or they'd chase you out. The other kids drifted away, but I stayed. I could do it. I was sheeting one seventy, one seventy-five from the day I picked up a ball."

By the time Schlegel graduated from high school, he "knew where the ball was going." He could have claimed an American Bowling Congress–sanctioned average of 205, but he kept his skills to himself. He became what the hustlers call a sandbagger—a good bowler who deliberately loses—and he started winning a lot of money. "I'd bowl guys who were legit, one-seventy-five bowlers. I'd bowl anybody, anywhere, as long as I said when. Skytop Lanes in Hartsdale, New York, was one of the great action stops. On Tuesday nights, every gambler from the city would go there. Monday was Paramus, New Jersey. Thursday was Brooklyn. It got to where I was making so much money—as much as thirty-five hundred on a single game—that other guys would challenge me only if I used a different ball from the red one I carried with me. So I'd pick up a green one or a black one, and deliberately wouldn't sheet as good. And I was loving every minute of it."

Almost.

Schlegel was still living at home with his parents, both of whom worked—his father as an apartment-house superintendent, his mother as a factory worker for the Benrus Watch Company. At his mother's insistence, he joined her at the watch factory the fall after his graduation. But he continued to bowl.

"I had a burning desire to bowl. I was bowling three hundred to four hundred games a week. I'd bowl all night and then work an eight-hour day. I'd get home at a quarter to six in the morning, sneak in without waking anybody up and take a shower. Then I'd sleep for fifteen minutes. My mother'd come in, wake me up, and I'd get out of bed and take another shower, just like I'd slept all night. We'd catch the train, and I'd sleep there, sleep during lunch, even sleep standing up. After twelve weeks, I was half dead on my feet. My paycheck was forty-two dollars and forty cents, and I was bowling for five hundred dollars a game."

Within a year, Schlegel had quit his job and lost both parents (he was an only child). He'd also been banned by the American Bowling Congress from bowling in any of its sanctioned leagues for two years. The ban was, as far as Schlegel is now concerned, another stroke of bad luck in what has become a long streak. Bowling in a team event, Schlegel was made captain. His group won the top prize of a few hundred bucks, but he didn't distribute it immediately, pocketing it instead to lend to a friend. A teammate—whom Schlegel says was later paid—complained, and Schlegel was brought before an ABC discipline committee. The committee members, already a little ticked off at Schlegel's admitted sandbagging, threw the book at him.

At 21, Schlegel was back and ready to join the Professional Bowlers Association, then in its fifth year of operation; but he was blocked by the hard feelings lingering from a run-in he'd had with Frank Esposito, then president of the association and owner of the Paramus, New Jersey, lanes favored by city hustlers. "There was a regular five-dollar pot game, and I was there with a couple of friends who weren't bowling. They were goofing off in the back. The guy running the lanes told them to shut up. They told him where to go. He cried like a baby to Esposito, and Frank came over and threw them out. The manager then points over toward me, and says, 'They came with *him*.' Now, I don't know what's going on. I'm bowling. In fact, I've thrown seven strikes in a row when the manager comes and taps me on the shoulder. 'After you finish, get out,' he says. 'This is your last game.'

" 'What're you talking about?' I say. 'This place don't close till three. I'm bowling till three.' 'No, you're not,' he says. Esposito comes over. 'I didn't do anything,' I say. Frank gives me a spiel. 'I says it's your last game.' 'We're bowling for pot,' I say. 'I want to keep bowling.' Now, Esposito's had it in for me for a while, 'cause I'd bowl at his place in dungarees and T-shirts, and he'd have to make me put a regular shirt on. So I get really pissed, lose my concentration and all my bets—a few hundred bucks. Mad. I say to him, 'You can take this center and stick it up your fucking ass.' So then I'm banned from joining the PBA for three years."

How's that?

"Well, I go to join the PBA and they send me to this guy. And he says, 'Sorry, you get in through Esposito [currently a vice-president with the PBA]. And *you* can't get in.' Then they say Esposito doesn't run the PBA. They say the players do."

Schlegel pauses, stares pop-eyed at the ceiling, and says, shaking his head as if he were Beaver Cleaver caught with his hand in the cookie jar, "Oh, no, Frank Esposito doesn't run the PBA." Schlegel says when he heard that, he drove to the George Washington Bridge and threw his ball into the Hudson River.

"I was exiled, like Ali, for the best three years of my life," Schlegel continues, his voice taking on the characteristics of a manic Southern man, drawling the clichés in a rising crescendo. "I was a hungry lion and I got fat. I was fearsome. The best tenth-frame shooter ever seen. *They* made me stale."

Schlegel leans forward and points to a paperback book he's brought with him: *Ali—The Greatest*. "Everything he's done, I've done. I was The Greatest before *him*. He talks about applying mental pressure. I used to wear a medal that said, WORLD'S GREATEST BOWLER. 'How can you get on the lane with me?' I'd ask. I didn't lose a match in a year and a half. When I couldn't get action where I lived, I'd get on a bus. I never lost the will to win. I felt so great, but I had to keep proving myself. That's how I knew I was great."

The Greatest is almost out of his chair now, and he has cloned Ali's voice so effectively that I'm cautiously watching for the right cross.

"But when I got to the top, all of a sudden I was losing something. When I was hustling, I had a knack for bowling a way to make [the other guy] think he was better. But once you're bowling at two hundred, they've seen all the tricks. Then it's just talent."

Whatever *it* is, Schlegel, upon joining the pro circuit, did not immediately display it. Perhaps it was due to his "exile," perhaps—as several pros suggested to me—a tendency to self-destruct. But the fact remains that in 1969—his first full year on the tour—Ernie Schlegel earned only $9718. He would have to make his mark in other ways.

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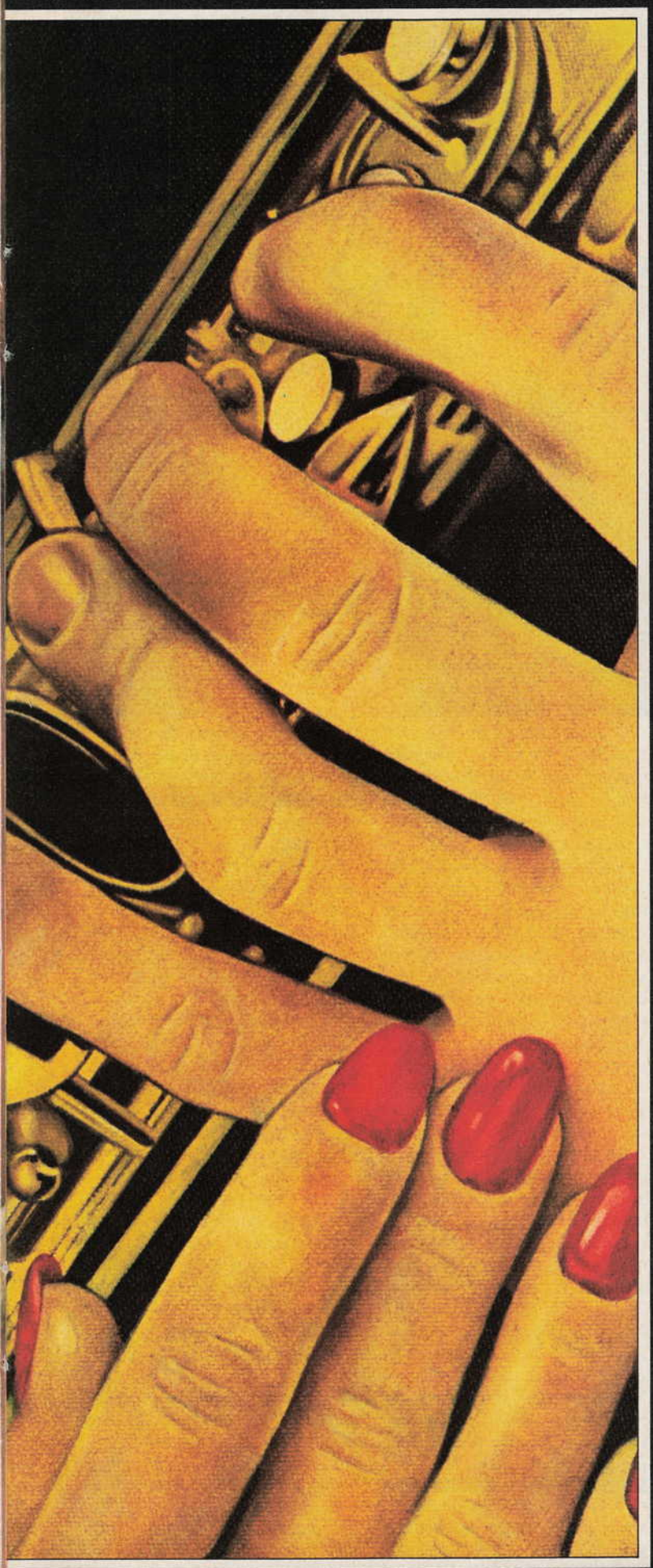
Although the Professional Bowlers Association is only 20 years old, pro bowling itself dates back to pre-Colonial times, when the city fathers of New Amsterdam outlawed the game of ninepin in the Big Apple's first crackdown on vice and gambling. In the best Gotham tradition, that effort was thwarted when the early keglers simply added a pin, thereby creating a "new," unregulated pastime—tenpin.

The game took on an organizational structure in the Forties and Fifties, when large, midwestern breweries began sponsoring tours for exhibition teams. And when the breweries lost interest in the late Fifties, Texas millionaire Lamar Hunt conceived the National Bowling League

(Continued on page 128)



THE JOY OF SAX

It moans, it sighs, it wails its way into the loins of women everywhere. Say hello to your competition — the orphaned instrument of bebop — the saxophone.

ARTICLE BY JOHN HYDUK

The Forties are back with us again in one of those eternal cycles as regular as the spin of a pre–oil crisis vinyl LP. Ballrooms may be called discos now, but the beat by any other name is just as sweet. Girls wear clingy dresses, layer on the jewelry and redden their lips to a shade that would turn the makeup man on a Broadway musical green with envy. Disco dancing has taken on the acrobatic overtones of jitterbug.

A few years back, Bette Midler turned people on to the music that was made when records spun faster than 33⅓ times a minute, and the word *swing* gradually took on another, more traditional, meaning in the music lover's vocabulary. Stand at the edge of any disco dance floor and squint: It's not too hard to imagine you are watching a videotape of a USO dance being played at the wrong speed.

And then you hear it, above the clink of ice in your glass, the whispered promises of love at your back and the rumble of the bass on the record. Not a voice exactly—halfway between a sob and a scream, squawking suggestively one minute, growling seductively the next. You strain your ear to make the identification . . . and then the song dips back to the hook line without missing a beat.

So what was that masked instrument, Tonto?

It was, of course, the saxophone. Mongrel of the music world and outsider to the polite society of chamber recitals, it looks like a piece of plumbing designed by Dali, or maybe a Dadaist sink trap. It was, indeed, assembled out of a mélange of parts more akin to Dr. Frankenstein's progeny than anything as wholesome

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE SAFFOLD

as the Bionic Cutie. But what the sax lacks in pedigree it more than makes up for in its influence.

Long a favorite of jazz musicians, the saxophone has again come of age in the Seventies. "Definitive" collections of the late Charlie "Bird" Parker's work are released almost weekly, with more pink lips than black ones trying to reproduce his sound. As a symbol, the sax haunts the work of the new visual poets, appearing in films as different as Francis Ford Coppola's quirky *The Conversation* and Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York*. Beyond Top-40 funk, the sax puts the bomp in rockers as disparate as newcomer Eddie Money and the *Street-Legal* Bob Dylan.

If the sax-crazed hordes continue to grow unwithered, music critics in a few years might be forced to paraphrase Thomas Carlyle's advice to the last century's poets, and turn aspiring musicians in a different direction: Put Down Thy Gibsons, Pick Up Thy Selmers.

When we asked John Hyduk what the biggest advantage was to playing the instrument, he replied: "It improves your oral-sex technique."

I often wondered who it was whom Maria really loved. I think she loved the young Pablo of the saxophone, with his melancholy black eyes and his long, white, distinguished, melancholy hands. I should have thought Pablo a somewhat sleepy lover, spoiled and passive; but Maria assured me that though it took a long time to wake him up he was then more strenuous and forward and virile than a prize fighter or riding master.
—Herman Hesse, Steppenwolf

The saxophone has long been used to inspire motion of one sort or the other. Military bands knew the power of the reed would wring that extra mile of double-time marching from battle-weary troops, and Swing Era dance bands counted on the sax section to tap a reflex in Depression audiences.

< Boots Randolph's album-cover interpretation of wooing his way into a woman's heart.

Then, with the advent of recorded music, the sound of the sax became a kind of snake charmer's flute for anyone with amorous intentions. From scratchy 78s spinning on the earliest gramophones to today's megastereos, the mating call of *Saxophonus eroticus*, a cunning blend of aural stimulation and the most sinuous spinal vibrato, has inspired and prolonged any number of intimate encounters.

We, of course, have known about the erotic properties of the sax for years; what's more, there's clinical data to back up our position. In 1973, the German sex researchers Otto-Jens and Gretel Meunchler published excerpts from their study *Phono Recordings and Human Sexuality: Cause, Effect, Cause, Effect*. In the article entitled "Sheet Music," the mysterious Meunchlers told us that males showed a definite predilection for the Afro-Cuban shriekings of Mongo Santamaria's band (especially the sax solos on the *Mongo at Montreaux* LP), and females polled favored the sensuous tenor-sax stylings of the late, great Lester Young. *All* agreed that the sax had near-magical powers to restore the shattered libido.

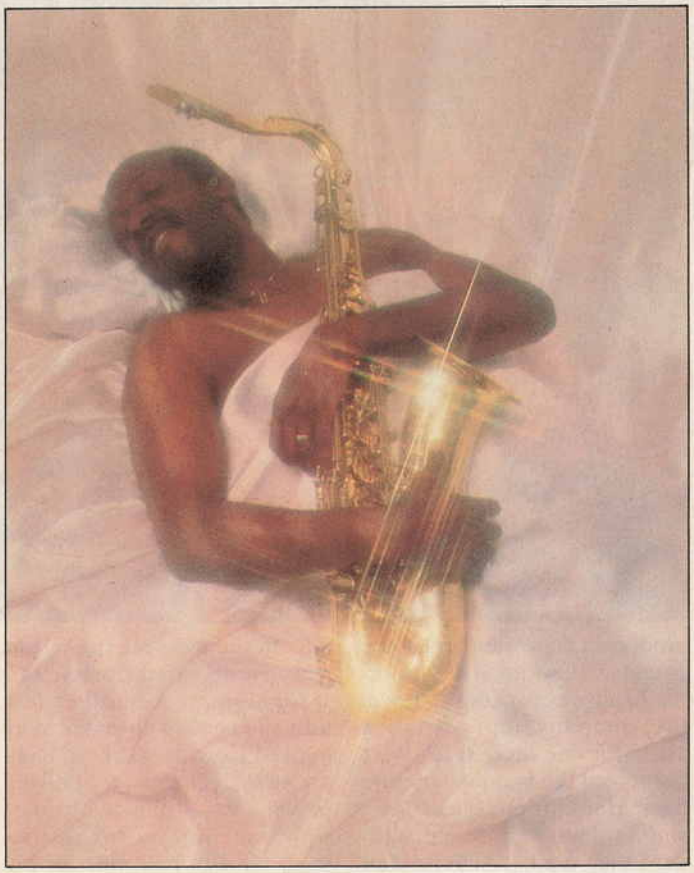
^ Joe Farrell knows the sax is sexy, as evidenced by his *Night Dancing* LP cover.

In layman's terms, there is a hell of a lot of evil in the old "serpent." So much, in fact, that sax recordings occupied three of the top five spots on the Meunchlers' turn-on music hit parade.

Alas, as it is with most decadence, the sax's sexy rep is almost as much good PR as performance. During the Twenties, a whole new generation of starving writers discovered the brass stranger in the same smoky underworld that gave them their first taste of the real world. As a result, the sax mystique has its literary roots in some of the finest novels of the first third of this century.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, who labored under the unenviable burden of being the spokesman for the Lost Generation and who hung the moniker "Jazz

The Crusaders' Wilton Felder: a love affair with his sax. >



Age" on the Twenties, used the saxophone throughout his career as the sound track for his best work—from the Stateside orgies with "the saxophone wailing the hopeless comment of the *Beale Street Blues*" in *The Great Gatsby* (1925) to the clip joints and dives of Paris where the dissipated fortunes of expatriates "stayed in the hands of chasseurs and saxophone players" (*Babylon Revisited*, 1931).

So pervasive was the *fin-de-siècle* image of the sax that when Herman Hesse, that bookish and cerebral author, sought to introduce Harry Haller, bookish and cerebral character, to the worldly pleasures of jazz and flesh (*Steppenwolf*, 1927), it seemed only natural that he seek out one Señor Pablo, an opium-smoking tenor-sax player from South America. Pablo was modeled, no doubt, on an actual denizen of one of Berlin's blood-red cabaret infernos.

So the sax *is* sexy. Musicians have always known that, in the orchestration of emotion, the sax provides the best bottom. Where would Rod Stewart's current crossover hit, *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?*, be without a sax solo to emphasize his appeal? Now, knowing the erotic properties of this instrument, can you ever hope to hear Lauren Bacall's insolent advice to Bogart on the finer points of room service ("If you want anything . . . just put your lips together and blow") in quite the same way? Jazz-loving ladies have always talked in glowing terms about the "big tone" and "wide sound" of the premier players, and aficionados maintain that the baritone sax gives the deepest note of all.

Size is unimportant. But technique *does* count.

People would say to me, "Bird invented bebop," and I would answer, "He did." Then they would say, "Where do you come in?"
—Dizzy Gillespie

The dubious appearance of the saxophone betrays the certainty surrounding the instrument's birth. There's no doubt as to the paternity; we know exactly who the father is. After all, the guy *did* give the kid his own name . . .

Antoine Joseph "Adolphe" Sax was the wunderkind of the European music business in the last century—the "instrument maker to the stars," who, at the time, were mainly Paris-based military bands. Born in Belgium in 1814, Adolphe saw that the political situation in Europe was more unsettled than an exiled pope's stomach, and wherever armies marched, brass bands played *Good Luck* (and *Goodbye* at the subsequent funerals). So young Adolphe, sensing a more lucrative market, packed up his father and their instrument-making business and in 1841 moved lock, stock and clarinet to the City of Light.

Now, the younger Sax *was* good; he had invented the bass clarinet at the tender age of 24, and within a few years of his arrival in Paris, he was supplying instruments to the French military. In 1846, he patented his latest invention, called (modestly enough) the Sax-O-Phone. By grafting the brass body of an older instrument called the "serpent" onto a clarinet-type mouthpiece, Sax was able to combine facility with power. Legend has it that the elder Sax pounded the bell of the first instrument into shape by hand on a tree stump.

So, when Adolphe Sax cashed in his chips and went to that great music store in the sky in 1894, he departed confident that his namesake was securely committed to a military career that would do Papa proud . . .

Meanwhile, back in the States . . .

Just about the time that Adolphe was probably muscling in on the harp concession in heaven, ragtime music, which had grown up in whorehouse parlors, moved from the red-light to the bright-light district and changed its name to jazz. Through the first decade of the 20th Century, a typical jazz band consisted only of a piano, banjo, drums, cornet and clarinet. But around the time of World War One, bandleaders, looking to fill out their sound and get by with the smallest lineup (fewer musicians to split the night's receipts), began to add the saxophone. To more conservative fans of the saxophone family, the introduction of this noble instrument into the jazz world was like learning your Aunt Sadie was performing with a mule in a stage show in Tijuana.

But *somebody* must have liked it, because the demand for the sax stayed as hot as jazz.

^ Charlie "Bird" Parker, the brain behind bebop.

As the sax found a new home in this "illegitimate" music, sax players began to gain a reputation as musical eccentrics. Trumpet players, pianists, clarinetists all seemed so happy; they were real "entertainers." But there was a certain mystique surrounding the fellow who made his living with the baritone, tenor or alto sax.

During the next 50 years the art of the saxophone was elevated from the level of primitive vitality to that of a subtle mental science. The sax's new status was due to two developments: First, revolutions in art, politics and literature brought a new perception to 20th-Century music; and, second, the work of a handful of talented individuals pushed the instru-

< Chasin' the 'Trane: John Coltrane, tenor-sax forefather.

ment and its music beyond prescribed limits and, in the process, turned themselves into cult figures.

Like Coleman "Bean" Hawkins, the first superstar of the sax. Since the mid-Twenties, his loud, vibrant tone had been the only accepted style of play. But by dawn's early light after an all-night "cutting session" in Kansas City in 1933, the cool sounds of Lester Young, Ben Webster and Herschel Evans had unseated the Bean. Young was dubbed "the President" that very night, proving there was more than one way to play a sax. The king was dead, declared the jazz world: Long live the Prez.

But the king wasn't dead; he was just KO'd. Like many other American jazz artists, Hawkins waited out the Depression gigging in Europe. But by 1939 he was back with a new band, a new nightclub engagement and a recording contract. The first session for the Bluebird label at New York City's Victor Recording Studios went well enough, producing three numbers in the patented Hawkins style. But as the band was packing to leave, the company representative asked for one more take: Why not record the band's signature tune? Hawkins protested; *Body and Soul* was just an old standard they used to sign on and off with. The company insisted, Hawkins relented, and jazz took one step forward. The *body* of the song is the familiar melody, but the *soul* is all Hawkins'. It is his masterpiece, his Mona Lisa. It is brilliant. It is bittersweet. It is jazz.

∨ David Bowie: Even with his androgynous development, he can't let his phallus go.

By the time World War Two ended, jazz was a house divided, with sections of the Big Apple nurturing opposing factions. The area around 52nd Street had become a kind of tatty Montparnasse for exponents of bebop, a sound style much discussed but never pinned down or crystallized into anything as concrete as a phonograph record. Then, one night in 1945, Charlie Parker, acknowledged coleader with Dizzy Gillespie of the bebop movement, dropped into the Savoy Recording Studios with a pickup band that included Max Roach on drums and a young Miles Davis on trumpet. Parker cut *Ko Ko* and *Now's the Time*, and the example was set. For bebop, it was the moment of birth. For jazz, it was an event akin to some ancient Greek's decision to jot down the story told by that blind guy, Homer Whatsisname.

In 1959, just when the general public was beginning to fathom the pyrotechnics of the recently deceased Parker, the saxophone took another left turn and headed down the road marked DANGER: FALLING BARRICADES. The new master player was John Coltrane, whose facility on his instrument already had most of his contemporaries "chasin' the 'Trane." His new composition, *Giant Steps*, recorded at an Atlantic Records session, soon became required listening for apprentice sax players, one of the five impossible pieces every aspiring musician wrestled with.

I wouldn't mind a band with sort of five saxophones. Like in Little Richard. It was always simple. Like the sax really thought they played behind. They were great.
—Mick Jagger, 1971

Now, the thing to keep in mind about the saxophone is that it's totally amoral: It doesn't give a damn who plays it. Brazen in the literal sense, it will nestle in any player's arm, place its beak between his lips and carry on shamelessly for whoever has enough staying power to make its reed vibrate. Truth is, all the time jazzmen were calling it their own, the sax had gone and taken up with a rock-'n'-roll star.

> Grover Washington, Jr.: His sax felled every female who listened, but men were not impressed.

∧ Clarence Clemons and Bruce Springsteen at San Francisco's Winterland, 1978.

The electric guitar is the foundation on which the rock genre is built, but most classic Fifties rock tunes featured a sax solo, a carryover from the new music's roots in rhythm and blues. Rudy Pompelli's break wound up Bill Haley's *Rock Around the Clock*, and King Curtis pushed most of the Coasters' songs into the Top 10.

The sax appeal remained hot and heavy well into the Sixties, sustained mainly by American rhythm-and-blues groups, although some rockers kept their horns as a matter of tradition. The Kingsmen of *Louie, Louie* fame used a saxophone, as did Paul Revere and the Raiders (for example, Mark Lindsey's solo on *Melody for an Unknown Girl* on the *Midnight*

Ride LP). And remember Sam the Sham? Remember Lee Allen and Red Tyler with Little Richard? Remember Junior Walker? Remember?

But the appearance of such musicians as Jimi Hendrix, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton and Peter Townshend turned our musical ear away from the sax-punctuated soul and R&B sound to the twangs of the lead guitar. The sax as sexy instrument fell into relative obscurity as every kid in every suburban garage slung a Gibson around his hips.

Even The Beatles never used the sax until late in their collective career, when Ronnie Scott led a section on *Lady Madonna*. By then, the psychedelic Summer of Love groups like the Doors, with Curtis Amy's solo on *Touch Me*, and Traffic, with woodwind player Chris Wood on everything, were bringing the sax back in the search for a new sound.

Blood, Sweat & Tears and Chicago recognized the value of horns in their big-band sound, and the reemergence of woodwinds and brass began. (One aspiring teen idol of this period, David Jones, looked for work as a tenor player before he changed his name to David Bowie and learned to play his image instead of his instrument.)

The formal nod of approval was given the rock-'n'-roll sax with the release of the Rolling Stones' LP *Let It Bleed* in December 1969. Bobby Keys's roadhouse sax solo on Leon Russell's arrangement of *Live with Me* more than fit the Stones' sound and Jagger's image, and on subsequent albums, such as *Sticky Fingers* and *Exile on Main Street*, the Keys/Stones combination brought the sax into a hard-rock revival.

Each of the now-solo Beatles picked up his own personal sax player. Paul McCartney recorded with Howie Casey; George Harrison teamed with Tom Scott, who was loaned out on occasion to Paul and Ringo; and John Lennon played with King Curtis Ousely before Ousely's death in 1971.

By the time Bruce Springsteen dispensed with *Greetings from Asbury Park* and decided he was *Born to Run*, the sax was not only accepted; it was vital to an accurate evocation of the New Jersey night. Springsteen's Clarence Clemons is more than just another member of the band. He is the white-suited, gold-toothed, sax-honking urban-bandito symbol that the leather-clad, tennis-shoed, guitar-playing Springsteen needs to bounce off of and still land in the Hot 100. The sax has not only made it all the way back; like rock 'n' roll, it's here to stay.

Learn to work the saxophone
I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whisky all night long
And die behind the wheel . . .
—Steely Dan, Deacon Blues, 1977

Which brings us to where we find the sax today.

All "streams" of jazz are undergoing a sax revival like none since the heydays of Bean and the Prez. Ancient, ever-changing master Sam Rivers rolls along and sells records; Grover Washington, Jr., is on the charts; and bespectacled composer Anthony Braxton records symphony-length sax solos. A visit to *The Today Show* by Scott Hamilton, a 23-year-old tenor player from New England, had Tom and Jane and Gene burbling about the days of Coleman Hawkins, between station breaks and dog-food commercials.

Rock group Steely Dan has done more than anyone to introduce old Adolphe's progeny to a wide audience. The group's rock/jazz-hybrid albums have always employed the crème de la crème of sax session men, from Jerome Richardson on their first, to Tom (L.A. Express) Scott, Pete Christlieb and Wayne (Weather Report) Shorter on their platinum *Aja*. The Dan's radio hit, *Deacon Blues*, is a study of the saxophonist-as-outcast mythos; the music recalls "cool" jazz, and the lyrics sketch the early-death syndrome that has haunted the scene since drug fixings first started appearing in the spare-reed case.

^ Robert De Niro in *New York, New York*: Deserted by all save his tenor.

Where is it all headed? Probably into a sax-as-fashion-accessory phenomenon. The sax is intimately identified with jazz musicians, people who traditionally define their own space on the dark outer edges of the known universe, people to whom nothing much seems to matter except the passion of their music. The sax has become a cultural symbol, eliciting as precise a gut reaction as any other icon of the pop culture, and as such, it finds itself within striking distance of becoming a full-fledged Totem.

Remember when cocaine first entered the national imagination and tiny coke spoons began to bounce from chains amid the chest hairs of indulgers and nonindulgers alike? The same thing will happen with the sax: Nonplayers will be intrigued by the world-weary image it evokes, and that fantasy fabric will be sewn into a garment as adaptable as the navy-blue blazer. Expect to see a photo layout in *GQ* one of these months with the sax as dominant symbol. Add one to a black tux and become a musician on a break from a Gatsby gig on Long Island. Switch to a rumpled brown suit and a striped tie, and it's one-night-stand time on a big-band bus in the old South. Try a drape suit, grow a goatee and add a beret, and 52nd Street is the frame of reference.

What could match the decadence of an antique Selmer rescued from a rich great-uncle's attic, or bought at auction, or redeemed from the neon and rusted-grate oblivion of a pawnshop window, to grace the threads of a Meledandri suit? If you acquire the cold, unconquerable air of an aristocrat like Coleman Hawkins, could the doorman at Studio 54 *dare* turn you away?

Remember that scene in *New York, New York* (a movie that if made ten years ago would have been about a trumpet player; think about it), when Robert De Niro soloed under a New York City street lamp, separated from his lady and his livelihood, alone in the American night, deserted by all save his tenor? What could be more romantic than that?

What, indeed. □

RINAH

PURE MILK AND HONEY

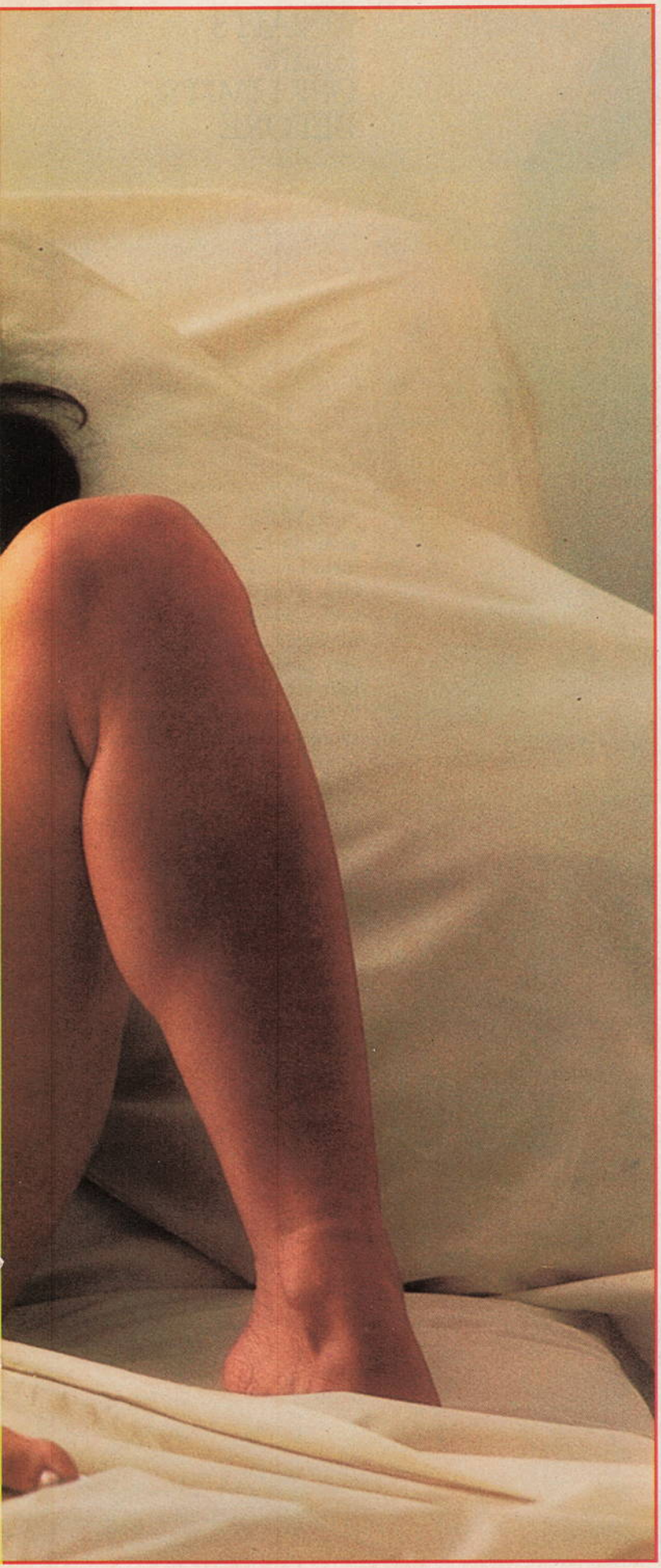
"Imagine *me* a soldier." Rinah laughed as she patted herself dry. We tried, but it was impossible to think of her clad in shapeless khaki. "Camp life can be so damned confining," she confessed. "Even a native-born Israeli—we are called *sabras*—can't wait for a weekend pass." She considered the matter further. "Devotion to my homeland is a fine thing, but there's something even more wonderful about caring for myself. I would rather take a warm shower with a friend than have a cold war with strangers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Twenty-two-year-old Rinah was amused. We had feared our journey to Israel would turn up women who were... well, masculine. "Always I am bothered that I never have a chance to bare my body while on maneuvers. I ask you—

what would happen if I were to tear off my uniform in the middle of battle? You see, I am convinced that my chest should be used as a secret weapon for peace." At a sensuous 38DD, Rinah was talking our kind of caliber.

SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR HER WEEKEND PASS



"I'D RATHER HAVE A WARM SHOWER THAN A COLD WAR!"

Until she consented to pose for OUI, Rinah kept her weekends in Tel Aviv a secret. As it always is in the Near East, there were certain conditions: In exchange for all of Barbra Streisand's and Donna Summer's albums, Rinah agreed to share one of her precious afternoons. "I retreat to the city, so I can squeeze every moment of excitement from forty-eight hours. I soak up the sunshine during the long, warm days; then, late at night, I go to secret cafés where international types smoke hashish and talk about smuggling. There I meet Lebanese, French, English, even an occasional Iranian or American. I look for a man who does not care about diplomacy and borders and all that. A man like you." Rinah then chuckled and hugged herself at the expense of the busy photographer. "Sometimes I even rendezvous with an Arab if I am in the mood. Why? They raise wonderful horses; they are uncircumcised; and they turn into wild men when they see my body."

RINAH'S BEEN OFF LIMITS BEFORE

"Before you go, I must tell you about my favorite hotel in Tel Aviv, Le Malouom. It is over a colorful bazaar, and it is heaven to make love while listening to the crowds in the street below. After the man I have chosen leaves, I lie back and fantasize about a wonderful night when I was barely fifteen. I was still living in the kibbutz, and I was shy about my large breasts. That night I snuck off limits to an olive grove with a young soldier who had blond hair. In the bright moonlight it was very dangerous. We could have been killed, but still I let him caress me as a woman should be caressed." Shalom, brave Rinah.

WHO

SCRIPT TEASE

"One day I just said to myself, 'Well, that's it, schmuck.' " So began **Melanie Mayron**'s rap about her transformation from the zoftig photographer she played in the movie *Girlfriends* to the sexy dish she is today. "For fifteen days I had nothing but coffee and Tab—not your average health diet."

Such drastic measures were not always necessary. "As a kid I was flat-chested and a string bean. I'd sit around drinking milkshakes and eating junk food all day, and people would say to me, 'Jesus Christ, how do you do it?' Then at twenty I got breasts—you know, *bazooms*. I just blew up. I couldn't believe it."

Along with her new figure, Melanie can now add to her list of accomplishments the recent sale of an original script, *The Painted Smile*. "I wrote it because my mother was always asking me, 'Melanie, when are you going to get a part where you don't have to take your clothes off?' In *Car Wash* I was sitting on the toilet. In *Girlfriends* I ran through the loft naked, and in *Hustling* I was a hooker, so of course I had to undress. I figured the only way I could keep my clothes on was to write a script for myself. So I did."

—M. Jeffries and Marie Moneysmith

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

"Then at twenty I got breasts—you know, bazooms. *I couldn't believe it."*

MEL SCHNEIDMAN

LEARY OF ANN-MARGRET?

Says **Laura Jane Leary**: "People always stop me while I'm practicing my roller-skating in the Hollywood Hills, because they think that I'm **Ann-Margret**. It happens so often that I don't even deny it anymore." Unlike Ann-Margret, Laura Jane is naturally endowed with flaming-red hair and blue-green eyes, but the resemblance to the famous actress is so close that Leary recently won an Ann-Margret lookalike contest held in Las Vegas. "I'm sure there is a double for every person in this life," she says, "and I'm fortunate to be aware of mine."

Presently, Laura Jane is a leading defensive skater for the Chicago Hawks in the rough-and-tumble Roller Games League. Because of her eye-catching looks and skating skills, she performed difficult skating stunts for the now-defunct TV series *Roller Girls*, as well as for a beer commercial.

Although Leary is looking for more movie stunt work, she's not averse to a little real-life adventure: "I've always wanted to take on the whole men's skating team—on the track." —MEL SCHNEIDMAN

DEAN SIMMON

BUFFALOED BY THE MAFIA

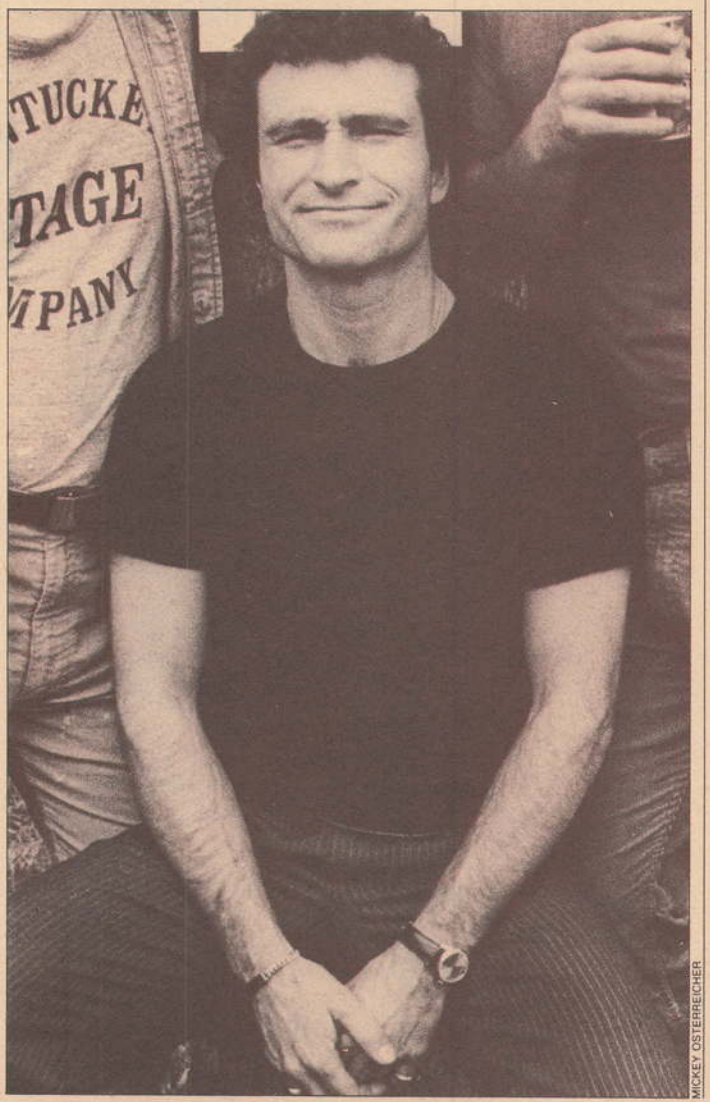
"The Mafia exists," says actor **Robert Viharo**. "It is the cornerstone of the economic system of our country. You can knock it all you want, but it's got some of the most forthright, out-front people I know—the best businessmen this country has. The others—the politicians and businessmen who run the corporations—are more crooked."

Viharo came by his convictions after researching the role of **Paddy Calabrese** for the film *Hide in Plain Sight*, which marks **James Caan**'s directorial debut. Calabrese was the first Mafia informer to be given a new lease on life by the U. S. Government's witness-relocation program in 1967.

"The Mafia's got some of the best businessmen this country has."

Viharo found that the Italian community he visited in Buffalo was eager to accept him as the man on whom his part is based. "To them, I *am* Paddy Calabrese, an **Errol Flynn** type who likes to dangle one foot over a cliff." Even now, feelings for and against the real Calabrese are so strong that old girlfriends have boasted to Viharo of their relationships, while other people still "want to get this guy. One man saw the actress playing my girl in the film," recalls Viharo, "and he said, 'I always wanted to kiss Paddy's girl.' He laughed but he was serious. I let him do it."

—ROBERTA PLUTZIK

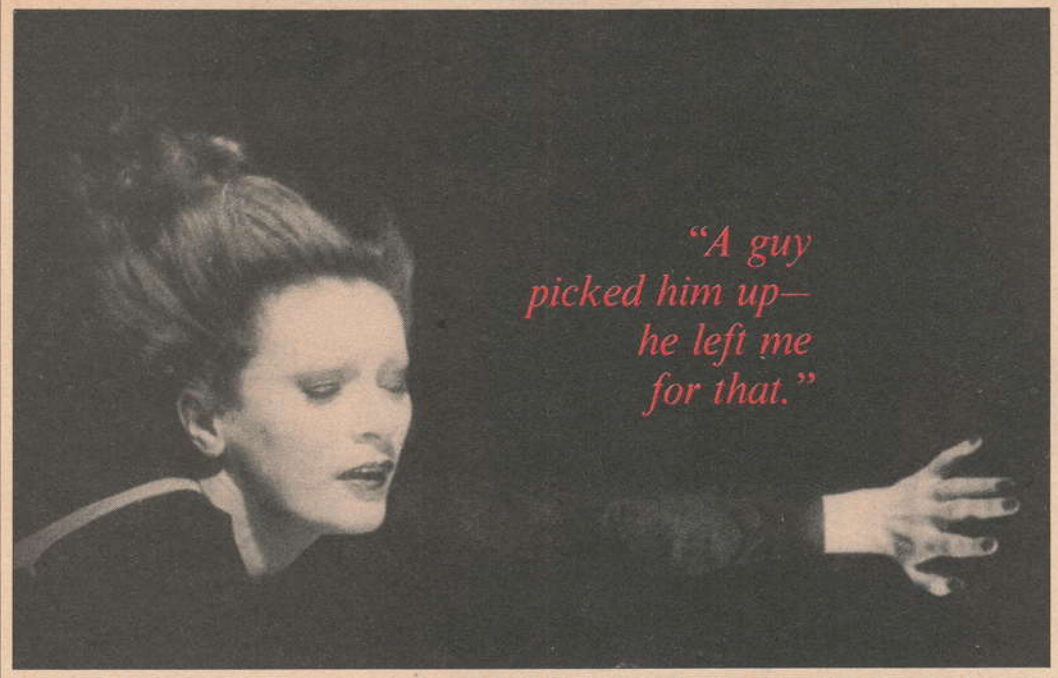

MICKEY OSTERREICHER

READY FOR PUKE ROCK?

A product of the polluted degradation of Gary, Indiana, 22-year-old singer **Jim Skafish**'s twisted, distorted figure has been deposited on punk stages all across the country, from Los Angeles' Whisky to New York's CBGB. With his plump breasts (usually covered by tube tops or women's blouses), his 1953 Pontiac nose and his pageboy hairdo, Skafish sings his own compositions, which are based largely on his deprived childhood: "They used to say to me, 'We'll let you play with us if you march by and let us shoot caps at your feet,' " he recalls fondly.

Skafish gives renewed meaning to the word *bizarre*. His act ends with his stripping down to a one-piece woman's bathing suit, which leaves his audience with a distinct feeling of revulsion. One of his goals is to model for *Sixteen* magazine. But with lyrics like "I don't want to go to the baseball game/It's a hundred degrees and I'm throwing up," one wonders if *Sixteen* is quite ready for him.

—SAL MANNA



TAKIN' IT FROM THE STREETS

Ingrid Caven is outrageous. There's no other word to describe her. She's a singer whose songs are *never* pretty—even **Lou Reed** could learn a few sinister licks from this German cabaret crooner. Like Lou, she sings about the streets, and her big complaint these days is that her streets stink. Worse, as one song tells us, her man Fred split when "a guy picked him up—he left me for that."

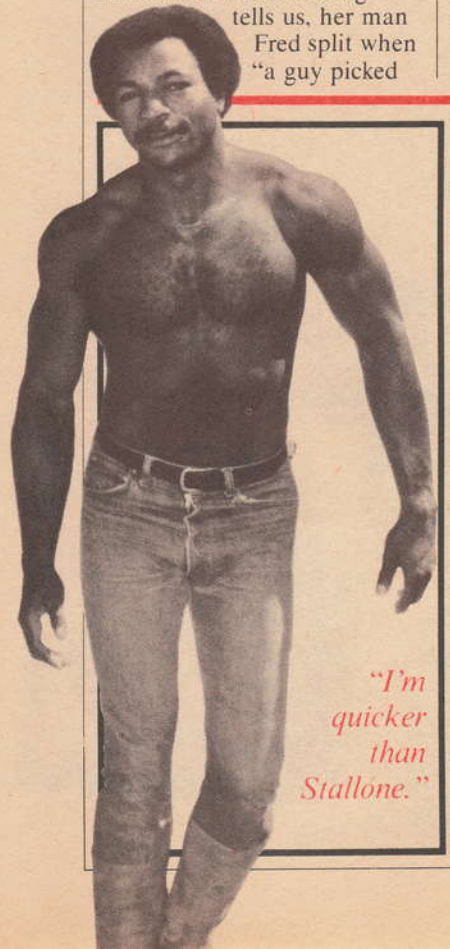
What would you expect from a woman who's married to an admitted homosexual, German film director and art-house fave **Rainer Werner Fassbinder**? No matter to Ingrid. She loves him, she explains—and why not? Fassbinder at least keeps her busy on the movie set; she has appeared in three of his more controversial movies.

But gays aren't her only passion. Ingrid also sings about whores, johns ("a john is disgusting and it stinks, and you call a man that"), leather, and that surefire showstopper, *Acne Vulgaris.*

Is America ready for Ingrid Caven? We'd better be. Ingrid's planning an American tour and says she just might decide to settle here.

Guess nobody's told her our streets stink, too.

—ROBERT MCGARVEY



APOLLO'S CREED

Says **Carl "Apollo Creed" Weathers**, "I'm quicker than **Stallone**." Set to reprise his role as the jive-talking boxing champ in the forthcoming *Rocky* sequel, Weathers gloats, "If it wasn't fantasy land, nobody'd believe that last fight in *Rocky.*" One glimpse of Weathers in the flesh and you *know* he's right. Heartthrob Sly could not go 15 seconds—forget 15 rounds—with the massively muscled Weathers, a former footballer with the **Oakland Raiders** and the **British Columbia Lions**.

How does a linebacker make it from crushing bodies for real to the pretense of the silver screen? Well, Weathers' commitment to the touchdown follies never ran that deep. "I just started playing in high school because the ballplayers got the girls." Tired of girls, are you? "No. I quit when I said to myself, 'What the fuck am I doing *this* for? I want to act.' "

So Weathers went straight for the throats of the movie moguls and quickly racked up roles, forsaking the starving-actor routine. *Rocky II* is soon to come, and *Force Ten from Navarone* (where he has a tête-à-tête with **Richard Kiel**, "Jaws" of the James Bond flicks) is now on your local big screen.

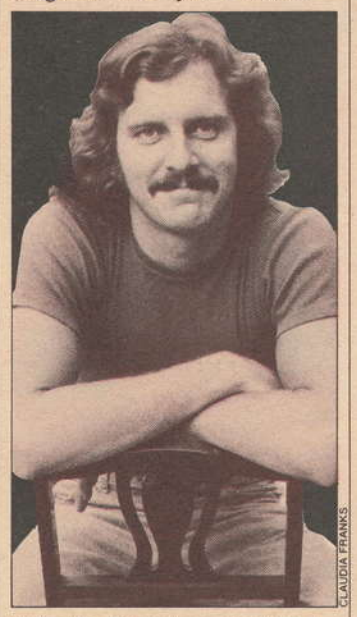
But, Carl, your roles are all tough-guy parts. Is that what you want to do when you grow up? "Naw," he says, "I want to run a locomotive."

—R. MCG.

WRESTLING WITH THE TRUTH

"I wrote *Popsicle Toes*," explains jazz singer/songwriter **Michael Franks**, "as a result of that anatomical condition everyone encounters from time to time—namely, cold feet." And the raw lyrics that accompany the song's smooth melody ("You got the nicest North America this sailor ever saw / I love to feel your warm Brazil and touch your Panama") have caused more than one double take from the casual listener.

Fortunately, Franks has continued his outrageous lyrical twists through four Warner Bros. albums, as exemplified by the song, *Wrestle a Live Nude Girl.* "I encountered that particular situation while living in Los Angeles," he says. "I would drive by this place, the Academy of Nude Wrestling, at least a couple of times a week—and there was this rate card posted out front telling you how you could wrestle a 'Live Nude Girl' for a mere twenty-five bucks. If you only had ten, they'd let you go in the back room where there were these polyethylene dolls."



So, did he go in? "Well, no. I got cold feet." Aha. The beginning of a new lyric . . . *Dreamsicle Toes.*

—FRANC GAVIN

LIFE'S A GAMBOL

"Superficially, there's a lot of sex in Las Vegas. But there's much less of what happens between the bedcovers than in most towns. I believe you could have four nude girls standing at a dice table and nobody would pay attention. Gambling is the most intense experience I know of, including sex," says risk-taking author and publisher **Lyle Stuart**.

Stuart runs a New Jersey–based company with remarkable best-seller success (*The Sensuous Woman, The*

© 1979 THOMAS VICTOR

Last Chance Diet, Jackie Oh!). His own *Casino Gambling for the Winner* sold out a first printing of 40,000 within weeks. It's an account of ten trips to Vegas from which the rotund Stuart ("a thin man trapped in a fat man's body") emerged $166,505 richer.

Friends insist that Stuart has also been known to *lose* a few hundred thou in a weekend, but them's the breaks. Says the millionaire publisher: "When I didn't have any money, I was reactionary. Now that I'm wealthy, I'm much more radical."

—R. P.

JIM SHEA

CITIZENS SHANE

"Most rock-'n'-rollers work too hard to really party," says rock journalist **Heather Shane**. "They're always tired. Most of the stars I thought were going to be really sexy turned out to be kinda blah." Heather, who looks so cute she couldn't be a minute over 17 (and she isn't), is the editor of *Hot Rocks*, a slick rock quarterly that's distributed at concerts and Fiorucci boutiques throughout the country.

Heather gets some help in her backstage investigations from publisher **Annie Shane**, her mother.

"Heather was going to a lot of concerts and wanted to get to meet the stars," explains Annie, who could pass for a teenager herself. "So I decided to help her start a magazine."

After all, what's a mother for? Decked out in rakish outfits from the 1930s, 1940s and 1990s, the two vamps troupe around with the likes of **Rod Stewart**, **Tom Petty**, **Rick Derringer** and **Cheap Trick**, who end up featured in lush photo spreads in the magazine.

And what happens when this dynamite duo falls for the same fella? "That's not a problem," Mom giggles. "The older ones go for Heather and the younger ones go for me."

—JAN GOLAB

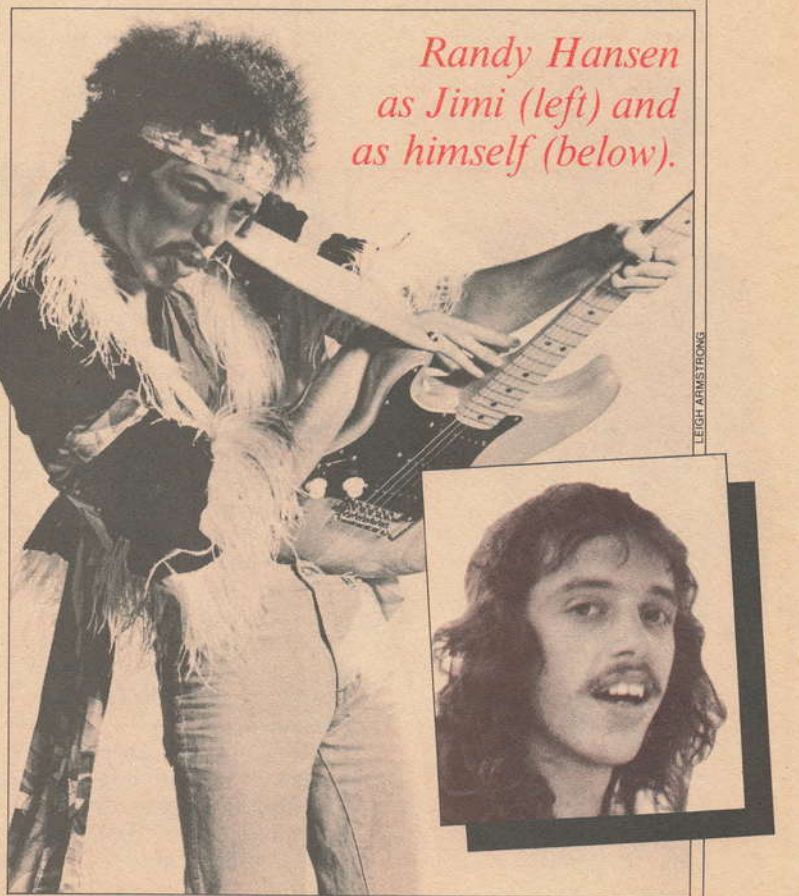
GIMME JIMI

Randy Hansen is no **Elvis**-come-lately. Hansen, a 24-year-old Seattle guitarist, is setting the West Coast on fire with his **Tribute to Jimi Hendrix** show.

Any geek at a car wash with some black Shinola and a girdle can do a bad Presley, but many competent guitarists get headaches just thinking about reproducing *Purple Haze* note for note. It took Hansen ten years, but he's done it. Hansen and his group, **Machine Gun**, became the first unsigned act to play L.A.'s Starwood club, and they ended the summer of '78 opening for **Heart** to tens of thousands.

But success doesn't come easily. Hansen has chipped several teeth and cut up his lips and gums while learning to pick a guitar with his teeth just the way Jimi did. Not only that, but foxy ladies waiting backstage fail to recognize Hansen when he emerges from his dressing room, minus wig and makeup . . . a problem Jimi never had.

—DAN DEPREZ



Randy Hansen as Jimi (left) and as himself (below).

LEIGH ARMSTRONG

Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair.

Once Attainable Only in Private Doctor Run "Baldness" Clinics, Now You Can Receive Biotin Directly Through The Mail!

Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who were losing their hair have flocked to the expensive newly created treatment centers where 'specially trained' personnel apply a Biotin gel to these people's scalps to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel.

Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

The hair stops growing because the hormone androgen (testosterone) shortens your hair's growing phase. Quite plainly, your hair rests too soon! This is not an unnatural process: almost every man alive has noticed that his hair starts to thin as he becomes more mature . . . and it's the accumulation of the testosterone hormone that does it!

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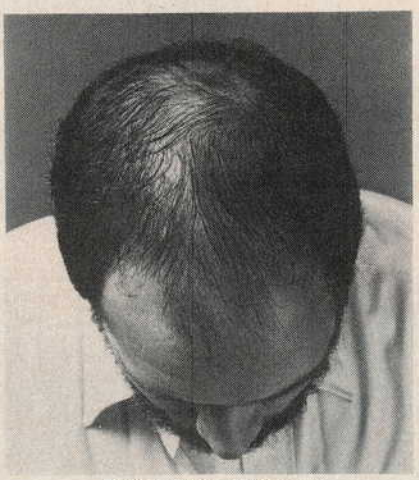
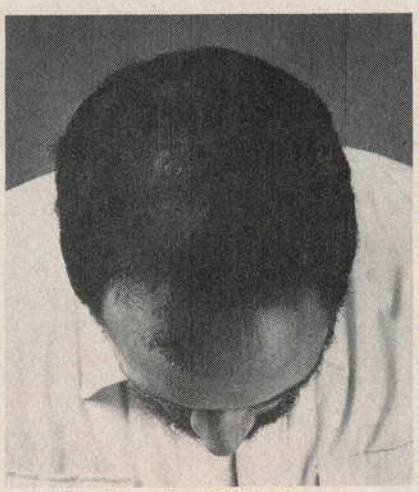


Before Biotin Treatment.



After 10 weeks of Biotin Treatment.

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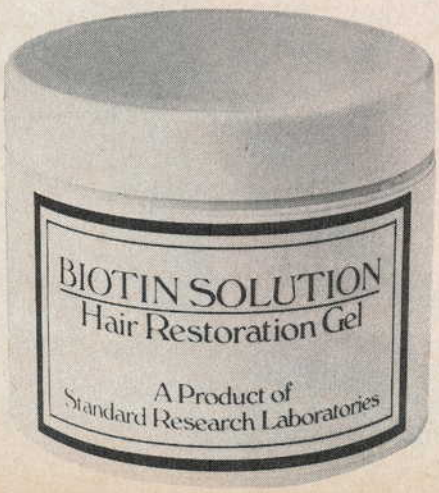

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A. This is the West Coast nylon semi-brief cut, and it's only for guys on whose stomachs you can do a load of wash. $9.00.

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C. From Hang Ten, these heavy cotton and polyester trunks have a useful back pocket. $15.50.

OUT-OF-TRUNK EXPERIENCES

Photography by Phillip Dixon
Coordination by Judith Dan

H.

F.

G.

D. The look this year is the athletic training suit. Here from Lightning Bolt is a red polyester and cotton boxer trunk with slits up the sides. $12.00.

E. Emerald-green bikini in knit Antron nylon and Lycra spandex from Catalina. Panel supports inside to hold the balls it takes to wear one. $9.00.

F. This tailored trunk has an inside pocket and full support of all essential areas. Nylon satin in gold with royal-blue side stripes from Catalina. $16.00.

G. From Golden Breed, this nylon tricot swim-racer bikini holds its own in any competition. Holds yours, too. $8.00

H. From Arena, this trunk called "The Hustle" is strictly for the guy who's been killing himself to look good on the beach. Great for tanning. $9.00.

I. The suit with the "spoiler"—gold racing stripes slightly raised on the side for the Le Mans look. From Catalina for $15.00. □

DOG DAYS

Sometimes man's best friend is a...woman

FICTION BY STEVEN DIMEO

It all began when Champagne, yapping sharply, went skittering on her short legs to investigate the clattering at the mail slot – as if her 18-pound dachshund-cockapoo frame could have protected me from anything more menacing than a maimed fly. I had spent the morning – the morning of my 30th birthday – brooding over my dubious accomplishments thus far, not the least of which was rewarding myself with a vacation day for having somehow wasted ten years already at McCann's department store. And all I could see in the immediate future was yet another company picnic, at which McCann would once more celebrate his "self-made man" image as if he had invented the concept and it still prevailed – for everyone, of course, but his employees.

I paused in my musings and noticed Champagne sniffing hesitantly at what had dropped from the mail slot. It was a burnished-red manila envelope addressed in brilliant gold.

At first I thought the mailman had made a mistake and delivered something to the wrong address. One couldn't expect too much these days from any government worker so vastly overpaid, except perhaps another strike or postal-

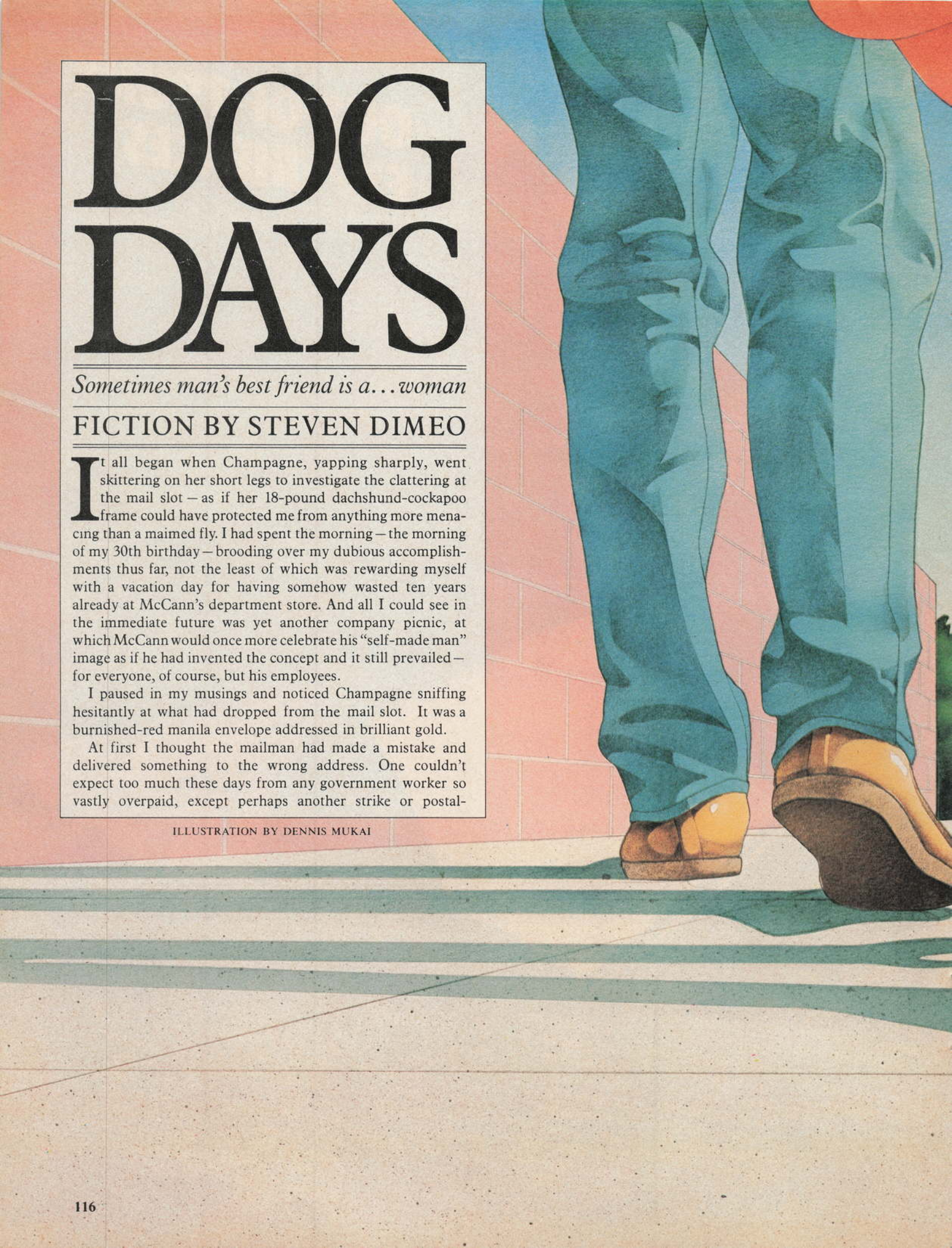

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

DOG DAYS "Champagne?" I gulped. What crouched now on all fours before me was a vaguely confused and very naked sandy-haired woman!

rate hike. But a quick check of the garish lettering dispelled the doubt: It was clearly meant for me.

I slit open the flap.

The deckle-edged letter paper crackled like parchment as I pulled it out. Red letters, scripted in the same uncial style as the address, stood out in relief from the stark black paper.

> Alex Graham
> 2500 West Meridian St.
> Ashborough, Nohomish
>
> Dear Mr. Graham:
> Congratulations! We are pleased to announce that you have just won—

I groaned. It started out like any other standard commercial ploy by one more overzealous subscriber to the lopsided joys of American capitalism. I suppose it was simple curiosity about the nature of the commodity I'd just "won" that made me continue reading.

> —this month's Merlin Enterprise grant, entitling you to anything you have always wanted!

I'd heard of generous offers to entice gullible consumers before, but this was surely the most presumptuous!

> Although you have the maximum three wishes traditionally offered, we recommend that every grantee carefully weigh his alternatives first, before using up his options. Unlike our competitors, we prefer contented customers and do our best to avoid the accidental "tricks" that have damaged the reputation of this business in the past. It is better to wish one well-conceived wish than three necessitated by hastiness in making the first.
>
> Once expressed in any form, the wishes will, of course, be granted instantly, remaining in effect for life or until such time as the grantee might countermand it during the term of one sidereal month, when all three wishes must be made.
>
> We heartily welcome you to our list of satisfied dreamers!
>
> Best wishes,

The signature was a smaller impression of the nameplate at the top of the stationery's letterhead. The name Merlin Enterprises had been ornately embossed there, the *M* graphically rendered like a phoenix with wings outspread, rising from leaf-shaped fire.

I turned over the envelope. No post-box number, no street address, no city, nothing. Not even a stamp, I suddenly noticed.

Had someone simply dropped it through the slot, then, as a joke?

Champagne was still staring up at me, smacking her lips lightly, wagging her tail and shifting her forepaws in anticipation of the walk she thought I was about to take her on.

The more I considered the message, the madder I got.

What a cruel hoax to play on someone like me—and on this day of all days!

Merlin Enterprises indeed! The name itself bespoke an utter lack of imagination. Which meant it was undoubtedly the brainchild of one of my co-workers at McCann's. But who?

The slit-eyed, hook-nosed merchandising manager, Ernest Kant? That gray-haired, buck-toothed Beulah Bell, who grudgingly worked for me in the men's department? Or the slovenly Clara Steel, who, in her rather limited capacity as shoe-department cashier, eyed everyone else as a subordinate?

It was hard to imagine any of them displaying enough talent to come up with a trick even as hackneyed as this.

Maybe it was Sylvia. Of course, it had been over three years. We'd just gotten Champagne for Christmas, and Sylvia named the puppy—in a rare moment of honesty—for one of her more eternal loves. That was the same time I'd been passed over for the position Kant had been promoted to. Soon after, Sylvia ran off with that long-haired plumber who liked Ripple, reruns of *Gilligan's Island* and Sylvia's gooseberry tarts, in roughly that order. Was this her way of mocking me?

Or could it, after all, be Jill? She had tried her damnedest to make me forget the passion I thought I'd had for Sylvia, but Jill had never overcome her petty jealousy or feelings of inadequacy. We had broken up just three months ago with all the finesse of a mongoose bidding adieu to a cobra. She was certainly vindictive enough to do something like this, but—

God! The tally was beginning to read like any average paranoid's hit list.

Champagne, giving up on the walk, pawed at my pant leg, then jumped up into my arms.

I cradled her as she licked at my palm. Now, here was a female I could trust! For almost four years, through the growing realization that I was doomed to a financially secure oblivion in the same job for the rest of my life, Champagne had stuck by me. We couldn't exactly share common interests over the breakfast table, and she didn't quite have the wherewithal to work me through my fading career ambitions; but she was certainly an avid devotee who would have if she had been able. She had always been there, wanting to be around when I needed her most.

And isn't that really all any of us wants? Someone, or a group of someones, who will always look up to us for what we are, even if the rest of the world refuses to? I thought for a moment about why the word *dog* had become such a word of scorn for women. Humans could surely do worse than be as loving and faithful an animal as Champagne. Sometimes, in fact, I remember thinking, I almost wished she *were* a woman.

Champagne's yelping startled me back to reality. Her hind legs flexed and her claws accidentally dug into my arms as she leaped back to the carpet and scrambled for the sliding door to the patio. She stared blankly at her reflection, craned her neck around to me, her naturally dark eyebrows wrinkling as she whimpered.

"What do you want now, girl?" I started toward her. "Outside?" I smirked. "Just like a woman—never satisfied!" And I slid the door aside.

For a moment she didn't move at all; she just stood there, whining. Then her ears perked and she began to tremble.

Did she sense someone coming back to the door?

I listened. Only the noise of passing cars on Meridian Street.

Could she be hungry again so soon? I decided to give her another piece of flavored rawhide to tide her over until dinner.

Then it happened. How can I describe it? Her form simply spread out, almost like a cloud being torn apart by a gust of wind. And then I heard a sandy hiss and a barking as from the depths of a cave.

I rubbed my eyes, backing away and reaching out uselessly. "Champagne?"

But even as I breathed her name, the sensation was over.

I gulped.

What crouched now on all fours before me was a vaguely confused and very naked sandy-haired woman! And I don't think I was appreciating her altered assets from the most flattering of angles.

She glanced up again into the glass and blinked. I was reminded of Champagne's large, liquid brown eyes squinting lidlessly. Then abruptly she yawned, her jaws creaking—just as my dog had done.

"Champagne?"

She shook herself. I thought maybe it was from the cold of sudden hairlessness, but the way she did it resembled the manner in which Champagne had always groomed herself upon waking up. Uneasily, the girl swung around and sat back on her haunches directly in front of me. She stared at her hands, turning them over, flexing her new, long, sharp-nailed fingers.

"Hmmph," she said, in a doglike syllable of surprise. Her tousled light-brown

---

Dimeo, who edits Transition *magazine, is doggedly pursuing an occult novel of sexual obsession.*

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—Moroccan proverb

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DOG DAYS

hair fell over smooth shoulders as she looked down at herself; I instinctively did likewise.

Her nose, quivering in bewilderment, was long and rounded, her mouth wide against high cheekbones. Backlit by the daylight beyond the glass, the down on the curves of her flesh flared just like sparked tungsten.

"You—" I cleared my throat with a cough. "You can *talk*?"

"Just like a woman," she said. No mere dreamlike echoing of my earlier remark. She had spoken, that was certain, and in a gravelly, throaty voice reminiscent of the young Lauren Bacall.

"But—" I blurted, "you're a *dog*!" I've never been one to adapt well to change.

She glanced back at the reflection of her new figure again. "A dog?" she repeated.

And then I remembered the letter. Pondering the source, had I dozed off in my easy chair? Was this a bizarre daydream precipitated by that insensitive prank?

"Of course!" I said. "Just a dream!"

"Come true, I'm afraid," she added. "I guess I'm supposed to be what you've always wanted." She gave a shrug, then offered a wide, tight-lipped smile.

The more I looked at her, the more I was beginning to think this certainly wasn't bad for starters.

She was a slender, rather long-waisted woman who appeared to be in her late 20s. Her breasts were small but full. Fortunately, there were only two; my dog had had four. And instead of the hairless patch on her lower abdomen where Champagne had been shaved to be spayed, this woman displayed the human triangle of pubic hair. I did detect two slight diagonal scars just above her hips, though, evidence of that operation on her other form. But it was plain that Merlin Enterprises—or my unbalanced mind—had taken grateful liberties in the transformation.

I returned her smile and sat down. If I'd had the time to think too precisely on the event, I might never have come up with a wish at all. What else was there now for a jaded cynic? McCann's job? Head of my own chain of department stores? Or someone like this to help me go wherever I felt, to be there by my side if anything went wrong along the way?

"What the hell," I said. Even if it were only a dream, why not enjoy it as long as it lasted?

Beaming, Champagne suddenly leaped into my lap, nearly tipping me over in the chair. And with equal abandon she started licking my nose.

The metamorphosis obviously hadn't been as complete as I'd thought. Tenderly but firmly I pushed her away. (The warmth of her flesh, the fineness of her hair!) "Now, Champagne," I chastised. "Remember, you're a lady now." And a disturbingly naked one at that.

Penitent, she flicked her long, pink tongue out over her upper lip. "Whatever you say, master." Now, what flesh-and-blood woman of today would ever be caught dead saying *that*? She *had* to still be my dog at heart.

Admittedly titillated by the adventure of it all, and secure in the thought that I was making this whole thing up anyway, I leaned over and, with eyes half shut, decided to show her how she should properly show affection. She put her lips wetly on mine without puckering, as a child might. They quivered at first. Then she closed her eyes, too, her body softening completely in my arms.

A dog at heart, perhaps, but certainly not anywhere else!

Miraculously, when I awoke the following morning, Champagne the woman was still cuddled warm and real beside me. How much more appealing to have this Champagne crawl on top of me to kiss me good morning!

Petulant that I had to go to work, she took some consolation when I patted her head and assured her I'd be home as soon as I could, maybe even for lunch. Then she crawled headfirst under the sheets and was asleep instantly. The transfiguration clearly hadn't altered her penchant for sleeping late.

When I arrived at the store, the change must have been painted all over my face.

"What's the matter with *you*?" groused Beulah as she threw another pile of charge orders at me. "You stop seeing your analyst or something?"

"Or something," I grinned.

Of course, everything was not to be crackling wine and roses. Like any other couple, we had our period of adjustment.

The first week, for instance, I happened upon her more than once curled up on the afghan, her nose to the sill of the sliding door, waiting for me to let her out. I had even more difficulty breaking her habit of licking her plate clean or chewing up the chicken bones that I'd carefully kept from her before. Luckily, no one else caught her as I did, tossing cookies in the air and dropping to all fours, growling playfully at the pieces before munching them up off the carpet.

But whenever I started to reprove her, she had a way of instantly disarming me by doing exactly what my dog had done: rolling over on her back and spreading her legs. Now, how could any man stay angry with a woman who did that? And, truth to tell, there were other regressions much too charming to discourage.

I may have convinced her to wear clothes outside the house, but my dog had always managed to paw off those sweaters

Jill had knitted for her, and the new Champagne was no different at home, even when it came to robes and negligees. Nor did she ever get used to underwear. "Too binding," she explained, in accidental deference to one of the best features of feminism. I would have been the last one in the world to press for any changes here!

And, like my dog, she derived such joy from simple things that her enthusiasm was infectious. She could while away hours by merely sitting on the sofa, staring out the sliding door at the birds and trees in the backyard. Or, if we were going for a stroll to the grocery store, she would shake with such delight and hug me so tightly, I felt almost guilty that I wasn't really giving her anything at all.

Admittedly, though, she broadened my appreciation of the more-than-everyday pleasures. I mean, rubbing the fur of a dog's stomach is one thing, but rubbing a woman who had *been* a dog . . . not to mention the way she'd show her rapturous gratitude by wagging her new tail!

Occasionally, we even sneaked out to the chaise lounge on the patio at night, or to the dark corners at the nearby high school, where Champagne loved learning the more pleasurable reasons for raising a leg as a human. I opened her up also to new liberties in the car while driving on the freeways, encouraging her to revert to that more doglike fashion of showing affection. How wonderful to indulge in antics I thought I'd outgrown forever!

I think I knew I loved her for what she had become on the night I came home after a particularly grueling day of putting up with Kant and McCann's arrogance, and she greeted me with the comfortable middle-class clichés of concern and a glass of wine, but with a less conventional unabashed nakedness. That's when I first broke the news of the picnic coming up in two weeks. It would, I insisted, be nothing less than her coming-out party.

"Oh, I'll make you so proud of me!" she squealed, as I wiped away the flecks of chicken breast she'd spewed out all over me in her excitement. "It'll be the turning point of your career, Alex!" (Grudgingly, I'd asked her to use my Christian name instead of the eminently preferable "master.")

So I began spreading it around at work that I was seeing a girl and would be bringing her to the picnic.

"It sure didn't take you long, did it?" snickered Beulah as she raised an arched eyebrow.

"I've known her for some time," I explained, as obliquely as possible since it never took much to feed the grapevine there. "But lately we've seen each other in a completely different light."

"She'd better be a good enough reason for those two-hour lunches," barked Clara, ever the martinet without an army.

Even McCann approached me as I locked up the store on the eve of the picnic. "Anxious to meet the little lady tomorrow," he said with a tight smile. "I always thought that what you needed was a good, stable woman like mine."

•

That Saturday, Champagne radiated an exquisite, childlike beauty in her new knee-length, butter-yellow jersey dress with a neckline that scooped to a white ruffled collar and an empire cinching below the bust. The color made her eyes stand out like marbled suns against her skin.

By the time Perry McCann showed up predictably late with his horse-jawed wife, Esther, we'd already made quite an impression on my co-workers. Husbands ogled at my companion, astounded that someone like me had someone like Champagne, who was clinging so dotingly on my arm. Wives whispered among themselves in distressed little groups.

But it was McCann I'd really been waiting for.

We made our way to the barbecue grills, where the boss stood loading down an overcooked hamburger with onions. "Ah," he said. "So this is why we haven't been getting your full attention at work, eh?" Just like McCann. Never a compliment that didn't harbor criticism somewhere.

I emptied the fourth glass of the champagne we'd brought. Champagne, who even as a dog had never liked alcohol, was getting rather high on another glass of milk—something else I'd kept from her, since it had a rather indelicate effect on her gastrointestinal system. In her uneasiness, however, she had started lapping at the milk with her tongue.

"That's my Champagne!" I choked. "Anything for a little attention!"

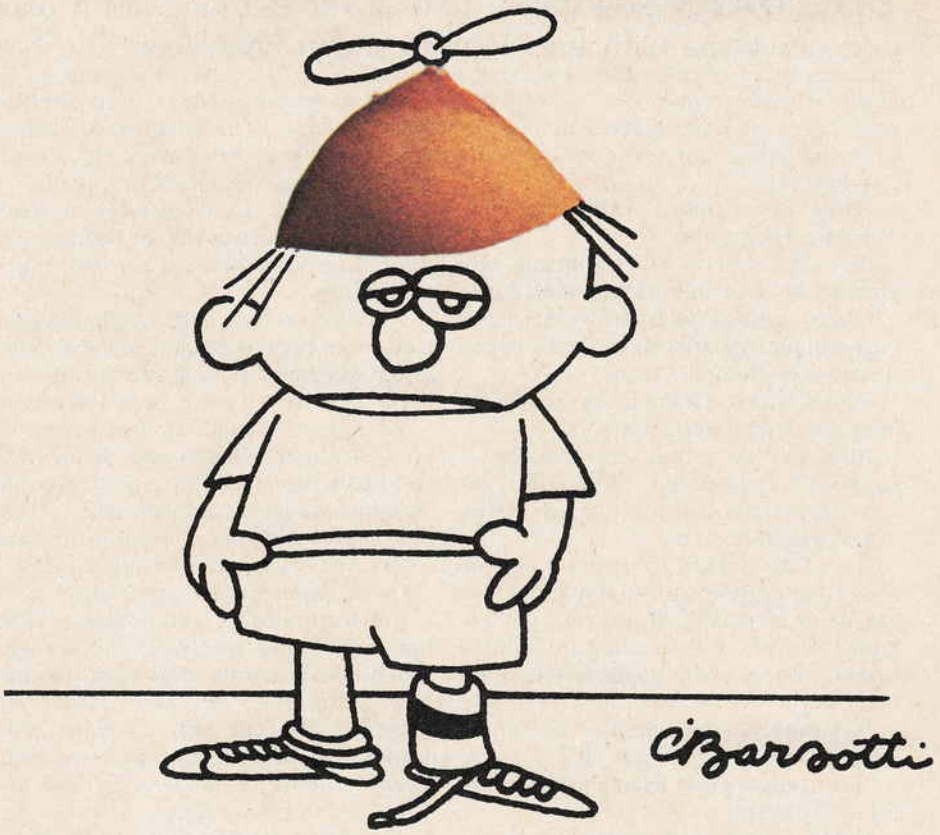
"Champagne?" said Esther McCann, running a finger back and forth between the diamond-studded band of her watch and her thick wrist. "What an odd name. Isn't that an odd name, dear?" She was always justifying what she really meant to say by adding that last question, as if she ever truly deferred to her husband's judgment.

"Not for Möet and Chandon Brut, vintage '71," I said dryly.

Esther ignored me. She excelled at that as much as McCann did. She was more intent on doing what any self-respecting administrator's wife always had to do to stay on top: looking for someone else to attack. "Just what does someone with a name like that *do* for a living?" she huffed.

My dear companion cocked her head to the side, shifted her weight from one leg to another, then idly scratched her midriff with her free hand. I held my breath.

"Well," she answered, "mostly what everybody else does, I guess. You know. Eat. Sleep. I really like to sleep." Esther blinked at her in disbelief. "Oh, I almost forgot my favorite." Her eyes sparkled sunlight at me while I stiffened my neck in an attempt at an unobtrusive shake of my



DOG DAYS Nonchalant now at the demands of a need she considered only natural, and quivering with anticipation rather than fear, she hoisted her dress and squatted.

head. "Thanks to my mas . . . masterful Alex here"—and she gloated at me privately for hiding that near-error—"I really love to fuck!"

"How very—f-funny," Esther stuttered. "Isn't she funny, dear?"

But McCann wasn't amused. He grabbed my arm and dragged me aside.

I gave a quick glance backward. Champagne, alone, was growing flushed. I hoped it was only from the heat.

"What is this, Graham? We've got an image to uphold here, you know."

"She may be a little—uh—innocent, I suppose," I conceded. "But I thought you'd appreciate that for a change." The wine was getting to me.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that Champagne was sticking out her tongue to keep cool. It was an untimely move. She was still standing in front of Esther who, at that, staggered back another step.

McCann eyed me sharply. "So you're sleeping with this—this girl, eh?"

"Love means never having to say you're sorry," I offered.

"Look, Graham, I hate to tell you this, but she's nothing more than a b—"

I waggled a finger at him. "Ah, ah, ah!"

"What's happened to you, anyway? Your work's gone downhill. Now you do this at my—at *our* picnic . . ."

"I just wanted to impress you," I said.

"You're drunk."

"Who, me?"

McCann decided to devour his hamburger in one huge bite. Catsup dribbled from the corner of his mouth as he admonished me: "You got to shoot for a lower profile, Graham, like Kant over there."

"Absolutely!" I saluted a bit too hard, but then my head was already beginning to throb. I've never been able to take much champagne.

I weaved my way back to Champagne, giddy with both pride and embarrassment at the way her unwitting courage had led her to do what I'd never been able to.

When her husband rejoined her at the grills for another hamburger, Esther was still rationalizing Champagne's behavior. "It's the heat. Isn't it the heat, dear?" Then, once again, coughing raucously from the smoke, she reached out for my hand.

Champagne growled unmistakably.

Esther pointed in astonishment. "Did the rest of you see that?" She looked around desperately. "Her ears—I could have sworn they *twitched*!" Then she backed up directly into a hissing grill. Understandably enough, she screamed. Everyone thought, however, that she was screaming at Champagne.

"Now, now, Champagne," I said. But it was too late.

Champagne was already advancing on bent knees.

"Graham!" belched McCann. "What the hell—"

Then Champagne, with teeth bared, pounced. With a terrified screech, Esther scrambled out from underneath the clawing fingernails to the temporary safety of a tree trunk.

"Champagne!" I despaired, sobering some. "It's all right. They don't mean anything. This is just the way things are!"

Frustrated and frightened by the sudden tumult, she was scampering madly about the grounds, with the hem of her skirt hiked up dangerously far as she churned her small legs.

That's when I first heard the barking of the dogs. And suddenly a pack of mongrels loped toward the park's baseball diamond.

Esther, meanwhile, had retreated to her Imperial. Champagne, seeing another opportunity, dashed back, snarling as she circled the car.

I called her name and pointed at my feet. She looked over and licked her lips, reluctant to obey for the moment.

Then, apparently convinced she had held her prey at bay long enough to prove her point, she turned away and pranced off the blacktop into the tall firs and the dogs. Befuddled at the scent, they kept leaping up at her legs, sniffing wildly, whimpering and yipping. Champagne twisted her head at them as though offended, but their odor had plainly confused *her*, as well.

The crowd kept gawking at me and then at her, uncertain as to which of us better qualified as the lunatic.

But it wasn't over yet.

With everyone's eyes fixing finally on her, Champagne lifted her nose into the air. And, nonchalant now at the demands of a need she considered only natural, and quivering with anticipation rather than fear, she hoisted her dress and squatted.

Everyone—including me this time—gasped. The children, more used to the normality of natural functions, merely giggled.

McCann was livid. "For God's sake, Graham—this is a company picnic, not a dog kennel!"

I was glad he had clarified that; I'd always had my doubts. "She is, after all," I ventured meekly, "her own *person*." Contemporary clichés, I guess, did have their place. That sudden faith, unfortunately, was short-lived.

"As you wish!" blustered McCann. "Consider yourself *your* own person!" An arm shot up woodenly as he came to the point: "*You're fired!*"

That was one time I rather missed his characteristic equivocating.

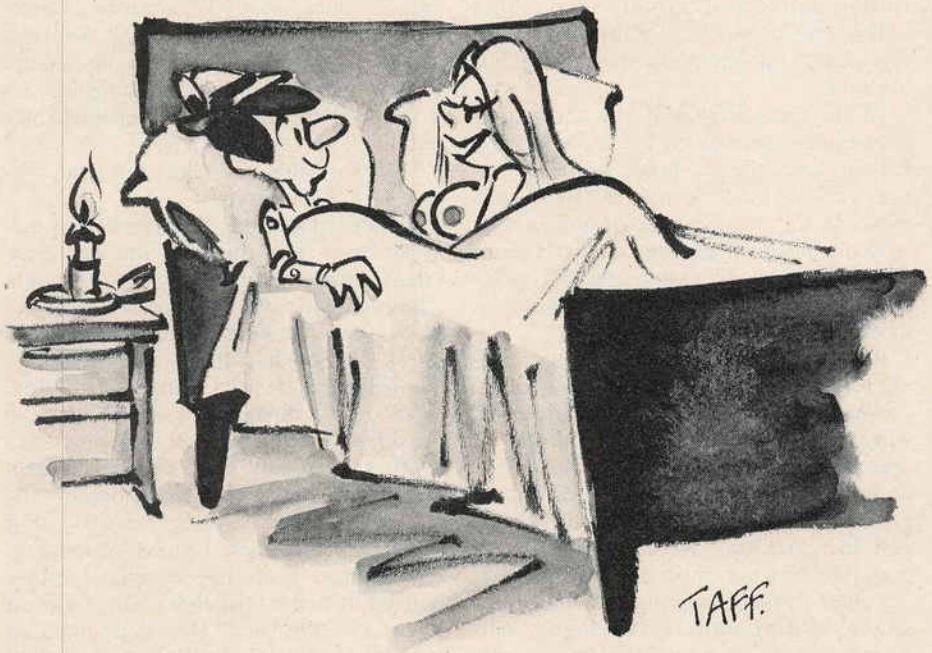
Let's just say that I've been to better picnics.

•

"I don't know what came over me," Champagne apologized as we made our way back home. "They were all so *crazy*!"

"How true," I sighed. When I opened the front door, it felt enormously heavy.

"Why do we need those kind of people



"Y'know, you don't always have to tell lies to make things grow."

anyway?" she said, and pressed herself lovingly against me.

It may not have been too late for me to believe in illusions one more time. Merlin Enterprises had seen to that. But I knew the true test of any illusion is how it survives in the real world.

"We've got to live," I said. Then I held her chin. "I don't think it's going to work out for us."

"But neither of us can go back," she pleaded. "Not knowing what we've had like this." She snuggled into my arms and laid her head on my shoulder. "Why don't you just wish for me to be exactly what you want?"

"I'd forget something. Or I'd find something else that should have been different. It could go on forever, but I've only got two more chances."

Champagne, who had been scratching at the material, finally wriggled out of her dress, then lay on it at my feet, arms extended behind her, looking up at me with those wet brown eyes. "Don't make me go away," she said.

It was difficult for me to say, but I tried. "I've—got to wish things back the way they were, don't you see?"

"No," she whispered.

"What choice do I have? I'm only human." And it was in this world I had to make it. Humanness, as she herself had shown me, may bring on the most ridiculous, but it still offered the most sublime.

She bent her head and touched the hem of my pant leg, her finger winding about the cloth. "As you wish," she said, a lump in her throat, repeating McCann's more ominous phrase.

If only that could have always been so.

The next instant, Champagne, with a yelp as though injured, was back seeking refuge in my lap, gingerly trying out the return to an old reality by licking slowly at my palm.

I gazed down into the wells of my dog's eyes. What was she thinking now—or could she think at all anymore? She'd been right, of course. Having known the new joys, how could I ever be satisfied with the prior ones alone?

If only Champagne hadn't kept whimpering and shivering so.

Was I still to be paralyzed, then, by all those years of disappointments and pain? How could I want anything, knowing that it would only feed more frustrations?

For no matter what change we humans might order, we would never be content. Our strength as a species, I suddenly realized, is also our weakness.

I scratched Champagne behind her ears and she seemed to settle down, her snout dropping to my chest as she snuffled out a simultaneous purr, whine and sigh.

Yet, I recalled, how little could satisfy a dog!

For a second, I almost wished I *were*—

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NICARAGUA "At night we lock ourselves in our houses, hoping not to get shot. It doesn't matter to the guardia who you are—they'll shoot you."

(Continued from page 55)
conference room. We sit across from each other at a long table.

Bowdler's official mission is to mediate an end to the bloodshed. Unofficially, he is here to get Somoza out while keeping the leftist guerrillas impotent. Somoza no longer serves the system well.

When I ask if the "popular, pluralistic democracy" proposed by the majority of the guerrillas is acceptable, Bowdler declines to comment. He does say that he fears the guerrillas will launch a major offensive unless the militarist atmosphere ceases.

The deep-voiced, stocky man regretfully acknowledges that one obstacle to the success of negotiations is the "lack of confidence in the United States" due to its "historic role, which must be looked at in the context of the period. But we are trying something new now. No international mediation effort has been attempted here before."

The U. S. is caught in a quandary. Nicaragua is one of those testing grounds for United States foreign policy, which has long supported dictatorship. To continue such support would fly in the face of human rights. Yet to remove Somoza could cause the system to collapse and bring the guerrillas to power. And if the guerrillas win, the U. S. would lose power, business and political influence.

But Somoza has become too greedy, making it difficult for most businesses to make the profit they would make under normal circumstances. So, most Nicaraguan businessmen want Somoza out and are willing to accept the far-ranging political and economic reforms demanded by the majority.

As I listen to Bowdler, I remember the words of one angry Bank of America manager who spoke of the dozens of bank robberies carried out by guerrillas during a recent two-month period: "I hope the guerrillas rob every bank in town. Maybe the economy will collapse. Anything to get Somoza out.

"The entire government is nothing but thieves," he had said in whispered tones at his office. "They put the touch on *everyone* by day, and at night we lock ourselves in our houses, hoping not to get shot. It doesn't matter to the *guardia* who you are—they'll kill you. And, you know, I'm not suffering personally, as are most Nicaraguans. I'm getting my kids out of the country next week. When the next guerrilla offensive comes, Somoza will shoot everybody he can, the whore."

Another prosperous bank executive told me he kept weapons in his home, in preparation for the day the army would come. "I'll shoot the bastards. I'm not afraid of the guerrillas. They want the same thing I do—an end to the Somoza system and the advent of a democratic government."

Bowdler is aware of this popular sentiment. He can't dismiss the guerrillas with a subversive label. But, he says, the U. S. can't act radically.

"We must be realistic. To cut off relations with governments because we don't like the regime is just not practical. A compromise is the only way.

"Violence is everywhere," Bowdler says in explaining the Pentagon's long support of the system. "Give us a chance to mediate a democratic, peaceful solution. Things *are* improving, you know."

Only last July, before the OAS mediation team was created, President Carter sent a letter to Somoza congratulating him on having improved human rights in Nicaragua. When news of the letter leaked out, the opposition reacted angrily. Somoza was flattered and allowed the OAS Human Rights Commission to study the situation. The study, published late last year, concluded that the army violated Nicaraguan human rights in a "grave, persistent and generalized manner." It charged the *guardia* with "generalized repression against all young men between the ages of 14 and 21," and with frequent raping of women.

A leading opponent of Somoza, architect Casimiro Sotelo, warns that if the United States government is to survive as a power in Latin America, it must recognize that the entire populace of Nicaragua wants Somoza and the army overthrown. "People must have the basic right to life, the basic right to food and shelter. Nicaraguans have no such guarantees. That is why they follow the Sandinistas as the only path to freedom."

THE GUARDIA

I leave the Inter-Continental Hotel after being warned that it is about to be attacked by both guerrillas and *guardia*. On the outskirts of the capital, I take refuge in a small hotel owned by a ruby-faced, potbellied American. As we sit in his office talking, we are interrupted by a chauffeur-driven car pulling up in the driveway. A shifty-eyed *guardia* officer slips in the door. He's carrying a big, heavy black bag and he's smoking nervously. I later learn that he is a high-ranking military-intelligence officer in the Somoza regime.

"Ah, Major Genaro Muñez, meet this American journalist . . ."

"I hate all journalists," the major replies.

The American plays nervous host, trying to divert the hostility. "My friend, you've lost thirty pounds since you were here last. Would you like something to eat? My maid has gone to bed, but I'll whip you up something."

"Yeah, anything you got. Start with the rum," Muñez says with a slight American accent.

After the drinks have flowed for a while, Muñez relaxes.

"You know," says the major, "there is no mediation going on. It's all bullshit. There is nothing to mediate. Somoza is doing his constitutional job, period. He has control of the situation. The National Guard is with him and he is with them."

As the three of us talk, I learn that Muñez' own family is worth $4 million. He has a home in Haifa, from which he operates a profitable sideline—running guns to his own government and to South Africa.

"I care for nothing but money. Money runs the country. Somoza makes money for us, so he is here to stay. The opposition is nothing but punks, full of shit!" Muñez yells, snapping his fingers as do men who are used to having servants around them.

"There was never any intention of seriously negotiating. Would you leave your country, as they are demanding of Somoza, after forty-five years of power?" the major asks. "Anyway, we're ready for any guerrilla attacks. Everybody complains of dead civilians. Bullshit! If all this happened ten years ago, there would be forty thousand, fifty thousand more dead people. They are lucky."

Back in my room, sleep comes hard as I keep having shivering fantasies of this mustachioed killer ordering my arrest for having asked indiscreet questions. I recall what Bowdler had told me earlier: "The National Guard is not smart enough to see they are sowing the seeds of their own destruction."

The next day, another guest at the hotel tells me he had driven a 14-year-old peasant girl home from the hotel in the morning. She told him that the major had threatened her and forced her to have sex with him. After a night of forced fucking, he had kicked her out of his cottage by the pool and ordered her to get herself home. Muñez later brags to male guests of how he "fucked the girl's brains out."

THE JUNGLE

It's people like Muñez who make the guerrillas folk heroes in Nicaragua. Naturally, I want to meet the Sandinistas, but making contact with guerrillas is frustrating for an American journalist. After all, the guerrillas have reason to be suspicious of all *gringos*.

My contact with the guerrillas is a 21-year-old exiled seminary student from Jinotepe whom I meet in a "safe house"

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NICARAGUA

in Costa Rica. He tells me that reporters are no longer allowed into the large training camps.

"The law of the camp is that anyone entering must stay," he explains to me. But I could, perhaps, join a small band somewhere in a jungle. I must be patient.

The wait is more agonizing than the fear. After weeks of waiting, my contact, Manuel, comes for me. We travel a long way by jeep into the mountains to the end of a dirt road, and then walk through thick brush. He has arranged for me to meet up with four guerrillas. They will take me on a routine patrol near the Nicaraguan–Costa Rican border. On the way, Manuel starts to tell me why he joined the FSLN.

"Like everyone else, I hated Somoza, but I wasn't doing much about it, until my kid brother got his fingers cut off during a demonstration in Jinotepe last July."

I can't believe my ears.

"Is his name Ricardo?"

"Why, yes," Manuel replies with a start. "How did you know?"

"I saw his fingers in a glass jar at the Human Rights office in Managua."

After a long pause, Manuel continues his story.

"I joined the guerrillas after that attack. Many of us signed up. I figured if I didn't join the Sandinistas, I'd be tortured or killed anyway. At least with a gun I have a chance.

"I'm a Christian, as are most of the guerrillas. Brotherhood is natural among us. No one eats more than anyone else. No one is privileged. And the guerrillas aren't communists or socialists. Oh, some are, but most just want democracy. Under FSLN direction, Somoza's land and business would be nationalized. The mines and banks would be controlled by a civilian government. As it is today, the whole economy is stagnant. The banks won't extend credit, the universities don't run. Somoza spends what little the government has on his army."

Manuel trained with 250 other young men and women, mostly students and workers from Jinotepe, for two months prior to the September insurrection. The recruits were divided into ten squads, each led by one trained guerrilla instructor. They trained at night in the arroyos, mountains and beaches near Jinotepe, while maintaining a normal life during the day. Hundreds more youths did the same throughout the nation.

"We didn't have many weapons—store-bought pistols and rifles mostly, some M-1s and M-16s we'd steal from the *guardia*. We learned how to survive in the jungle, how to fight hand-to-hand, how to handle arms. Rarely could we shoot a weapon—only when we were far away from army patrols. Twice before the insurrection, we raided command posts. I know I shot at least one soldier. I'm a God-fearing man, but it felt good to shoot a *guardia*."

At the height of the insurrection in Masaya, Manuel was captured along with four other young people returning to Jinotepe from training.

"They tied us up and poked guns at us. I told them we were all seminary students, but they didn't care. They blindfolded us and beat us on the head with rifle butts. The soldiers took us to the cemetery and put us against a wall. I thought I was going to die. Instead, they shot four other teenagers who were nearby picking fruit. They did it for pure pleasure."

Eventually, Manuel and two young women were released. The *guardia* kept two other young men, and after several days of torture, they admitted their guerrilla activities. Manuel had suspected this result and fled to Costa Rica.

An hour into the jungle, Manuel and I meet up with four young men dressed in combat fatigues. I am introduced to them: Pita, Javier, Carlos and Jorge. After a quick handshake, we begin walking.

In the morning, the jungle is sizzling hot; in the afternoon it rains—every day. My clothes are soon soaking wet from perspiration. My face constantly drips sweat, but my mouth is dry and I'm thirsty. The Boy Scout trick of sucking on a pebble helps. The Sandinistas laugh at the large, bright-red backpack I brought from the States—a sure way of being spotted and shot.

Maneuvering through a jungle is not like climbing a mountain with the Sierra Club. You can't see where you are going. Machetes are used to cut away tangled vines and thick underbrush. The biggest battle is surviving the bugs: mosquitoes, gnats and flies are everywhere. Underfoot are scorpions and poisonous snakes. The guerrillas suffer from malaria, jungle rot, snakebites and dysentery.

Food is also a big problem. Pita, the leader, tells me they eat whatever they can catch or steal. C rations taken from dead bodies of *guardia* soldiers are a favorite. We eat dried beef and bananas for lunch.

Then the rains sweep through the jungle. The sweat on my body is washed away by fresh rain, and I am completely soaked.

By afternoon, I feel familiar enough with the guerrillas to ask more about them.

Javier is the scout. He moves through the jungle like a cat, his eyes alert, his body poised for any possibility. Javier is too proud to share his life with a *gringo* correspondent. I don't believe he approves of my being along. How can I be trusted to tell his people's story?

Javier comes from Managua where "I studied English," he says in a thick accent. We talk in Spanish. He speaks in short

sentences and doesn't volunteer much information. "I joined the FSLN when I was sixteen, because my brothers were getting killed. That was three years ago. It can't go on anymore."

It gets dark early. The rain lets up and we pitch camp. Sleeping in a jungle is not comfortable, to say the least. For beds, we use simple canvas hammocks strung between trees.

Jorge and Javier catch a five-foot lizard for dinner. They cook the thick-skinned legs and upper tail over a U. S.–made, single-burner gas stove. The meat tastes like chicken, only better. We eat it with beans. It's a tasty but skimpy meal, and I'm hungry soon afterward. Jungle life produces a constant appetite. The guerrillas say they are always hungry, but they get used to it.

I can't sleep for a long time. I am exhausted, but I am also frightened of attack by snakes or lions or Somoza. I lie looking at the nearly black sky, while the others take turns on guard patrol. Eventually, I fall asleep.

At 5:30 A.M., we are up and headed off again. I have no idea where we are going.

Carlos is the youngest of this band—he's only 18. He joined just before the outbreak in September, and he received his training in a church. With seven other recruits, he attacked the army post in Masaya, sparking the uprising last year. The FSLN leadership maintains that the insurrection was begun by eager youths like Carlos, who were not in touch with the FSLN command.

After five days of battle, the guerrillas were forced out of Masaya by bombs and tanks. They took 30 new recruits into the jungle with them.

"One fourteen-year-old joined us as we escaped," Carlos says. "His family was killed by the advancing soldiers, and he had witnessed a group of ten young children attacked by a patrol. The soldiers cut off the children's hands with bayonets." The screams will stay with him forever, he says.

We finally come to a river and take a rest. The water feels good on my dirty and smelly body. "Rest whenever you can," Jorge cautions me.

Jorge is 21. He grew up in Nueva Segovia, where his parents were killed during a counterinsurgency *guardia* action. He enlisted in the FSLN.

"I had nowhere else to turn. The FSLN is my home now," Jorge says with stoic conviction. "We are all comrades together. We share everything in life and death."

Jorge and Pita have robbed several banks, gun stores and pharmacies for supplies. "During my four years as a guerrilla, I've spent only two months in cities, usually stealing," Pita says, smiling.

Pita joined the FSLN from college, where he had been a member of a radical group. Some of his friends who joined with him

are now dead.

Pita is almost garrulous in comparison with the other guerrillas. At 23, he is the eldest of the band. Six feet tall, he limps from several leg wounds acquired during a 1974 raid on a *guardia* command post, in which an army general was killed.

"That was my proudest, most unforgettable day," Pita says, beaming through his thick black beard.

The young veteran was captured in early 1977 on a gunrunning mission. He was severely tortured. Last August, he was one of 80 political prisoners released after the successful guerrilla raid on the National Palace.

Pita becomes angry and talks rapidly when confronted with the accusation that the guerrillas are only a small group of extremists or communists.

"We are not fighting for communism. We are fighting for our country, for freedom—just as your people once fought. We fighters come from all classes. Sure, most of us have been students and intellectuals, but we are tough," he says.

"Foreign correspondents make a big deal out of the fact that there are political differences within the opposition forces. They think it means we are split and ineffective. But why don't they think this is proof of our *democratic* movement? Besides, we are all on the same side. We are all Sandinistas. After the victory," Pita assures me, "we will work out our differences democratically."

The next morning, we head back to the road. I look forward to getting back to the city. I'm not tough enough for this life.

Once at the road, I look at these young men, wondering if they will live to see the victory they're fighting for. It's sad to leave them, but a relief as well.

Back in the city the next day, I hear of a clash between guerrillas and *guardia* near where I had been. I wonder if it was the group I had been with. It may have been. I think they avoided meeting up with army soldiers while I was with them. I appreciate that. Revolution is not romantic. □

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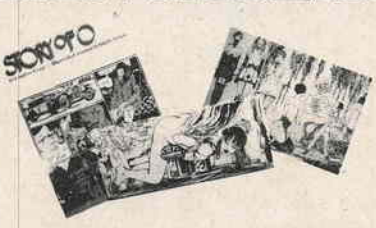

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ERNIE SCHLEGEL

(Continued from page 92)

which, he was convinced, would fill specially constructed bowling arenas across the country. It didn't, in part because the team concept was difficult to sell and in part because some of the top bowlers—chief among them being Don Carter—wouldn't join. Carter's availability did, however, catch the eye of an Akron, Ohio, attorney named Eddie Elias. When Hunt's league folded, Elias pitched the PBA concept to Carter, signed a contract with him, brought in the NBL survivors and, in 1959, began a tour. From three tournaments that year, the PBA circuit has grown to an average of 35 stops a year. The tour is now divided into three segments—summer, fall and winter—with the 16 winter events televised. Prize money ranges from $60,000 to $150,000 per event, and in 1977, 42 bowlers won at least $20,000.

The $20,000 figure is what most bowlers consider the break-even point, the amount they need to win to cover their expenses for one year. Neither the PBA nor the individual tournament promoters make any guarantees—not for accommodations, not for meals—and the bowlers cut corners as a way of life. Motor homes are the latest solution, and the much-maligned Winnebago and its sister ships of the highway are enjoying a renaissance among the bowling elite. Vans, cheap motels and coffee-shop dinners are the alternatives; not a single bowler flew into Cranston (or neighboring Providence) for the New England Open, despite the fact that the previous weekend's stop had been Sarasota, Florida.

Nevertheless, there were 119 bowlers on hand when the pretournament qualifying began on Friday. Thirty-five bowlers—designated as "touring ones" by the PBA on the basis of their previous season's results—head the field. The rest are a combination of "touring twos" (pros who may own their own bowling shop and who bowl two or three tour events a year) and regional pros. In Cranston, these bowlers gathered primarily from New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, where competition is usually limited to local league play and weekend tournaments offering a few thousand dollars in prizes (the PBA estimates that, nationwide, between 80 and 85 of these "regional" events offer a little more than $650,000 annually). Schlegel, ranked in the top 20 of the total-earnings list for 1978, is automatically exempt from the pretourney qualifier or, as the pros themselves characterize it, the "rabbit squad."

Once the rabbits have been thinned out, the tournament begins in earnest—72 bowlers rolling three six-game blocks apiece over a period of two days. Miraculously, Schlegel leads the field after his first block. Schlegel's not surprised. "With the shots I made, no one else would have a chance if the lanes weren't so easy," he tells me.

To celebrate, Schlegel takes his wife Cathy, his daughter, his wife's teenage cousin, the cousin's friend and this reporter to dinner at Vallee's. He is splurging.

After dinner, we rush back for the late news. Schlegel has fallen to fourth.

•

"Ernie's always had a problem with his mental approach," Harry "Goose" Golden, the national tournament director of the PBA, is telling me from the other side of a desk in a small office he's commandeered near Lang's bowling-ball washing machine. "He had—I wouldn't call him a psychiatrist—someone working on it with him. Sometimes Ernie's his own worst enemy."

In Schlegel's mind, Golden runs a close second. At the 1976 World Open in Chicago, Schlegel, wearing his Bicentennial Kid outfit, made the televised finals. Concentrating well, he shot back-to-back 240s to reach the title match. Then Golden appeared with a stopwatch. Citing a PBA rule limiting a bowler to 15 seconds' preparation before he must roll, Golden twice tapped Schlegel on the shoulder and told him he'd dallied too long. Schlegel's concentration was shattered and he lost the match, which ended early, leaving seven minutes of dead air for the network to fill. Schlegel refused to be interviewed; the other bowlers nicknamed him "Minuteman."

"He's changed his approach," Golden continued. "He sped up. He was kind of a slow player, and that causes you to tense, to tighten your swing. Ernie may look for reasons why he's not winning, rather than the way to win. He's his own man. We're a democracy, run by the players. The executive board controls the tournaments. The tournament committee sets the rules. We've had bad boys. I don't consider him one of them."

In fact, his peers appointed him chairman of the Image Committee that same year. Schlegel pursued that responsibility with such zeal—ordering younger bowlers to get haircuts, wear clean shirts and press their trousers—that two weeks into his term of office he was told by the Akron, Ohio, headquarters that his efforts were appreciated, but that the PBA itself might be better served if Ernie were to simply make his recommendations to Golden rather than take matters into his own hands.

"The first few times I met Ernie, I didn't like him," his wife Cathy is telling me as Schlegel bowls his second 12-game block. "He didn't look like he was into what he was doing. He was too loose. He'd walk

"I didn't think her ladyship was interested in anyone beneath her."

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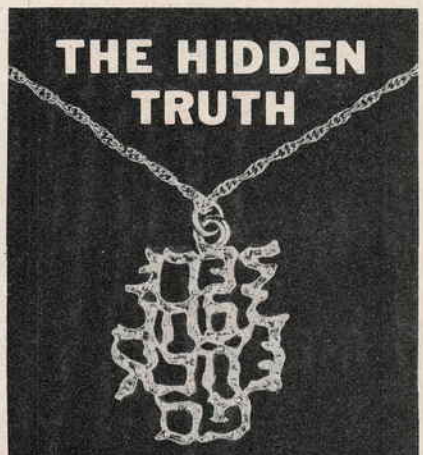

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ERNIE SCHLEGEL

away from his lane in the middle of a game, just get up and go back into the crowd and talk with spectators." In Cathy Schlegel's right hand is a plastic bag full of symbols of the new Schlegel: white soft-plastic finger grips. Ernie Schlegel power grips. He hypes them, she sells them. "After we got married," she says, "he was still flamboyant. He'd announce, 'I'm gonna make fifty thousand dollars.' But he did it."

Schlegel's $50,000 year (here again, a bit of exaggeration—the PBA records his winnings as $43,362) came in 1976. That was the year he unveiled both his now-famous Bicentennial outfit and his silver lamé jumpsuit. "Nineteen seventy-five was the worst year I'd had on the tour," Schlegel recalled. "I needed a perk."

In the meantime, Schlegel stopped listing a hometown after his name on the roster sheets. He figured that since he'd moved so often, it might as well be the entire country. And after *Ernie Schlegel, U.S.A.* began to appear in newspapers, it was just a matter of time before he became Ernie Schlegel, the Bicentennial Kid. "I thought of the Isley Brothers, Evel Knievel, the Four Tops. They dressed sharp. Everyone else was wearing Munsingwear. But a costume . . . people dig it. It puts an aura around you."

Schlegel began wearing white satin pants, a white satin shirt with billowing sleeves and red and blue sequins, and sunglasses. "The first time I wore it, I knew I'd seen it before. In a dream. I'd dreamt a knight was wearing it." And he began winning money, if not titles. Pumped up, he decided to dress himself and Cathy in matching silver lamé jumpsuits. At that, the PBA put its foot down.

"The executive board discussed appearance at length," Golden said. "They decided it was not in the best interest of the PBA to have Evel Knievel types bowling. Ernie wanted exposure through the media of the PBA telecast. The PBA decided no one should capitalize on the PBA's own arrangement. The costumes were outlandish; no one else would wear them. That image isn't what we want to project. We're trying to upgrade the image of bowling and bowlers."

As soon as Schlegel got the news, he had another idea. He called PBA commissioner Joe Antenora and asked him if it would be OK to wear a tuxedo for the next final.

"There's a lot of people out here against Ernie's ways," Cathy says, as Ernie finishes up a near-disastrous eight-game block that drops him ten places in the overall standings but leaves him high enough to make that evening's 24-man final. "It's the best of a different-drum kind of thing." She gets up to try to make a couple of quick power-grip sales. A couple of teenagers shyly approach Schlegel as he packs up his balls. "Are you still wearing your space suit?" one asks.

"Nah," Schlegel says. "They calmed me down. Keep watching, though. I got something new."

Nineteen seventy-seven brought another letdown. With the glitter outlawed, Schlegel went into a slump. In the midst of it, the Miller Open in Milwaukee, he ran into John Mazzio, a Gestalt therapist who had been working for the Lake County, Illinois, alcoholism council and who had fantasies about becoming a pro bowler himself. Mazzio suggested to Schlegel that his inability to win was caused by a mental block; Schlegel agreed and invited Mazzio to tour with him. Mazzio accepted.

As the tour's first "mental-game adviser," Mazzio had a lot of room to experiment. He conducted "lump sessions" with Schlegel that would last for hours. "Ernie would come out of them holding his head, it was that sore," Cathy says. One memorable day, Mazzio gave Schlegel a tennis racket, told him he was too tense and ordered him to beat his motel bed. "It was scary," Cathy says. "He went berserk." But the therapy seemed to work, and Mazzio began to freelance for other bowlers. "Shrink to the Stars," one bowling magazine termed him. By the winter of 1978, Schlegel had worked himself back up into the top 15 money-earners, and Mazzio had returned to Illinois to prepare himself for another stint on the tour—this time as a bowler.

•

"B." Burton epitomizes what the PBA would project as the ideal bowler: hair neatly trimmed, pants pressed, shoes shined and face clean-shaven. The soft-spoken, articulate Burton, who is in his mid-30s, resembles nothing more than a successful small-town insurance salesman—sincerely styleless. It is no wonder Roone Arledge tapped him as the color man for ABC-PBA broadcasts. He's come to talk about Schlegel.

"Why doesn't Ernie win?" Burton asks rhetorically. "He's too mechanical. He aims the ball. It's like trying to aim a second serve in tennis. You've got to be *free* to win. And when you've lost for years and years, you develop a mental barrier. Ernie had a couple of chances to win and he messed them up. He's a stroker, and that's not contemporary today."

I ask about Schlegel's outfits and his against-the-grain behavior. "I think it's kind of silly. In bowling, our appeal isn't in gimmicks. We've got sponsors like Budweiser, Miller's, Firestone. Their image isn't in gimmicks. We try to put forward an image not detrimental to the careers of other players. One guy bowling in a

T-shirt, wearing long hair—it's like an apple ruining the batch."

•

The hardest thrower in bowling is 29-year-old Mark Roth, a quiet, Staten Island, New York, native whose technique is to heave the ball with such force and wrist snap that its spin is independent of its forward motion—like a gyroscope—and its effect on ten standing pins is that of a tornado. Roth's power-bowling style earned him $103,000 coming into Cranston, and while he'd qualified for the finals well behind the leaders, he'd steadily moved up through the pack, chalking up a 300 game along the way.

Schlegel has barely made the finals, shooting as low as 170 during the last six-game qualifying block. A variety of ailments has surfaced to explain the collapse. His right leg is aching, and he's wearing support hose. He's developed a crotch rash. His thumb has become swollen, red and raw. He can barely hold his ball. His stroking motion has become erratic. He hops like a crippled jackrabbit after releasing it. "You have to learn to bowl with pain," he says; yet by Monday night—the concluding eight games of the finals—it's obvious he hasn't. He's dropped to second-to-last placer, and in his first two games this evening, he bowls a 183 and a wretched 141—one of the lowest final-round scores observers can remember.

In the fifth game of the final evening, Schlegel faces Roth. Each of the 24 finalists bowls head-to-head with the others once during the last round; winners of each receive 30 extra pins. Schlegel could use the 30 to pull out of his slump, but it seems unlikely Roth will let down. Somehow, Schlegel forgets his pain and throws five strikes in a row to upset Roth 225–210. His momentum carries to the last three games, and he finishes 20th—which is good for $750.

Cathy retrieves his check and they retire to the Bowlarama lounge, to share beers with other bowlers. But before the drinks arrive, a middle-aged woman—egged on by her friends—approaches Schlegel with the usual question.

"Why aren't you wearing your suit?"

He looks up, shrugs and tells her the players won't let him.

The woman leaves, only to return ten minutes later.

"It's not the players," she says, shrilly. "It's not the players. I asked around. It's the head guys, isn't it? We oughta set up a picket line."

The woman seems pleased.

"Next year," Schlegel goes on, spilling beer, gesturing wildly, "next year I'll wear a tux. Maybe pinstripes. A top hat. If they say no, I'll shave my head. I'll wear sparkles on it. Next year."

The lounge has grown silent.

"After all," Schlegel says, looking around, "I am The Greatest." □

SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

lovely and erogenous areas of the body. But I wonder, is it OK to kiss your lover on the mouth after performing a rim job, and can you perform cunnilingus after eating her anus without making a trip to the bathroom? I've been somewhat apprehensive about doing this, but it's so inconvenient to stop during sex to use mouthwash.

WILL D.
Florence, Arizona

The best bet is to wash the anal area thoroughly before performing a rim job on your lover. This decreases the possibility of spreading organisms into the vagina, which could cause an infection under favorable conditions. If, however, your girlfriend is highly susceptible to vaginal infections, oral-genital contact of any sort—not just analingus—can cause contamination.—Ed.

The most incredible anal experience I've ever had was having a cock in my ass, while I had *my* cock in my girlfriend's ass. This happened one evening when a couple we'd had a lot of double dates with initiated a four-way. I'd never considered getting it on with a man before, but there I was, balling Karen in the rear, when I felt a cock butting up against my anus. It was pretty easy for me to relax since Karen's fingers had entered there so often. Joe pushed in all the way, and it was incredible. Joe, Andrea, Karen and I meet frequently for these lovemaking sessions. I had the pleasure of giving Joe his first double-fuck. This has been going on for almost five years, and we all love each other as though we were a family.

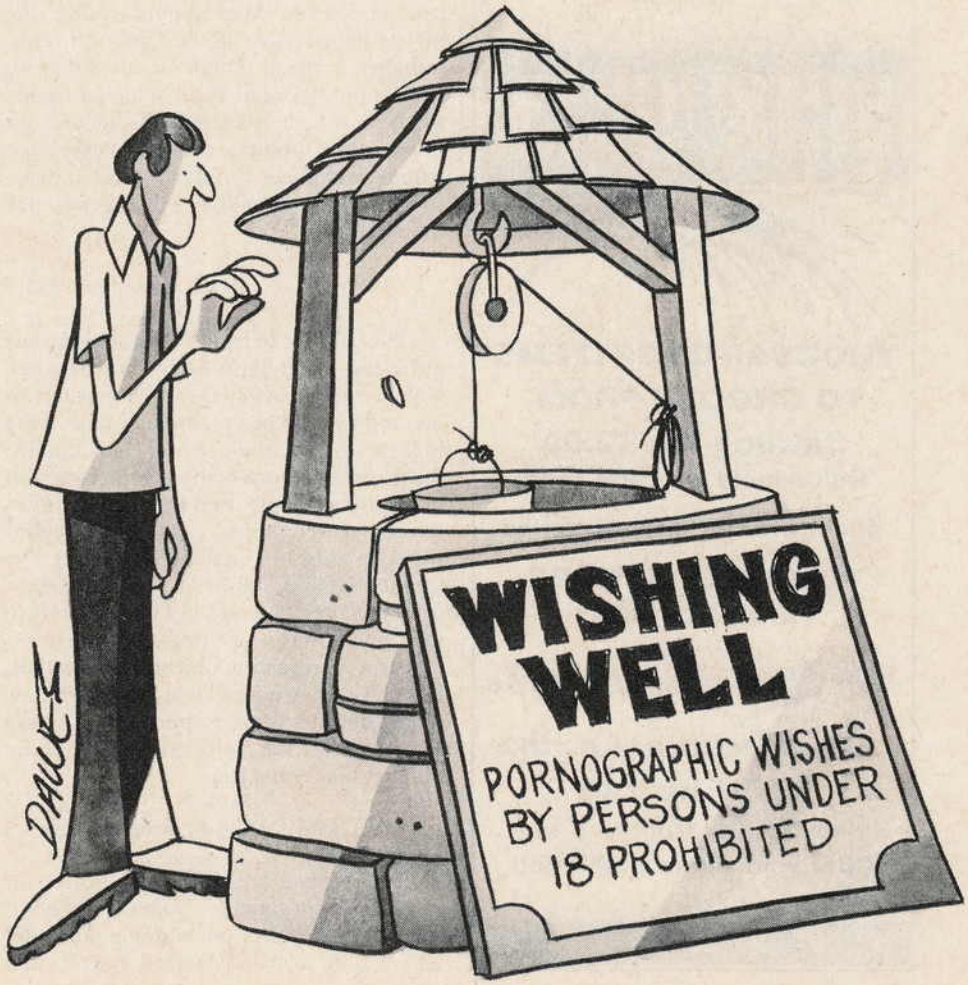
J.P.B.
Rochester, New York

The anus is more aesthetic than the vagina. The first time I licked my lover's ass, I was surprised to find how pleasing it was. It's hairless, neatly shaped—perfectly round, small, petite. The pussy gets kind of messy after a while.

B.W.
Chicago, Illinois

SUBMARINE SEX

I read an article in your magazine recently concerning sex in strange places. After learning about the elite group of people who have engaged in intercourse during airplane flights, I thought that OUI might enjoy this one. I was stationed on a



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SEX TAPES LETTERS

nuclear-powered, fast-attack submarine in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1972 when this happened. The ship scheduled a dependents' cruise and, of course, my girlfriend insisted that I bring her along.

The ship was swamped with guests of all ages, and there was very little privacy for us; so I suggested that she lie down in my bunk for a nap. I took her down below. When I shut off the lights and was tucking her in, Marsha slyly hinted that it might be nice for me to lie down with her. I climbed in, pulling my bunk curtain shut behind me. After some heavy but slightly cramped petting, Marsha and I were rocking and rolling, balling at 400 feet below and a speed of 20 knots, living up the motto that claims, "Submariners do it deeper." It was a dependents' cruise that I'll never forget; and if they'd all been like that, I'd still be a member of the "Silent Service" today.

RICH P.
Ocean View, Virginia

CHERRY LOVER

Just read your *Sex Tapes* on oral sex and thought I'd drop you a line. Unlike Edward B., I love to give head. I'm selective as to the ladies I choose to please in this manner, but I feel that one good head deserves another and, unlike my penis, my tongue can go forever. Men should realize the power they'd have if they got into cunnilingus. I mean, think about what we subject our poor ladies to. Which is easier, to shove a cucumber in and out of your throat or to nibble a cherry? Women are willing and eager to take our cucumbers, so we should be willing and eager to lick their cherries.

J.R.
Cleveland, Ohio

I have always been into oral sex. My last girlfriend didn't like me to go down on her, which really frustrated me. Her sister-in-law and I would be up until all hours of the night trying to convince her. (Incidentally, those conversations really got this sister-in-law horny, and she used to touch my loins to see if I were hard . . . a really peculiar situation to be in.) Generally, however, I've found that most girls love cunnilingus—from the ones who are "tight as a virgin" to the ones who can't control the flow.

As far as receiving oral sex from ladies, I've never known a girl who could swallow it all, despite what is portrayed in stag films. When I see a girl eat a guy in those films, it makes *me* gag.

PAUL H.
San Gabriel, California

My girlfriend and I are avid readers of OUI and enjoy your *Sex Tapes* column—in particular the ones on bondage and oral sex. We are a racially mixed couple, and we'd like to share some of our sexual experiences with your readers. I am a black businessman, and Kay is a very sexy white woman. When we first started dating, Kay was afraid to even kiss me because of her racial hang-ups. But after several weeks of platonic dating, we wound up in her apartment one night.

We had been kissing and I was rubbing between her legs, when I noticed that her pussy was soaking wet. I slowly removed her clothes down to her panties. I continued to rub her through her underwear, because I enjoyed the wetness. I wanted to stop and eat her pussy, but she would not let me. Instead, she gave me some beautiful head, after which we screwed for several hours. Let me say that Kay has the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen. I knew I'd never be satisfied unless I could eat her pussy every day.

So, on our next date, after I pleaded with her for hours, my wish was finally granted. Just as I had suspected, her pussy was the sweetest thing this side of heaven.

Now we 69 each other for hours. We enjoy having oral sex *anywhere*—at movie houses, while riding in the car. . . .

Lately, we've also gotten into bondage. It seems to give Kay a greater release, especially after a hard day's work. We begin by tying her in a spread-eagled fashion to the bed. Then I put my warm underpants over her face with the crotch directly over her nose and mouth. The smell drives her wild. I crawl between her legs and eat her until she reaches a screaming orgasm. Then she makes me hard by giving me a blow job, and we screw the hell out of each other.

I've also been dressing up in garters and stockings, and she gives me head. The feel of the nylon is sensational, and the feel of hot semen on nylon is really a turn-on.

ROBERT T.
Arlington, Virginia

The best oral-sex experiences I ever had were when I was 13 and my sister was 12. We were left alone a lot because Mom had to work. She would have a neighbor check on us until she got home, but we had lots of time with nobody else in the house.

We started playing doctor one night in bed, and Sis started sucking on my "needle." Then I did some exploratory surgery of my own. We were real inventive, even then. It must be an instinct or something. I said I had to taste her between the legs in order to tell if she was healthy. We took turns examining each other all night.

When the neighbor lady came over, we would pretend to be asleep and then take up where we left off after she had gone. We played like that for over a year before we ever had a climax. After that, we really got into it. The inevitable finally happened—

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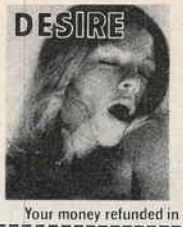

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SEX TAPES LETTERS

we got caught.

We were in the basement and Mom came home early. She found my sister and I playing doctor. Sis was sucking like crazy on my penis when Mom walked in. We both got our asses whipped and were never left alone together after that.

It's been six years since then and things have changed. My sister has turned into a real fox and we are still close. We never talk about our doctor-and-nurse games, but I'm convinced that they would have stopped anyway. Those games really helped us through. I think that's why we are still so close and such good friends. We can talk about anything together, and that really has helped us both, lots of times.

RON H.
Rockford, Illinois

MASTURBAFANTASY

I often have bisexual fantasies while I masturbate, although I've never had a bisexual experience. One of my favorites starts off as unexpected seduction. I'm sitting in my living room watching television when the doorbell rings. At the door are two young salespeople, a guy and a girl. They tell me they're selling sex aids and would like to demonstrate them for me. I lead them into the living room and the guy gives me a couple of pills. I no sooner swallow them than I have the biggest hard-on ever.

The girl unzips my pants, falls to her knees and starts sucking on me furiously. The guy then pulls the girl's pants off and tells me he wants me to try a new gel used for easy entry. He applies it to the girl's anus; she lies down on the floor; and then I slip easily into her rear end. While she does this, the guy strips off his clothes. He takes one of those pills and immediately gets hard. He tells me he wants me to blow him, but I refuse. So he says, "Time to try 'Irresistible Lick'!" and applies another gel to his cock. Now the girl is on top of me, and she rides me as the guy sits on my chest with his cock placed against my lips. Indeed, I can't resist that 'Irresistible Lick.

The girl is pumping me and I'm fingering her; she's got her finger up the guy's ass and he's fucking my mouth. After a while, we all explode at the exact same time. Then we switch positions and start again.

Like I said, I've never made it with another guy, and perhaps I wouldn't even enjoy it, but I get off on the fantasy of it.

PAUL K.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I always envision my legs spread as wide as I can get them, and I masturbate while someone watches me. I fantasize about knowing I'm going to get a hard dick rammed in my pussy as soon as I come; so my lover waits for the orgasmic jerks, and then he fucks the shit out of me. That's my favorite fantasy.

One of the most enjoyable things about sex is having my lover jerk off in front of me. Sometimes I will strip and bend over, so he can watch my asshole and pussy move while I pretend I'm fucking. We also masturbate together while looking at sexy magazines and books.

I jerk off every day and I will never give it up. It does not replace fucking or oral sex; it's just another pleasure to indulge in.

CAROL H.
Bloomington, Indiana

I often fantasize about girls at the office. I imagine one I'm particularly attracted to giving me head. I work my cock up to its fully extended length (almost nine inches) and conjure up an image of an office girl licking, sucking and kissing my cock, making it glisten with her saliva. Right when I'm ready to come, I imagine the girl anxiously awaiting my load with a lewd expression of delight on her face. She is smiling and licking her lips wickedly. My cock then shoots powerful squirts all over her face, hair and neck, while the girl tries to lick every drop she can.

Sometimes when I beat off, I think of myself licking and sucking a beautiful pair of female feet. Pretty, sexy feet drive me wild. Many times I'll look at selected photographs of girls showing off their feet and cute little toes. It isn't long before my come shoots five feet in the air.

Those are just fantasies for me, however. In reality I've never come all over a girl's face and have never sucked on a girl's toes. I enjoy beating off, but I'd rather have a sexy female partner.

PETER S.
Boston, Massachusetts

Although I'm a 25-year-old woman, it was just last year that I found a lover who is excellent at oral sex. I imagine myself in my black leather outfit; then I imagine the way he excites me with his tongue and all the great positions we use to fuck and our mutual orgasms. My lover is the first man to ever make me come through oral sex. All I have to do is think of him and it drives me crazy.

BETTY O.
Tucson, Arizona

My favorite fantasy is simple: to have one girl sit on my face while another is jacking or sucking me off.

ANDREW G.
Bayonne, New Jersey

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

MONEY

(Continued from page 40)

his SEC suit and vows he'll take it to the Supreme Court if necessary. But he's no longer alone. At Muir, he's got 15 security analysts making recommendations and 120 registered reps out peddling them, including 12 sexy saleswomen known as "Dirks's dozen." What's more, he's fashioned a helluva track record in 24 months. The 150 stocks he picked from August '77 to August '78 rose an average of 31.6 percent. During the same 12 months, the Dow-Jones Industrials were up a scant 1.4 percent.

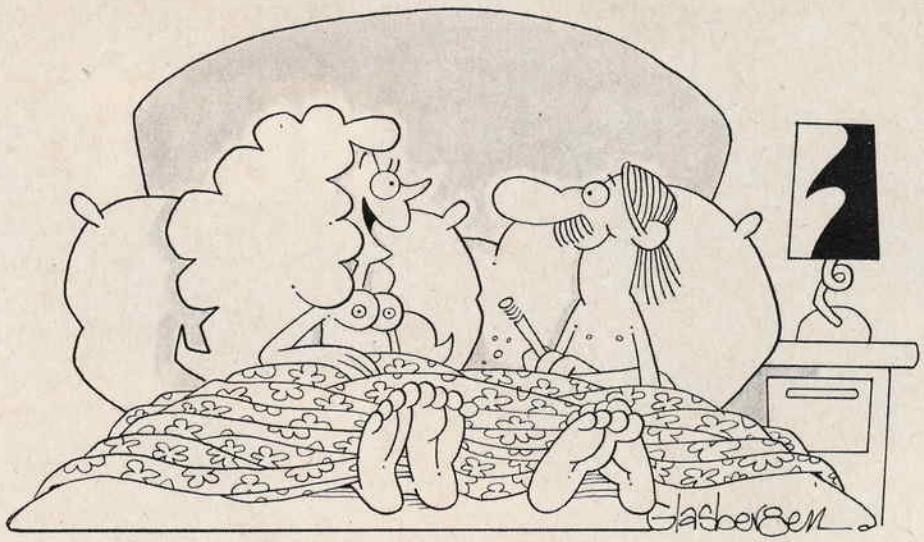
Dirks hasn't changed much, despite the fact he's out of debt and may be pulling down a million bucks a year. Sure, he had to buy a race horse for "tax purposes" and he's teamed up with Mario Andretti on the Grand Prix circuit (Andretti even joined Muir) and he's about to do a deal with Jimmy Connors. Otherwise, he still wears those godawful rumpled suits and is still calm, soft-spoken.

Dirks wasn't in the mood for a barroom seminar on how to make a bundle in the market; a comely young lady was nudging him and she looked like she had more on her mind than how a stock performs. But he introduced me to Barry Blank, his "top producer," who last year pocketed a half-million dollars in commission income.

Blank, I came to find out, is more than a hotshot salesman. He's branch manager of Muir's Phoenix office, a part-time Phoenix cop and reportedly the only stockbroker in the country who's also a floor broker on the American Stock Exchange. Three months out of the year, he jets to Wall Street to execute trades for Muir and other firms. "You can't really get the feel of the market unless you're down on the floor in the middle of all that craziness," says Blank, munching on a pizza and reaching for a spicy meatball.

Blank has his own theory for making money in the stock market, and he didn't mind sharing it with me. He scours the country searching for bankrupt corporations or outfits that have gone belly up and have reorganized. He scoops up a big block of stock, cheap, and sits on it. Talk about a crapshoot—why not plunk your wad down on the pass line in Vegas or Atlantic City and let it ride?

Sure, it's a gamble, says Blank, but you can reduce the risk. For openers, he does all his own research; he doesn't blindly follow somebody else's tout sheet. "I can afford to visit the companies personally. That's crucial when you're investing in corporations that are in trouble or have been. This spring, for instance, I checked out six companies in Florida and South Carolina." In fact, he spends $25,000 a year on research, more than many stockbrokers even make.



"If I don't *get laid, I hate myself in the morning!"*

But the real beauty about turnaround situations is that you can get in cheap, says Blank. A couple of years ago he bought bonds issued by Daylin, Inc., a Los Angeles–based conglomerate that lost its butt on its leased and owned drug departments in discount houses, a women's apparel chain (Diana Stores) and other disastrous diversifications. The bankrupt company was reorganized and the bonds were converted to stock that Blank bought for as low as 35 cents a share. He later sold an 800,000-share position at $2–$3 a share. Too bad he didn't hold on. W.R. Grace came in and bought the entire company at four bucks a share.

Why did Blank decide to take the plunge? "In a word, management," he shoots back. "Sandy Sigaloff had an excellent reputation as a turnaround manager. He did it with Republic Corporation. I believed in him."

Blank bought Cavanaugh Communities, a Miami-based land developer, at 17 cents a share. The company was in a Chapter XI bankruptcy, which means the management was still in control. "I looked at the company and realized they overextended themselves when the money market collapsed [in 1974], but their properties had good value and they had a large tax-loss carry-forward, so they wouldn't have to pay taxes on any of their earnings." Blank didn't know much about the management, but he thought it was a good speculation anyway. The shares he bought at 17 cents apiece he sold at $2–$3 a share, although he wouldn't say how many.

Blank has bought other junk companies and made a bundle. He paid as little as 12 cents a share for an equipment-leasing outfit called Old Granite Management Services, which had a huge tax credit and a savvy, deal-making management team. The company changed its name to Midland Resources; Blank hung on to the stock and waited, then bailed out, again at $2–$3 a share—a 1600–2400 percent gain on his investment.

"You've gotta do your homework when you buy these stocks," warns Blank, a one-time New York City high school math teacher. If he sees a company quietly buying its own stock, he starts sniffing around. "I always like it when the president is hostile toward me and doesn't want me to buy his company's stock. That says to me there's some inherent value there and they want to buy their own shares."

Another smart time to get into a stock, figures Blank, is when the big block buyers jump out. After the institutions (mutual funds, pension funds, insurance companies, bank trust departments) started dumping Ponderosa Systems, he began snapping it up at roughly six bucks a share. "I talked to an exchange specialist and he was negative on the stock. That's another good sign." He held on and the stock started climbing when the fast-food concern began posting healthy earnings. "Then the same big wire house that led the sell-off at six dollars recommended it as a 'growth company' at twenty-two dollars a share. You figure that one out."

Knowing when to get out yourself is just as important. Blank says he bought Cambridge Memories at 9/16ths of a dollar, about 60 cents a share, and rode it up to $9 a share. "I didn't have enough brains to sell it and now it's selling around $4."

It was 10:15 on a Friday night and Harry's Bar was thinning out. The Drexel Burnham salesman who was having his bachelor party in a corner of the saloon was shitfaced and and was having second thoughts about getting married the following morning. Outside, snow was falling. Inside, Barry Blank was wrapping up.

"Hey, remember this. Just because you're investing in low-priced stocks, you don't have to buy a lot of them. I was a small investor once. Most big investors started out little." □

NEXT
JULY

DAVID STEINBERG GETS OFF
He's traded feeling up the rabbi's daughter for touching tongues with Susan Sarandon, but his real passion is scoring baby laxative. An outrageous interview.

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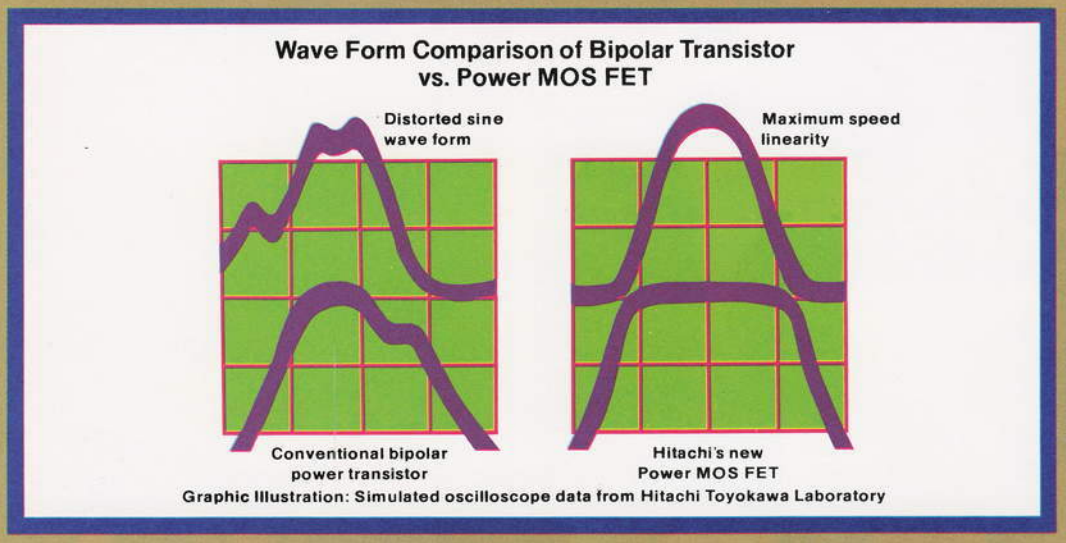

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